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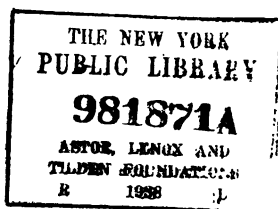
CONTAINING NUMEROUS
RULES, OBSERVATIONS, AND EXERCISES
ON
PRONUNCIATION, PAUSES, INFLECTIONS,
ACCENT, AND EMPHASIS;
ALSO,
COPIOUS EXTRACTS IN PROSE AND POETRY
CALCULATED
TO ASSIST THE TEACHER, AND TO IMPROVE THE PUPIL
IN READING AND RECITATION.

BY JOHN FROST,
AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

THE importance of Elocution as a distinct branch of instruction, is too well understood at the present day to render any apology necessary for offering a new work on the subject. Eloquence is one of the chief instruments of political distinction, as well as one of the most efficient aids in advancing the cause of moral and religious improvement. How necessary a correct and tasteful elocution is to the education of an orator, is obvious on the slightest reflection. If it is true that some remarkable men have won their way to distinction as orators, without carefully studying the principles of elocution, it is not less true that their way would have been smoother, and their difficulties fewer, if they had afforded themselves this auxiliary ; while with the great mass of aspirants for this sort of eminence, a course of instruction in elocution is a matter of absolute necessity.

Impressed with this view of the subject, I have prefixed to the following collection of pieces for declamation and reading, the whole of Mr. Ewing's Principles of Elocution, and a considerable number of pieces

marked with the inflections. The learner may thus acquire the principles, upon which a classical and correct style of oratory can be formed; and he will find among the pieces which constitute the body of the work, a number of the happiest efforts of our most successful orators. Almost every piece in the book may be used for declamation, without the necessity of introduction or explanation to render it intelligible to an audience.

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DIFFERENT METHODS BY WHICH THE PRINCIPLES AND LESSONS MAY BE SUCCESSFULLY TAUGHT.

BEFORE attempting to read the examples on inflections, a thorough knowledge of the two slides, or inflections of voice, (*page 17,*) must be obtained. Without a very accurate knowledge of these two slides of the voice, no graceful progress in reading can possibly be made.

The Table of Inflections contains thirty lines. After being able to exemplify the slides in the first column, proceed to acquire a like knowledge of the second. This being done, endeavour to read the table backward; that is, read the 16th line, and then the 1st; the 17th, and then the 2d; the 18th, and then the 3d, &c.; in the last place, read the table across; that is, read the 1st line, and then the 16th; the 2d, and then the 17th; the 3d, and then the 18th, &c.

Under the heads of Inflections, Accent, Emphasis, and Pauses, the Rules are printed in *Italics*: these, it is understood, will be either attentively studied, or committed to memory by the pupil, according to circumstances. A single rule may be given out each day as an exercise; the examples under which being read the day following.

The Notes and Examples under them may be read by the student immediately after the rules to which they belong; but, by those less advanced, they may be entirely passed over, and not read till a perfect knowledge has been attained of what is of more importance.

In reading the Lessons, the principles should be gradually reduced to practice. Words that require the rising inflection, may, by the pupil, be marked with a pencil with the acute accent; and such as require the falling inflection, with the grave accent. Emphatical words may be marked by drawing a straight line over them; and where a rhetorical pause is admissible, a mark, such as a comma, may be inserted after the word.

If this process should be thought too tedious, the pupil may be requested to mark (while the teacher is reading the lesson) only the principal inflections: it being always understood, however, that the pupil has acquired a knowledge of the different slides, and degrees of force of the voice.

The following Rule, to which, though there are many exceptions, may perhaps be of some advantage; the knowledge of it, at least, is easily acquired.

The falling inflection almost always takes place at a period, very often at a colon, and frequently at a semicolon; at the comma immediately preceding either of these points, the rising inflection commonly takes place. When this rule does not hold good, the teacher can easily point out the exceptions to it.

It must be carefully observed, that every falling, or every rising inflection, does not necessarily terminate upon the same key, or on the same note of that key; neither is every emphatic word pronounced with the same degree of force: for, as various as inflections and emphases are in number, almost as varied should be the manner of pronouncing them.

In these, however, and in many other circumstances, whereon the beauty of reading and speaking chiefly depends, the import of the subject, the nature of the audience, and the place the speaker occupies, must all be judiciously considered, in order properly to regulate his pronunciation and delivery.

GENERAL RULES AND OBSERVATIONS ON READING AND RECITATION.

1. Give the letters their proper sounds.
2. Pronounce the vowels, *a, e, i, o, u*, clearly, giving to each its proper quantity.
3. The liquids, *l, m, n*, should be pronounced with a considerable degree of force.
4. Distinguish every accented letter or syllable by a peculiar stress of the voice.
5. Read audibly and distinctly, with a degree of deliberation suited to the subject.
6. Pause at the points a sufficient length of time; but not so long as to break that connexion which one part of a sentence has with another.
7. The meaning of a sentence is often considerably elucidated by pausing where none of the usual marks could properly be inserted.
8. Give every sentence, and member of a sentence, that inflection of voice which tends to improve either the sound or the sense.
9. Monotones, judiciously introduced, have a wonderful effect in diversifying delivery.
10. Every emphatical word must be marked with a force corresponding with the importance of the subject.
11. At the beginning of a subject or discourse, the pitch of the voice should, in general, be low: to this rule, however, there are some exceptions in poetry, and even in prose.
12. As the speaker proceeds, the tones of his voice should swell, and his animation increase with the increasing importance of his subject.
13. At the commencement of a new paragraph, division, or subdivision of a discourse, the voice may be lowered, and again allowed gradually to swell.
14. The tones of the voice must, in every instance, be regulated entirely by the nature of the subject.
15. In recitation, the speaker must adopt those tones, looks, and gestures, which are most agreeable to the nature of whatever he delivers:—he must “suit the action to the word, and the word to the action:” always remembering, that “rightly to seem, is transiently to be.”

TABLE OF THE TWO SLIDES OR INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Did they act properly, or im'properly? | 16. They acted properly, not im'properly. |
| 2. Did he speak distinctly, or in'distinctly? | 17. He spoke distinctly, not in'distinctly. |
| 3. Must we act according to the law, or
con'trary to it? | 18. We must act according to the law, not
con'trary to it. |
| 4. Did he go willingly, or un'willingly? | 19. He went willingly, not un'willingly. |
| 5. Was it done cor'rectly, or in'correctly? | 20. It was done correct'ly, not in'correctly. |
| 6. Did he say cau'tion, or cau'tion? | 21. He said cau'tion, not cau'tion. |
| 7. Did he say wisely, or wise'ly? | 22. He said wisely, not wise'ly. |
| 8. Did he say val'ue, or val'ue? | 23. He said val'ue, not val'ue. |
| 9. Did he say wis'dom, or wis'dom? | 24. He said wis'dom, not wis'dom. |
| 10. Did he say fame', or fame'? | 25. He said fame', not fame'. |
| 11. You must not say fa'tal, but fa'tal. | 26. You must say fa'tal, not fa'tal. |
| 12. You must not say e'qual, but e'qual. | 27. You must say e'qual, not e'qual. |
| 13. You must not say i'dol, but i'dol. | 28. You must say i'dol, not i'dol. |
| 14. You must not say o'pen, but o'pen. | 29. You must say o'pen, not o'pen. |
| 15. You must not say du'bious, but du'bious. | 30. You must say du'bious, not du'bious |

The acute accent (') denotes the *rising*, and the grave accent (̀) the *falling* inflection.

ON THE INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

Besides the pauses, which indicate a greater or less separation of the parts of a sentence and a conclusion of the whole, there are certain inflections of voice, accompanying these pauses, which are as necessary to the sense of the sentence as the pauses themselves; for, however exactly we may pause between those parts which are separable, if we do not pause with such an inflection of the voice as is suited to the sense, the composition we read will not only want its true meaning, but will have a meaning very different from that intended by the writer.

Whether words are pronounced in a high or low, in a loud or soft tone; whether they are pronounced swiftly or slowly, forcibly or feebly, with the tone of passion or without it; they must necessarily be pronounced either sliding upward or downward, or else go into a monotone or song.

By the rising or falling inflection, is not meant the pitch of the voice in which the whole word is pronounced, or that loudness or softness which may accompany any pitch; but that upward or downward slide which the voice makes when the pronunciation of a word is finishing, and which may, therefore, not improperly, be called the rising and falling inflection.

We must carefully guard against mistaking the low tone at the beginning of the rising inflection for the falling inflection, and the high tone at the beginning of the falling inflection for the rising inflection, as they are not denominated rising or falling from the high or low tone in which they are pronounced, but from the upward or downward slide in which they terminate, whether pronounced in a high or low key.

THE FINAL PAUSE OR PERIOD.

RULE I.—*The falling inflection takes place at a period.*

EXAMPLES.

1. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona'.
2. The pleasures of the imagination, the pleasure arising from science, from the fine arts, and from the principle of curiosity, are peculiar to the human' species.

When a sentence concludes an antithesis, the first branch of which, being emphatic, requires the falling inflection; the second branch requires the weak emphasis, and rising inflection.

Note.—When there is a succession of periods or loose members in a sentence, though they may all have the falling inflection, yet every one of them ought to be pronounced in a somewhat different pitch of the voice from the other.

EXAMPLES.

1. If we have no regard for our own' character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others'.

2. If content cannot remove the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them.

NEGATIVE SENTENCE.

RULE II.—*Negative sentences, or members of sentences, must end with the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The region beyond the grave is not a solitary land. There your fathers are, and thither every other friend shall follow you in due season.

2. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally glares; but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

PENULTIMATE MEMBER.*

RULE III.—*The penultimate member of a sentence requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion.

2. Mahomet was a native of Mecca, a city of that division of Arabia; which, for the luxury of its soil and happy temperature of its climate, has ever been esteemed the loveliest and sweetest region in the world, and distinguished by the epithet of happy.

DIRECT PERIOD.

RULE IV.—*Every direct period, having its two principal constructive parts connected by corresponding conjunctions or adverbs, requires the long pause, with the rising inflection at the end of the first part.*

EXAMPLES.

1. If, when we behold a well-made and well-regulated watch, we infer the operations of a skilful artificer; then, none but a "fool" indeed can contemplate the universe, all whose parts are so admirably formed, and so harmoniously adjusted, and yet say, "there is no God."

* Penultimate signifies the last but one.

2. Whenever you see a people making progress in vice; whenever you see them discovering a growing disregard to the divine law'; there you see proportional advances made to ruin and misery.*

3. When the mountains shall be dissolved; when the foundations of the earth and the world shall be destroyed; when all sensible objects shall vanish away', he will still be the "everlasting God;" he will be when they exist no more, as he was when they had no existence at all.

4. Perfection is not the lot of humanity, and the age of heroism had its foibles, as well as the modern. If we are effeminate', they were too often ferocious. If we less frequently produce those astonishing examples of heroism and generosity', we are not so cruel and revengeful. If we are not so famous for fidelity in friendship, and if we are less disinterested and warm', our resentments are also less inexorable.

Note.—When the emphatical word in the conditional part of the sentence is in direct opposition to another word in the conclusion, and a concession is implied in the former, in order to strengthen the argument in the latter, the first member has the falling, and the last the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1: If we have no regard for religion in youth', we ought to have some regard for it in age'.

2. If we have no regard for our own' character, we ought to have' some regard for the character of others'.

If these sentences had been formed so as to make the latter member a mere inference from, or consequence of, the former, the general rule would have taken place: thus—

1. If we have no regard for religion in youth', we have seldom any regard for it in age'.

2. If we have no regard for our own' character, it can scarcely be expected that we could have any regard for the character of others'.

RULE V.—*Direct periods, commencing with participles of the present and past tense, consist of two parts; between which must be inserted the long pause and rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1 Having existed from all eternity', God, through all eternity, must continue to exist.

* The rule is the same when the first part only commences with an adverb or a conjunction.

2. Placed by Providence on the palæstra of life, every human being is a wrestler, and happiness is that prize for which he is bound to contend.

Note.—When the last word of the first part of these sentences requires the strong emphasis, the falling inflection must be used instead of the rising.

EXAMPLE.

Hannibal being frequently destitute of money and provisions, with no recruits of strength in case of ill fortune, and no encouragement, even when successful; it is not to be wondered at that his affairs began at length to decline.

RULE VI.—*Those parts of a sentence which depend on adjectives require the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Destitute of the favour of God', you are in no better situation, with all your supposed abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert.

2. Full of spirit, and high in hope', we set out on the journey of life.

INVERTED PERIOD.*

RULE VII.—*Every inverted period requires the rising inflection and long pause between its two principal constructive parts.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Persons of good taste expect to be pleased', at the same time they are informed.

3. I can desire to perceive those things that God has prepared for those that love' him, though they be such as eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

Sentences constructed like the following also fall under this rule.

3. Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good', if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man.

* A period is said to be inverted, when the first part forms perfect sense by itself, but is modified or determined in its signification by the latter.

4. Virtue were a kind of misery', if fame only were all the garland that crownéd her.

LOOSE SENTENCE.*

RULE VIII.—*The member that forms perfect sense must be separated from those that follow by a long pause and the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God'; so that things which are seen were not made of things that do appear.

2. By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed'; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.

Note.—When a sentence consists of several loose members which neither modify nor are modified by one another, they may be considered as a compound series, and pronounced accordingly.

ANTITHETIC MEMBER.†

RULE IX.—*The first member of an antithesis must end with the long pause of the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The most frightful disorders arose from the state of feudal anarchy. Force decided all things. Europe was one great field of battle, where the weak struggled for freedom', and the strong for dominion. The king was without power', and the nobles without principle. They were tyrants at home', and robbers abroad. Nothing remained to be a check upon ferocity and violence.

2. Between fame and true honour a distinction is to be made. 'The former is a blind and noisy' applause; the latter a more silent and internal homage. Fame floats on the breath of the multitude': honour rests on the judgment of the thinking. Fame may give praise, while it withholds esteem': true honour implies esteem, mingled with respect

* A loose sentence is a member containing perfect sense by itself, followed by some other member or members, which do not restrain or qualify its signification.

† Antithesis opposes words to words, and thoughts to thoughts.

The one regards particular distinguished' talents ; the other looks up to the whole character.

3. These two qualities, delicacy and correctness, mutually imply each other. No taste can be exquisitely delicate without being correct ; nor can be thoroughly correct without being delicate. But still a predominancy of one or other quality, in the mixture is often visible. The power of delicacy is chiefly seen in discerning the true' merit of a work ; the power of correctness, in rejecting false pretensions to merit. Delicacy leans more to feeling' ; correctness more to reason and judgment. The former is more the gift of nature ; the latter, more the product of culture and art. Among the ancient critics, Longinus possessed most delicacy' ; Aristotle most correctness. Among the moderns, Mr. Addison is a high example of delicate' taste ; Dean Swift, had he written on the subject of criticism, would perhaps have afforded the example of a correct one.

CONCESSIVE MEMBER.

RULE X.—*At the end of a concession the rising inflection takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Reason, eloquence, and every art which ever has been studied among mankind, may be abused, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad' men ; but it were perfectly childish to contend, that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished.

2. One may be a speaker, both of much reputation and much influence, in the calm argumentative' manner. To attain the pathetic, and the sublime of oratory, requires those strong sensibilities of mind, and that high power of expression, which are given to few.

3. To Bourdaloue, the French critics attribute more solidity and close reasoning ; to Massillon, a more pleasing and engaging manner. Bourdaloue is indeed a great reasoner, and inculcates his doctrines with much zeal, piety, and earnestness' ; but his style is verbose, he is disagreeably full of quotations from the fathers, and he wants imagination.

EXERCISES ON THE PRECEDING RULES.

1. By deferring our repentance, we accumulate our sorrows.
2. As, while hope remains, there can be no full and positive misery ; so, while fear is yet alive, happiness is incomplete.
3. Human affairs are in continual motion and fluctuation, altering their appearance every moment, and passing into some new forms.
4. As you value the approbation of heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth ; in all your proceedings be direct and consistent.
5. By a multiplicity of words, the sentiments are not set off and accommodated ; but, like David equipped in Saul's armour, they are encumbered and oppressed.
6. Though it may be true, that every individual, in his own breast naturally prefers himself to all mankind, yet he dares not look mankind in the face, and avow that he acts according to this principle.
7. If our language, by reason of the simple arrangement of its words, possesses less harmony, less beauty, and less force, than the Greek or Latin ; it is, however, in its meaning, more obvious and plain.
8. Whether we consider poetry in particular, and discourse in general, as imitative, or descriptive ; it is evident, that their whole power in recalling the impressions of real objects, is derived from the significance of words.
9. Were there no bad men in the world, to vex and distress the good, the good might appear in the light of harmless innocence ; but they could have no opportunity of displaying fidelity, magnanimity, patience, and fortitude.
10. Though I would have you consider the present life as a state of probation, and the future as the certain rectifier and recorder of all the good and evil committed here ; yet live innocently, live honestly, and, if possible, apart of that interesting consideration.
11. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation of study afterward discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No ; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry.
12. We blame the excessive fondness and anxiety of a parent, as something which may, in the end, prove hurtful to the child, and which, in the mean time, is excessively inconvenient to the parent ; but we easily pardon it, and never regard it with hatred and detestation.
13. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and austerity ; that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one you find more manliness ; in the other, more ornament. The one is more harsh, but more spirited and cogent ; the other more agreeable, but withal, looser and weaker.

14. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil the better artist: in the one, we most admire the man; in the other, the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems, like his own Jupiter in his terror, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering his whole creation.

INTERROGATION.*

RULE I.—*Questions asked by pronouns or adverbs, and with the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Who continually supports and governs this stupendous system? Who preserves ten thousand times ten thousand worlds in perpetual harmony? Who enables them always to observe such times, and obey such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted for the perfection of the wondrous whole? They cannot preserve and direct themselves; for they were created, and must, therefore, be dependent. How, then, can they be so actuated and directed but by the unceasing energy of the great Supreme?

2. Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?

Note 1.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series necessarily depending on each other for sense, must be pronounced according to the rule which relates to the series of which they are composed.

EXAMPLE.

What can be more important and interesting than an inquiry into the existence, attributes, providence, and moral government of God?

* When the last words, in this species of interrogation, happen to be emphatical, they must be pronounced with a considerable degree of force and loudness.

RULE II.—*Questions asked by verbs require the rising inflection.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armour, boast like him that putteth it off? Can the merchant predict that the speculation, on which he has entered, will be infallibly crowned with success? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields? In these, and in all similar cases, our resolution to act can be founded on probability alone.

2. Avarus has long been ardently endeavouring to fill his chest: and lo! it is now full. Is he happy? Does he use' it? Does he gratefully think of the Giver' of all good things? Does he distribute to the poor? Alas! these interests have no place in his breast.

3. Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Would death be foiled? Would health, and strength, and youth'
Defy his power? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Even in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury.—

RULE III.—*When interrogative sentences connected by the disjunctive or, expressed or understood, succeed each other, the first end with the rising and the rest with the falling inflection.†*

EXAMPLES.

1 Does God, after having made his creatures, take no further' care of them? Has he left them to blind fate or

* When the question is very long, however, or concludes a paragraph, the falling instead of the rising inflection takes place.

† When or is used conjunctively the inflections are not regulated by it.

undirected chance'? Has he forsaken the works of his own hands? Or does he always graciously preserve, and keep, and guide them?

2. Should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable, from believing it what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable? the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents, or children? husbands, or wives; masters, or servants; friends, or neighbours? or would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy in every situation?

3. Is the goodness, or wisdom, of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

4. Shall we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy him?

Note 2.—An interrogative sentence, consisting of a variety of members depending on each other for sense, may have the inflection common to other sentences, provided the last member has that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation to which it belongs.

EXAMPLE.

Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Note 3.—Interrogative sentences, consisting of members in a series, which form perfect sense as they proceed, must have every member terminate with that inflection which distinguishes the species of interrogation of which they consist.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hath death torn from your embrace the friend whom you tenderly loved—him to whom you were wont to unbosom the secrets of your soul—him who was your counsellor in perplexity, the sweetener of all your joys, and the assuager of all your sorrows? You think you do well to mourn; and the tears with which you water his grave, seem to be a tribute due to his virtues. But waste not your affection in fruitless lamentation.

2. Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection—that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily bread—who have no treasure but the

labour of their hands'—who rise with the rising sun to expose themselves to all the rigours of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, and unshaded from the summer's heat? No. The labours of such are the very blessings of their condition.

Note 4.—When questions, asked by verbs, are followed by answers, the rising inflection, in a high tone of voice, takes place at the end of the question, and, after a long pause, the answer must be pronounced in a lower tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. Are you desirous that your talents and abilities may procure you respect? Display them not ostentatiously to public view. Would you escape the envy which your riches might excite? Let them not minister to pride, but adorn them with humility.

2. There is not an evil incident to human nature for which the gospel doth not provide a remedy. Are you ignorant of many things which it highly concerns you to know? The gospel offers you instruction. Have you deviated from the path of duty? The gospel offers you forgiveness. Do temptations surround you? The gospel offers you the aid of Heaven. Are you exposed to misery? It consoles you. Are you subject to death? It offers you immortality.

EXCLAMATION.

RULE IV.—*The inflections at the note of exclamation are the same as at any other point, in sentences similarly constructed.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The Almighty sustains and conducts the universe. It was he who separated the jarring elements! It was he who hung up the worlds in empty space! It was he who preserves them in their circles, and impels them in their course!

2. How pure, how dignified should they be, whose origin is celestial! How pure, how dignified should they be, who are taught to look higher than earth; to expect to enjoy the divinest pleasures for evermore, and to 'shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father!'

3. Behold the reverential awe with which the words and the opinions of the upright and conscientious are heard and received! See the wise courting their friendship; the poor applying for their aid; the friendless and forlorn seeking their advice, and the widow and the fatherless craving their protection!

RULE V.—*When the exclamation, in form of a question, is the echo of another question of the same kind, or when it proceeds from wonder or admiration, it always requires the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, 'What news? What news?' Is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece?

2. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at your gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken when I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough.

3. Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood! or shall I retire to my house? yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despairing.

4. Plant of celestial seed, if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow:
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreath Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows! where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

PARENTHESIS.

RULE VI.—*A parenthesis must be pronounced in a lower tone of voice than the rest of the sentence, and conclude with the same pause and inflection which terminate the member that immediately precedes it.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Though fame, who is always the herald of the great, has seldom deigned to transmit the exploits of the lower

* A parenthesis must also be pronounced a degree quicker than the rest of the sentence; a pause too must be made both before and after it, proportioned in length to the more intimate or remote connexion which it has with the rest of the sentence.

ranks to posterity', 'for it is commonly the fate of those whom fortune has placed in the vale of obscurity to have their noble actions buried in oblivion';) yet, in their verses, the minstrels have preserved many instances of domestic wo and felicity.

2. Uprightness is a habit, and, like all other habits, gains strength by time and exercise. If, then, we exercise' upright principles, (and we cannot have them unless we exercise' them,) they must be perpetually on the increase.

3. Sir Andrew Freeport's notions of trade are noble and generous', and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not' a great man) he calls the sea the British common.

Note 1.—The end of a parenthesis must have the falling inflection, when it terminates with an emphatical word.

EXAMPLE.

Had I, when speaking in the assembly, been absolute and independent master of affairs, then your other speakers might call me to account. But if ye were ever present, if ye were all in general invited to propose your sentiments, if ye were all agreed that the measures then suggested were really the best; if you, *Æschines*, in particular, were thus persuaded, (and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applause, the honours, which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible' course;) if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

Note 2.—When the parenthesis is long it may be pronounced with a degree of monotone or sameness of voice, in order to distinguish it from the rest of the sentence.

EXAMPLE.

Since then, every sort of good which is immediately of importance to happiness, must be perceived by some immediate power or sense, antecedent to any opinions or reasoning', (for it is the business of reason to compare the several sorts of good perceived by the several senses, and to find out the proper means for obtaining' them,) we must therefore carefully inquire into the several sublimer perceptive powers or senses; since it is by them we best discover what state or course of life best

answers the intention of God and nature, and wherein true happiness consists.

Note 3.—The small intervening members, *said I, says he, continued they, &c.* follow the inflection and tone of the member which precedes them, in a higher and feebler tone of voice.

EXAMPLE.

Thus, then, said he, since you are so urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The sovereign good is that, the possession of which renders us happy. And how, said I, do we possess it? Is it sensual or intellectual? There, you are entering, said he, upon the detail.

EXERCISES ON THE INTERROGATION, EXCLAMATION, AND PARENTHESIS.

1. Would you do your homage the most agreeable way? would you render the most acceptable of services? Offer unto God thanksgiving.

2. What shadow can be more vain than the life of a great part of mankind? Of all that eager and bustling crowd we behold on earth, how few discover the path of true happiness? How few can we find, whose activity has not been misemployed, and whose course terminates not in confessions of disappointments?

3. What are the scenes of nature that elevate the mind in the highest degree, and produce the sublime sensation? Not the gay landscape, the flowery field, or the flourishing city; but the hoary mountain, and the solitary lake; the aged forest, and the torrent falling over the rock.

4. Is there any one who will seriously maintain, that the taste of a Hottentot or a Laplander is as delicate and as correct as that of a Longinus or an Addison? or, that he can be charged with no defect or incapacity, who thinks a common news-writer as excellent an historian as Tacitus?

5. That strong, hyperbolical manner which we have long been accustomed to call the Oriental manner of poetry (because some of the earliest poetical productions came to us from the east) is in truth no more Oriental than Occidental; it is characteristic of an age rather than of a country; and belongs, in some measure, to all nations at that period which first gives rise to music and to song.

6. The bliss of man, (could pride that blessing find,)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind.

7. Where thy true treasure? Gold says, "not in me;"
And, "not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor.

8. All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
9. O the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go: when past, they haunt us still.
10. Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar,—but for Titus too.
And which more blest! who chain'd his country, say;
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day.

SERIES.

The word **SERIES** is here used to denote an enumeration of particulars.

A *commencing* series is that which begins a sentence, but does not end it.

A *concluding* series is that which ends a sentence, whether it begins it or not.

The series, whose members consist of single words, is called a *simple* series.

The series, whose members consist of two or more words, is called a *compound* series.

INFLECTIONS ON THE SIMPLE SERIES.

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
No. of Members.		No. of Members.	
2 1' 2'	2 1' 2'
3 1' 2' 3'	3 1' 2' 3'
4 1' 2' 3' 4'	4 1' 2' 3' 4'
5 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

COMPOUND SERIES.

No. of Members.	COMMENCING.	No. of Members.	CONCLUDING.
2	1' 2'	2	1' 2'
3	1' 2' 3'	3	1' 2' 3'
4	1' 2' 3' 4'	4	1' 2' 3' 4'
5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5	1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

SIMPLE COMMENCING SERIES.

OF 2 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2'.*—Dependence' and obedience' belong to youth.

3 MEMBERS.†—RULE. 1', 2', 3'.—The young', the healthy', and the prosperous', should not presume on their advantages.‡

4 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4'.—Humanity', justice', generosity', and public spirit', are the qualities most useful to others.

5 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5'.—The presence', knowledge', power', wisdom', and goodness' of God, must all be unbounded.

6 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6'.—Desire', aversion', rage', love', hope', and fear', are drawn in miniature upon the stage.

7 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7'.—Sophocles', Euripides', Pindar', Thucydides', Demosthenes', Phidias', Apelles', were the contemporaries of Socrates or of Plato.

8 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8'.—Wine', beauty', music', pomp', study', diversion', business', wis-

* That is—the falling inflection takes place on the first member, and the rising on the second.

† In a simple commencing series of three members, the first must be pronounced in a somewhat lower tone than the second.

‡ The noun, when attended by an article, or conjunction, is considered in the series as a single word.

dom', are but poor expedients to heave off the insupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity.

9 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9'.—Joy', grief', fear', anger', pity', scorn', hate', jealousy'. and love', stamp assumed distinctions on the player.

10 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9', 10'.
Next then, you authors, be not you severe;
Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here!
One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine'
ten',
All in one row, and brothers of the pen.

SIMPLE CONCLUDING SERIES.

OF 2 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2'.—The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness' and affability'.

3 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3'.—Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature', of reason', and of God'.*

4 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4'.—Fear not, ye righteous, amidst the distresses of life. You have an Almighty Friend continually at hand to pity', to support', to defend', and to relieve' you.

5 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5'.—The characteristics of chivalry were, valour', humanity', courtesy', justice', and honour'.

6 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6'.—Mankind are besieged by war', famine', pestilence', volcano', storm', and fire'.

7 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7'.—They passed over many a frozen, many a fiery Alp; rocks', caves', lakes', fens', bogs', dens', and shades of death'.

8 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8'.—The speaker, having gained the attention and judgment of his

* In a simple concluding series of three members, the first must be pronounced in a little higher tone than the second. When pronouncing with a degree of solemnity, the first member in this series must have the falling inflection.

audience, must proceed to complete his conquest over the passions; such as admiration', surprise', hope', joy', love', fear', grief', anger'.

9 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9'.—The fruit of the Spirit is love', joy', peace', long-suffering', gentleness', goodness', faith', meekness', temperance'.

10 MEMBERS.—RULE. 1', 2', 3', 4', 5', 6', 7', 8', 9', 10'.—Mr. Locke's definition of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit; as metaphors', enigmas', mottoes', parables', fables', dreams', visions', dramatic' writings, burlesque', and all the methods of allusion'.

COMPOUND COMMENCING SERIES.

RULE.—*The falling inflection takes place on every member but the last.**

EXAMPLES.

2 MEMBERS.—Common calamities', and common blessings', fall heavily upon the envious.

—3 MEMBERS.—A generous openness of heart', a calm deliberate courage', a prompt zeal for the public service', are at once constituents of true greatness, and the best evidences of it.

4 MEMBERS.—The splendour of the firmament', the verdure of the earth', the varied colours of the flowers, which fill the air with their fragrance', and the music of those artless voices which mingle on every tree', all conspire to captivate our hearts, and to swell them with the most rapturous delight.

5 MEMBERS.—The verdant lawn', the shady grove', the variegated landscape', the boundless ocean', and the starry firmament', are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

6 MEMBERS.—France and England may each of them have some reason to dread the increase of the naval and

* When the members of a compound series are numerous, the second must be pronounced a little higher and more forcibly than the first, the third than the second, &c.

military power of the other ; but for either of them to envy the internal happiness and prosperity of the other, the cultivation of its lands, the advancement of its manufactures, the increase of its commerce, the security and number of its ports and harbours, its proficiency in all the liberal arts and sciences, is surely beneath the dignity of two such great nations.

7 MEMBERS.—A contemplation of God's works, a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears shed in silence for the misery of others, a private desire of resentment broken and subdued, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as denominate men great and reputable.

8 MEMBERS.—To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and characters, to restrain every irregular inclination, to subdue every rebellious passion, to purify the motives of our conduct, to form ourselves to that temperance which no pleasure can seduce, to that meekness which no provocation can ruffle, to that patience which no affliction can overwhelm, and that integrity which no interest can shake; this is the task which is assigned to us,—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

9 MEMBERS.—Absalom's beauty, Jonathan's love, David's valour, Solomon's wisdom, the patience of Job, the prudence of Augustus, the eloquence of Cicero, the innocence of wisdom, and the intelligence of all, though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator.

10 MEMBERS.—The beauty of a plain, the greatness of a mountain, the ornaments of a building, the expression of a picture, the composition of a discourse, the conduct of a third person, the proportions of different quantities and numbers, the various appearances which the great machine of the universe is perpetually exhibiting, the secret wheels and springs which produce them, all the general subjects of science and taste, are what we and our companions regard as having no peculiar relation to either of us.

COMPOUND CONCLUDING SERIES.

RULE.—*The following inflection takes place on every member except the last but one.*

EXAMPLES.

2 MEMBERS.—Belief in the existence of a God is the great incentive to duty', and the great source of consolation'.

3 MEMBERS.—When myriads and myriads of ages have elapsed, the righteous shall still have a blessed eternity before them : still continue brightening in holiness', increasing in happiness', and rising in glory'.

4 MEMBERS.—Watch' ye, stand fast in the faith', quit you like men', be strong'.

5 MEMBERS.—We should acknowledge God in all our ways'; mark the operations of his hand'; cheerfully submit to his severest dispensations'; strictly observe his laws'; and rejoice to fulfil his gracious purpose'.

6 MEMBERS.—Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness ; God was manifest in the flesh', justified in the spirit', seen of angels', preached unto the Gentiles', believed on in the world', received up into glory'.

7 MEMBERS.—A true friend unbosoms freely', advises justly', assists readily', adventures boldly', takes all patiently', defends resolutely', and continues a friend unchangeably'.

8 MEMBERS.—True gentleness teaches us to bear one another's burdens'; to rejoice with those who rejoice'; to weep with those who weep'; to please every one his neighbour for his good'; to be kind and tender-hearted'; to be pitiful and courteous'; to support the weak'; and to be patient toward all' men.

9 MEMBERS.—They through faith subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness', obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight', turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

10 MEMBERS.—Leviculus was so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter ; and when he was set at liberty, instead of

beginning, as was expected, to walk the Exchange with a face of importance, or of associating himself with those who were most eminent for their knowledge of the stocks he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a modish wig and a splendid coat, listened to wits in the coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs, talked with familiarity of high play, boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen, told with negligence and jocularly of bilking a tailor, and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

EXAMPLES

CONTAINING BOTH THE COMMENCING AND CONCLUDING SERIES.

1. He who is self-existent, omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent, is likewise infinitely holy, and just, and good.

2. He who resigns the world has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, or anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

3. To deserve, to acquire, and to enjoy the respect and admiration of mankind, are the great objects of ambition and emulation.

PAIRS OF NOUNS

ARE INFLECTED THUS:

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
Pairs.		Pairs.	
2	1' & 2, 3' & 4'	2	1' & 2', 3' & 4'
3	1' & 2, 3' & 4, 5' & 6'	3	1' & 2, 3' & 4, 5' & 6'
4	1' & 2, 3' & 4, 5' & 6, 7' & 8'	4	1' & 2, 3' & 4, 5' & 6, 7' & 8'
5	1' & 2, 3' & 4, 5' & 6, 7' & 8, 9' & 10'	5	1' & 2, 3' & 4, 5' & 6, 7' & 8, 9' & 10'

EXAMPLES.

1. Vicissitudes of good and evil, of trials and consolations, fill up the life of man.

2. While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.

3. The wise' and the foolish', the virtuous' and the vile', the learned' and the ignorant', the temperate' and the profligate', must often be blended together.

4. In all stations and conditions, the important relations take place, of masters' and servants', husbands' and wives', parents' and children', brothers' and friends', citizens' and subjects'.

SERIES OF SERIESSES.

RULE I.—*When several members of a sentence, consisting of distinct portions of similar or opposite words in a series, follow in succession, they must be pronounced singly, according to the number of members in each portion, and together, according to the number of portions in the whole sentence, that the whole may form one related compound series.*

EXAMPLES

1. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding' and the will', with all the senses both inward' and outward'; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action: she can understand', will', imagine', see', and hear'; love' and dis-course'; and apply herself to many other like exercises of different kinds of natures'.

2. For I am persuaded that neither death', nor life'; nor angels', nor principalities', nor powers'; nor things present', nor things to come'; nor height', nor depth'; nor any other creature', shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord'.

RULE II.—*Where the sense of the sentence does not require force, precision, or distinction, (which is but seldom the case,) where the sentence commences with a conditional or suppositive conjunction, or where the language is plaintive and poetical, the falling inflection seems less suitable than the rising.*

EXAMPLES.

1. When the gay and smiling aspect of things has be-gun to leave the passage to a man's heart thus thoughtlessly unguarded'; when kind and caressing looks of every object

without, that can flatter his senses, has conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence'; when music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the passions'; when the voice of singing men and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and in some tender notes have touched the secret springs of rapture'—that moment let us dissect and look into his heart'; see how vain', how weak', how empty' a thing it is !

2. So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind',
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand';
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light';
 When mellowing years their full perfection give';
 And each bold figure just begins to live';
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all' the bright' creation' fades' away'.

EXERCISES ON THE SERIES.

1. Ambition creates hatred, shyness, discords, seditions, and wars.
2. To be moderate in our views, and to proceed temperately in the pursuit of them, is the best way to ensure success.
3. Joy, grief, love, admiration, devotion, are all of them passions which are naturally musical.
4. Substantives, pronouns, adjectives, verbs, prepositions, and conjunctions must necessarily be found in all languages.
5. The several kinds of poetical composition which we find in Scripture are chiefly the didactic, the elegiac, pastoral, and lyric.
6. Discomposed thoughts, agitated passions, and a ruffled temper poison every pleasure of life.
7. The great business of life is to be employed in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with our Creator.
8. Tranquillity, order, and magnanimity dwell with the pious and resigned man.
9. A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.
10. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.
11. Though, at times, the ascent to the temple of virtue appears steep and craggy, be not discouraged. Persevere until thou gain the summit: there all is order, beauty, and pleasure.

12. What is called profane history exhibits our nature on its worst side: it is the history of perverse passions, of mean self-love, of revenge, hatred, extravagance, and folly.

13. An ostentatious, a feeble, a harsh, or an obscure style are always faults; and perspicuity, strength, neatness, and simplicity are beauties to be always aimed at.

14. Valour, truth, justice, fidelity, friendship, piety, magnanimity, are the objects which, in the course of epic compositions, are presented to our mind under the most splendid and honourable colours.

15. To be humble and modest in opinion, to be vigilant and attentive in conduct, to distrust fair appearances, and to restrain rash desires, are instructions which the darkness of our present state should strongly inculcate.

16. No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

17. The time at which the Saviour was to appear—the circumstances with which his nativity was to be attended—the nature of the kingdom he was to establish—the power with which he was to be invested, and the success with which his labours were to be crowned—had been all prefigured and described, in a manner calculated to excite the liveliest expectation in the minds of the chosen people.

18. Were we united to beings of a more exalted order,—beings whose nature raised them superior to misfortune, placed them beyond the reach of disease and death, who were not the dupes of passion and prejudice, all of whose views were enlarged, whose goodness was perfected, and whose spirit breathed nothing but love and friendship,—then would the evils of which we now complain cease to be felt.

19. All the oriental lustre of the richest gems; all the enchanting beauties of exterior shape; the exquisite of all forms; the loveliness of colour; the harmony of sound; the heat and brightness of the enlivening sun; the heroic virtue of the bravest minds; with the purity and quickness of the highest intellect; are all emanations from the supreme Deity.

20. I conjure you by that which you profess
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me;
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 E'en till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

MACBETH, to the Witches.

HARMONIC INFLECTION.

Besides that variety which necessarily arises from annexing certain inflections to sentences of a particular import or structure, there is still another source of variety, in those parts of a sentence where the sense is not at all concerned, and where the variety is merely to please the ear. There are many members of sentences which may be differently pronounced without greatly affecting their variety and harmony. It is chiefly toward the end of a sentence that the harmonic inflection is necessary in order to form an agreeable cadence.

RULE I.—*When a series of similar sentences, or members of sentences, form a branch of a subject or paragraph, the last sentence or member must fall gradually into a lower tone, and adopt the harmonic inflection, on such words as form the most agreeable cadence.*

EXAMPLE.

Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are wedded' to opinions' full of contradiction' and impossibility', and at the same' time' look upon the smallest' difficulty' in an article' of faith' as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

RULE II.—*When the last member of a sentence ends with four accented words, the falling inflection takes place on the first and last, and the rising on the second and third.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The immortality of the soul is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing' hopes' and secret' joys', that can arise' in the heart' of a reasonable' creature'.

2. A brave' man struggling' in the storms' of fate',
And greatly' falling' with a falling' state'.

RULE III. *When there are three accented words at the end of the last member, the first has either the rising or falling, the second the rising, and the last the falling inflection.*

EXAMPLE.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books *De Oratore*, with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which

part he affirms, that the best orator in the world can never succeed, and an indifferent one, who is master of this, shall gain much greater applause'.

ECHO

Is here used to express that repetition of a word or thought, which immediately arises from a word or thought that preceded it.

RULE.—*The echoing word ought always to be pronounced with the rising inflection in a high tone of voice, and a long pause after it, when it implies any degree of passion.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Newton was a Christian! *Newton'!* whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions—*Newton'!* whose science was truth; and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie—*Newton'!* who carried the line and rule to the utmost barrier of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists.

2. With "mysterious reverence" I forbear to descant on those serious and interesting rites, for the more august and solemn celebration of which fashion nightly convenes these splendid myriads to her more sumptuous temples. *Rites'!* which, when engaged in with due devotion, absorb the whole soul, and call every passion into exercise, except those indeed of love, and peace, and kindness, and gentleness. *Inspiring' rites'!* which stimulate fear, rouse hope, kindle zeal, quicken dulness, sharpen discernment, exercise memory, inflame curiosity! *Rites'!* in short, in the due performance of which all the energies and attentions, all the powers and abilities, all the abstractions and exertion, all the diligence and devotedness, all the sacrifice of time, all the contempt of ease, all the neglect of sleep, all the oblivion of care, all the risks of fortune, (half of which, if directed to their true objects, would change the very face

* The echoing word is printed in *italics*. and marked with the rising inflection.

of the world,) all these are concentrated to one point: a *point*! in which the wise and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, the fair and the frightful, the sprightly and the dull, the rich and the poor, the patrician and plebeian, meet in one common uniform equality: an *equality*! as religiously respected in the solemnities in which all distinctions are levelled at a blow, and of which the very spirit is therefore democratical, as it is combated in all other instances. HANNAH MORE *on Female Education*.

THE MONOTONE,

In certain solemn and sublime passages, has a wonderful force and dignity; and by the uncommonness of its use, it even adds greatly to that variety with which the ear is so much delighted.*

EXAMPLES.

1. High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Inde,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers, on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold',
Satan exalted sat.
2. Hence! loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

CIRCUMFLEXES.

The *rising* circumflex begins with the falling inflection, and ends with the rising upon the same syllable, and seems as it were to twist

* This monotone may be defined to be a continuation or sameness of sound upon certain syllables of a word, exactly like that produced by repeatedly striking a bell;—such a stroke may be louder or softer, but continues exactly in the same pitch. To express this tone upon paper, a horizontal line may be adopted; such a one as is generally used to express a long syllable in verse: thus (—).

the voice upward. This turn of the voice is marked in this manner (v)

EXAMPLE.

But it is foolish in us to compare Drusus Africanus and ourselves with Clódius ; all our other calamities were tolerable ; but no one can patiently bear the death of Clódius

The *falling* circumflex begins with the rising inflection, and ends with the falling upon the same syllable, and seems to twist the voice downward. This turn of the voice may be marked by the common circumflex : thus (Λ).

EXAMPLE.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Madam, you have my father much offended.

Both these circumflex inflections may be exemplified in the word *so*, in a speech of the Clown in Shakspeare's *As You Like It*.

I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you said *sò*, then I said *sò*. O ho ! did you *sò* ? So they shook hands and were sworn brothers.

CLIMAX,

OR A GRADUAL INCREASE OF SIGNIFICATION,

Requires an increasing swell of the voice on every succeeding particular, and a degree of animation corresponding with the nature of the subject.

EXAMPLES.

1. After we have practised good actions a while, they become easy, and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them ; and when they please us, we do them frequently ; and, by frequency of acts, a thing grows into a habit ; and a confirmed habit is a second kind of nature ; and, so far as any thing is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise ; nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.

2. 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
And following slower in explosion vast,

The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but, as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds ; till overhead a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still,
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze :
 Follows, the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

ACCENT.

RULE.—*Emphasis requires a transposition of accent when two words which have a sameness in part of their formation, are opposed to each other in sense.*

EXAMPLES.

1. What is *done'*, cannot be *un'done*.*
2. There is a material difference between *giv'ing* and *fi'giving*.
3. Thought and language *act'* and *re'act* upon each other.
4. He who is good before *in'visible* witnesses, is eminently so before the *vis'ible*.
5. What fellowship hath *right'eousness* with *un'righteousness* ? and what communion hath light with darkness ?
6. The riches of the prince must *in'crease* or *de'crease* in proportion to the number and riches of his subjects.

* The signs (' and '), besides denoting the inflections, mark also the accented syllables.

Whatever inflection be adopted, the accented syllable is always louder than the rest ; but if the accent be pronounced with the rising inflection, the accented syllable is higher than the preceding, and lower than the succeeding syllable ; and if the accent have the falling inflection, the accented syllable is pronounced higher than any other syllable, either preceding or succeeding.

7. Religion raises men above themselves ; irreligion sinks them beneath the brutes.

8. I shall always make reason, truth, and nature, the measures of *praise* and *dispraise*.

9. Whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual.

10. The sense of an author being the first object of reading, it will be necessary to inquire into those divisions and subdivisions of a sentence, which are employed to fix and ascertain its meaning.

11. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

12. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the *praise* and *dispraise* of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet.

13. In the *suitableness* or *unsuitableness*, in the *proportion* or *disproportion* which the affection seems to bear to the cause or object which excites it, consist the *propriety* or *impropriety*, the decency or ungracefulness of the consequent action.

14. He that compares what he has *done* with what he has left *un*done, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality.

Note 1.—This transposition of the accent extends itself to all words which have a sameness of termination, though they may not be directly opposite in sense.

EXAMPLES.

1. In this species of composition, *plausibility* is much more essential than *probability*.

2. Lucius Catiline was expert in all the arts of *simulation* and *disimulation* ; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own.

Note 2.—When the accent is on the last syllable of a word which has no emphasis, it must be pronounced louder and a degree lower than the rest.

EXAMPLE.

Sooner or later virtue must meet with a reward

EMPHASIS

Is that stress we lay on words which are in contradistinction to other words expressed or understood. And hence will follow this general rule: *Wherever there is contradistinction in the sense of the words there ought to be emphasis in the pronunciation of them.*

All words are pronounced either with emphatic force, accented force, or unaccented force; this last kind of force may be called by the name of feebleness. When the words are in contradistinction to other words, or to some sense implied, they may be called *emphatic*; where they do not denote contradistinction, and yet are more important than the particles, they may be called *accented*, and the particles and lesser words may be called *unaccented* or *feeble*.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Exercise and temperance strengthen the constitution.*
2. *Exercise and temperance strengthen even an INDIF-
FERENT constitution.*

The word printed in Roman capitals is pronounced with *emphatic* force; those in small Italics are pronounced with *accented* force; the rest with *unaccented* force.

Emphasis always implies antithesis; when this antithesis is agreeable to the sense of the author, the emphasis is proper; but where there is no antithesis in the thought, there ought to be none on the words; because, whenever an emphasis is placed upon an improper word, it will suggest an antithesis, which either does not exist, or is not agreeable to the sense and intention of the writer.

The best method to find the emphasis in these sentences, is to take the word we suppose to be emphatical, and try if it will admit of these words being supplied which an emphasis on it would suggest; if, when these words are supplied, we find them not only agreeable to the meaning of the writer, but an improvement of his meaning, we may pronounce the word emphatical; but if these words we supply are not agreeable to the meaning of the words expressed, or else give them an affected and fanciful meaning, we ought by no means to lay the emphasis upon them.

EXAMPLE.

3. A man of a polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving; he can converse with a *picture*, and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

In this sentence an emphasis on the word *picture* is not only an advantage to the thought, but is in some measure necessary to it: for it hints to the mind, that a polite imagination does not only find pleasure in conversing with those objects which give pleasure to all, but with those which give pleasure to such only as can converse with them.

All emphasis has an antithesis either expressed or understood: if the emphasis excludes the antithesis, the emphatic word has the falling

inflection: if the emphasis does not exclude the antithesis, the emphatic word has the rising inflection. The distinction between the two emphatic inflections is this: The falling inflection affirms something in the emphasis, and denies what is opposed to it in the antithesis, while the emphasis with the rising inflection affirms something in the emphasis without denying what is opposed to it in the antithesis: the former, therefore, from its affirming and denying absolutely, may be called the strong emphasis; and the latter, from its affirming only, and not denying, may be called the weak emphasis.—We have an instance of the strong emphasis and falling inflection on the words *despite* and *fear*, in the following sentence, where Richard the Third rejects the proposal of the Duke of Norfolk to pardon the rebels.

4. Why that, indeed, was our sixth Harry's way,
Which made his reign one scene of rude commotion:
I'll be in men's *despite*[^] a monarch; no,
Let kings that *fear*[^] forgive; blows and revenge
For me.

The paraphrase of these words, when thus emphatical, would be, *I'll be, not in men's favour, but in their despite, a monarch—and let not me, who am fearless, but kings that fear, forgive.*—The weak emphasis, with the rising inflection, takes place on the word *man* in the following example from the FAIR PENITENT, where Horatio, taxing Lothario with forgery, says,

5. 'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a *man*'[^],
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

If this emphasis were paraphrased, it would run thus: *'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man, though not unworthy of a brute.*

The first of the following examples is an instance of the single emphasis implied; the second, of the single emphasis expressed; the third, of the double emphasis; and the fourth, of the treble emphasis.*

1. Exercise and temperance strengthen even an *indifferent* constitution.
2. You were paid to *fight*[^] against Alexander, and not to *rail*[^] at him.
3. The pleasures of the imagination are not so *gross*[^] as those of *sense*[^], nor so *refined*[^] as those of the *understanding*[^].

* In these examples of emphasis the emphatic word alone is printed in *italics*; the marks above them denote the inflections.

4. *He' raised a mortal^ to the skies',
She' drew an angel' down^.*
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SINGLE EMPHASIS.*

RULE.—*When a sentence is composed of a positive and negative part, the positive must have the falling, and the negative the rising inflection.†*

EXAMPLES.

1. We can do nothing *against'* the truth, but *for^* the truth.
2. None more impatiently *suffer'* injuries, than they who are most forward in *doing^* them.
3. You were paid to *fight^* against Alexander, and not to *rail'* at him.
4. Hunting (and *men^*, not *beasts'*) shall be his game.
5. Cæsar, who would not wait the conclusion of the consul's speech, generously replied, that he came into Italy, not to *injure'* the liberties of Rome and its citizens, but to *restore^* them.
6. If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for *ours'* only, but also for the sins of the whole *world^*.
7. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth *us'* not, because he knew *him^* not.
8. It is not the business of virtue to *extirpate'* the affections of the mind, but to *regulate^* them.
9. It may moderate and *restrain'*, but was not designed to *banish^* gladness from the heart of man.
10. Those governments which *curb'* not evils, *cause^!*
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
11. For if you pronounce, that, as my public conduct

* When two emphatic words in antithesis with each other are either expressed or implied, the emphasis is said to be single.

† To this rule, however, there are some exceptions, not only in poetry but also in prose.

hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that *yourselves*^a have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of *fortune*^a. But it cannot be. No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and safety of *Greece*^a. No! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at *Marathon*^a! by those who stood arrayed at *Platæa*^a! by those who encountered the Persian fleet at *Salamis*^a! who fought at *Artemisium*^a! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public *monuments*^a! All of whom received the same honourable interment from their country: Not those only who *prevailed*^a, not those only who were *victorious*^a. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they all performed; their success was such as the Supreme Director of the world dispensed to each.

Note.—When two objects are compared, the comparative word has the strong emphasis and falling inflection, and the word compared has the weak emphasis and rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. It is a custom
More honour'd in the *breach*^a than the *observance*^a.
2. I would *die*^a sooner than mention it.

DOUBLE EMPHASIS.†

RULE.—The falling inflection takes place on the first emphatic word, the rising on the second and third, and the falling on the fourth.‡

EXAMPLES.

1. To *err*^a is *human*^a; to *forgive*^a *divine*^a.
2. Custom is the *plague*^a of *wise*^a men, and the *idol*^a of *fools*^a.

* This is the case when it is the intention of the speaker to declare with emphasis, the priority or preferableness of one thing to another.

† When two words are opposed to each other, and contrasted with two other words, the emphasis on these four words may be called double.

‡ The pause after the second emphatic word must be considerably longer than that after the first or third.

3. The *prodigal* robs his *heir*', the *miser*' robs *himself*'
4. *We*' are *weak*', and *ye*' are *strong*'.
5. *Without*' were *fightings*', *within*' were *fears*'.
6. *Business*' sweetens *pleasure*', as *labour*' sweetens *rest*'.
7. *Prosperity*' gains' friends, and *adversity*' tries' them.
8. The *wise*' man considers what he *wants*', and the *fool*' what he *abounds*' in.
9. *One*' sun by *day*'—by *night*' *ten thousand*' shine.
10. Justice appropriates *honours*' to *virtue*', and *rewards*' to *merit*'.
11. *Justice*' seems most agreeable to the nature of *God*', and *mercy*' to that of *man*'.
12. It is as great a point of wisdom to *hide*' *ignorance*', as to *discover*' *knowledge*'.
13. As it is the part of *justice*' never to do *violence*', it is of *modesty*' never to commit *offence*'.
14. If men of eminence are exposed to *censure*' on *one*' hand, they are as much liable to *flattery*' on the *other*'.
15. The *wise*' man is happy when he gains his *own*' approbation, and the *fool*' when he recommends himself to the applause of those *about*' him.
16. We make provision for *this*' life as though it were never to have an *end*', and for the *other*' life as though it were never to have a *beginning*'.
17. Alfred seemed born not only to *defend*' his bleeding *country*', but even to *adorn*' *humanity*'.
18. His care was to *polish*' the country by *arts*', as he had *protected*' it by *arms*'.
19. Yielding to *immoral*' pleasure *corrupts*' the mind, living to animal and *trifling*' ones *debases*' it.
20. Grief is the counter passion of joy. The *one*' arises from *agreeable*', and the *other*' from *disagreeable*' events,—the *one*' from *pleasure*', and the *other*' from *pain*',—the *one*' from *good*', and the *other*' from *evil*'.
21. *Fools*' anger *show*', which *politicians*' *hide*'.
22. The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. (*One*' murder makes a *villain*'.

*Millions' a hero'. War' its thousands' slays,
Peace' its ten' thousands.*

23. In arms opposed,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praise
Be different, for with different views they fought;
*This' to subdue', and that' to free' mankind.**

TREBLE EMPHASIS.†

RULE.—*The rising inflection takes place on the first and third, and the falling on the second of the first three emphatical words; the first and third of the other three have the falling, and the second has the rising inflection.*

EXAMPLES.

1. A friend' cannot be *known'* in *prosperity'*; and an enemy' cannot be *hidden'* in *adversity'*.

2. Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, *pleasing'* to those who come only for *amusement'*, but *prejudicial'* to him' who would reap the *profit'*.

3. Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or, rather, for two different lives. The *first'* life is *short'* and *transient'*; his *second'*, *permanent'*, and *lasting'*.

4. The difference between a madman and a fool is, that the *former'* reasons *justly'*, from *false'* data; and the *latter'* *erroneously'*, from *just'* data.

5. *He'* raised a *mortal'* to the *skies'*,
She' drew an *angel'* down'.

6. *Passions'* are *winds'* to urge us o'er the *wave'*,
Reason' the *rudder'*, to direct and *save'*;

* Though some of the examples under the head of emphasis are not strictly emphatical, yet the words marked as such will show how similarly constructed sentences may be read.

† When three emphatic words are opposed to three other emphatic words in the same sentence, the emphasis is called treble.

7. *This'* without *those'* obtains a *vain'* employ,
Those' without *this'*, but urge us to *destroy'*.
8. The generous buoyant spirit is a power
 Which in the virtuous mind doth all things conquer.
 It *bears'* the *hero'* on to *arduous'* deeds :
 It *lifts'* the *saint'* to *heaven'*.

Note.—In the following examples the treble emphasis, though not expressed, is evidently implied.

EXAMPLES.

1. To reign is worth ambition, though in hell ;
 Better to *reign'* in *hell'* than *serve'* in *heaven'*.
2. I would rather be the *first'* man in that *village'* than the *second'* in *Rome'*.

THE ANTECEDENT.

RULE.—*Personal or adjective pronouns, when antecedents, must be pronounced with an accentual force, to intimate that the relative is in view, and in some measure to anticipate the pronunciation of it.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *He*, that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds ; but *he*, that endeavours after it by false merit, has to fear, not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel.
2. The weakest reasoners are always the most positive in debate ; and the cause is obvious ; for *they* are unavoidably driven to maintain their pretensions by violence, who want arguments and reasons to prove that they are in the right.
3. A man will have his servant just, diligent, sober, and chaste, for no other reason but the terror of losing his master's favour, when all the laws divine and human cannot keep *him* whom he serves within bounds, with relation to any one of these virtues.
4. And greater sure *my* merit, who, to gain
 A point sublime, could such a task sustain.

RULE II.—*When the relative only is expressed, the antecedent being understood, the accentual force then falls upon the relative.*

EXAMPLES.

1. *What* nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.
 2. *Who* noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
-

GENERAL EMPHASIS

Is that emphatic force, which, when the composition is very animated, and approaches to a close, we often lay upon several words in succession. This emphasis is not so much regulated by the sense of the author, as by the taste and feelings of the reader, and therefore does not admit of any certain rule.

EXAMPLES.

1. What men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.
2. 'There was a time, then, my fellow citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands, while this state had not one ship, *nor one wall*.

In these examples, if the words marked as emphatic are pronounced with the proper inflections, and with a distinct pause after each, it is inconceivable the force that will be given to these few words. This general emphasis, it may be observed, has identity for its object, the antithesis to which is appearance, similitude, or the least possible diversity.

THE INTERMEDIATE OR ELLIPTICAL MEMBER

Is that part of a sentence which is equally related to both parts of an antithesis, but which is properly only once expressed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Must we, in your person, *crown'* the author of the public calamities, or must we *destroy'* him?

2. A good man will love himself too well to *lose'* an estate by gaming, and his neighbour too well to *win'* one.

In the above examples, the elliptical members, "*the author of the public calamities,*" and "*an estate by gaming,*"—are pronounced with the rising inflection, but with a higher and feebler tone of voice than the antithetic words *crown* and *lose*.*

In the two following examples, the elliptical members, which are immediately after the last two antithetic words *win* and *brain*, are pronounced with the falling inflection, but in a lower tone of voice than these words.

EXAMPLES.

3. A good man will love himself too well to *lose'*, and his neighbour too well to *win'*, an estate by gaming.

4. It would be in vain to inquire, whether the power of imagining things strongly proceeds from any greater perfection in the *soul'*, or from any nicer texture in the *brain'*, of one man than of another.

When the intermediate member contains an emphatical word, or extends to any length, it will be necessary to consider it as an essential member of the sentence, and to pronounce it with emphasis and variety.

EXAMPLE.

5. A man would not only be an *unhappy'*, but a *rude unfinished'* creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

EXERCISES ON EMPHASIS.

1. In their prosperity, my friends shall never hear of me; in their adversity, always.

2. There is no possibility of speaking properly the language of any passion, without feeling it.

3. A book that is to be read, requires one sort of style; a man that is to speak, must use another.

4. A sentiment, which, expressed diffusely, will barely be admitted to be just; expressed concisely, will be admired as spirited.

* When the elliptical member contains no emphatical word, it must be pronounced in a monotone.

5. Whatever may have been the origin of pastoral poetry, it is undoubtedly a natural and very agreeable form of poetical composition.

6. A stream that runs within its banks is a beautiful object ; but when it rushes down with the impetuosity and noise of a torrent, it presently becomes a sublime one.

7. Though rules and instructions cannot do all that is requisite, they may, however, do much that is of real use. They cannot, it is true, inspire genius ; but they can direct and assist it. They cannot remedy barrenness : but they can correct redundancy.

8. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm animated exhortation ; an English one is a piece of cool instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions ; the English, almost solely to the understanding.

9. No person can imagine that to be a frivolous and contemptible art, which has been employed by writers under divine inspiration, and has been chosen as a proper channel for conveying to the world the knowledge of divine truth.

10. The tastes of men may differ very considerably as to their object, and yet none of them be wrong. One man relishes poetry most ; another takes pleasure in nothing but history. One prefers comedy ; another, tragedy. One admires the simple ; another, the ornamented style. The young are amused with gay and sprightly compositions ; the elderly are more entertained with those of a graver cast. Some nations delight in bold pictures of manners, and strong representations of passions ; others incline to more correct and regular elegance both in description and sentiment. Though all differ, yet all pitch upon some one beauty which peculiarly suits their turn of mind ; and, therefore, no one has a title to condemn the rest.

11. Pleads he in earnest ? Look upon his face :
His eyes do drop no tears ; his prayers are jest ;
His words come from his mouth ; ours, from our breast ;
He prays but faintly, and would be denied ;
We pray with heart and soul.
12. Two principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call ;
Each works its end, to move or govern all.
13. See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good untaught will find
14. In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene ;
Clouds that may dim his sublunary day,
But cannot darken : even the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

15. Some dream that they can silence when they will
The storm of passion, and say, *Peace, be still*;
But ' *Thus far, and no farther*,' when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority, that never can,
And never ought to be the lot of man.
16. While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cause appear:
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here.
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows

RHETORICAL PAUSES.

RULE I.—*Pause after the nominative when it consists of more than one word.**

EXAMPLES.

1. The fashion of this world *passeth* away.
2. To practise virtue *is* the sure way to love it.
3. The pleasures and honours of the world to come *are*,
in the strictest sense of the word, everlasting.

Note 1.—A pause may be made after a nominative, even when it consists of only one word, if it be a word of importance, or if we wish it to be particularly observed.

EXAMPLES.

1. Adversity *is* the school of piety.
2. The fool *hath* said in his heart there is no God.

Note 2.—When a sentence consists of a nominative and a verb, each expressed in a single word, no pause is necessary.

EXAMPLES.

1. George learns.—2. The boys read.—3. The tree grows.—4. He comes.

RULE II.—*When any member comes between the nominative case and the verb, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Trials *in* this state of being *are* the lot of man.

* The place of the pause is immediately before each of the words printed in *italics*.

2. Such is the constitution of men, that virtue *however* it may be neglected for a time *will* ultimately be acknowledged and respected.

RULE III.—*When any member comes between the verb and the objective or accusative case, it must be separated from both of them by a short pause.*

EXAMPLE.

I knew a person who possessed the faculty of distinguishing flavours in so great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish *without* seeing the colour of it *the* particular sort which was offered him.

RULE IV.—*When two verbs come together, and the latter is in the infinitive mood, if any words come between, they must be separated from the latter verb by a pause.*

EXAMPLE.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind *to* suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or *to* take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them ?

Note.—When the verb *to be* is followed by a verb in the infinitive mood, which may serve as a nominative case to it, and the phrases before and after the verb may be transposed, then the pause falls between the verbs.

EXAMPLE.

The greatest misery *is to be* condemned by our own hearts.

RULE V.—*When several substantives become the nominative to the same verb, a pause must be made between the last substantive and the verb, as well as after each of the other substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

Riches, pleasure, and health *become* evils *to* those who do not know how to use them.

RULE VI.—*If there are several adjectives belonging to one substantive, or several substantives belonging to one adjective, every adjective coming after its substantive, and every adjective coming before the substantive except the last, must be separated by a short pause.**

EXAMPLES.

- 1 It was a calculation *accurate* to the last degree.
- 2 A behaviour *active supple and* polite, is necessary to succeed in life.
3. The idea of an eternal *uncaused* Being, forces itself upon the reflecting mind.
4. Let but one brave *great active disinterested* man arise, and he will be received, followed, and venerated.

Note.—This rule applies also to sentences in which several adverbs belong to one verb, or several verbs to one adverb.

EXAMPLES.

1. To love *wisely rationally and* prudently, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.
2. Wisely *rationally and* prudently to love, is, in the opinion of lovers, not to love at all.

RULE VII.—*Whatever words are in the ablative absolute, must be separated from the rest by a short pause both before and after them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. If a man borrow aught of his neighbour, and it be hurt or die *the* owner thereof not being with it *he* shall surely make it good.
2. God, from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble *he* descending *will* himself
In thunder, lightnings, and loud tempests' sound
Ordain them laws.

* No pause is admitted between the substantive and the adjective in the inverted order, when the adjective is single, or unaccompanied by adjuncts. Thus, in this line,—

They guard with arms divine the British throne—
the adjective *divine* cannot be separated by a pause from the substantive *arms*.

RULE VIII.—*Nouns in opposition, or words in the same case, where the latter is only explanatory of the former, have a short pause between them, either if both these nouns consist of many terms, or the latter only.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Hope *the* balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.

2. Solomon *the* son of David *and* the builder of the temple of Jerusalem, was the richest monarch that reigned over the Jewish people.

Note.—If the two nouns are single, no pause is admitted; as, Paul the apostle; King George; the Emperor Alexander.

RULE IX.—*When two substantives come together, and the latter, which is in the genitive case, consists of several words closely united with each other, a pause is admissible between the two principal substantives.*

EXAMPLE.

I do not know whether I am singular in my opinion, but, for my own part, I would rather look upon a tree in all its luxuriance, and diffusion of boughs and branches, than when it is cut and trimmed into a mathematical figure.

RULE X.—*Who, which, when in the nominative case, and the pronoun that, when used for who or which, require a short pause before them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. Death is the season *which* brings our affections to the test.

2. Nothing is in vain *that* rouses the soul: nothing in vain *that* keeps the ethereal fire alive and glowing.

3. A man can never be obliged to submit to any power, unless he can be satisfied *who* is the person *who* has a right to exercise it.

Note.—There are several words usually called adverbs, which include in them the power of the relative pronoun, and will therefore admit of a pause before them; such as, *when, why, wherefore, how, where,*

whether, whither, whence, while, till or until : for *when* is equivalent to the time at which ; *why* or *wherefore* is equivalent to the reason for which ; and so of the rest. It must, however, be noted, that when a preposition comes before one of these relatives, the pause is before the preposition ; and that, if any of these words is the last word of the sentence or clause of a sentence, no pause is admitted before it : as, "I have read the book, of which I have heard so much commendation, but I know not the reason why. I have heard one of the books much commended, but I cannot tell which," &c.

It must likewise be observed, that, if the substantive which governs the relative, and makes it assume the genitive case, comes before it, no pause is to be placed either before *which*, or the preposition that governs it.

EXAMPLE.

The passage of the Jordan is a figure of baptism, by the grace of which the new-born Christian passes from the slavery of sin into a state of freedom peculiar to the chosen sons of God.

RULE XI.—*Pause before that, when it is used for a conjunction.*

EXAMPLE.

It is in society only *that* we can relish those pure delicious joys which embellish and gladden the life of man.

RULE XII.—*When a pause is necessary at prepositions and conjunctions, it must be before and not after them.*

EXAMPLES.

1. We must not conform to the world *in* their amusements and diversions.
2. There is an inseparable connexion *between* piety and virtue.

Note 1.—When a clause comes between the conjunction and the word to which it belongs, a pause may be made both before and after the conjunction.

EXAMPLE.

This let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal.

Note 2.—When a preposition enters into the composition of a verb, the pause comes after it.

EXAMPLE.

People expect in a small essay, that a point of humour should be worked up *in* all its parts, and a subject touched upon *in* its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged to longer labours.

RULE XIII.—*In an elliptical sentence, pause where the ellipsis takes place.*

EXAMPLES.

1. To our faith we should add virtue; and to virtue *knowledge*; and to knowledge *temperance*; and to temperance *patience*; and to patience *godliness*; and to godliness *brotherly kindness*; and to brotherly kindness *charity*.

2. The vain man takes praise for honour, the proud man ceremony for respect, the ambitious man *power* for glory.

RULE XIV.—*Words placed either in opposition to, or in apposition with each other, must be distinguished by a pause.*

EXAMPLES.

1. The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross *as* those of sense, nor so refined *as* those of the understanding.

2. Some *place* the bliss in action, some *in* ease:
Those *call* it pleasure, and contentment *these*.

RULE XV.—*When prepositions are placed in opposition to each other, and all of them are intimately connected with another word, the pause after the second preposition must be shorter than that after the first, and the pause after the third shorter than that after the second.**

EXAMPLES.

1. Rank, distinction, pre-eminence, no man despises,

* In the examples annexed to *this* rule, the prepositions, as they are emphatic, are printed in *italics*, and the pause comes *after* them.

unless he is either raised very much *above*, or sunk very much *below*, the ordinary standard of human nature.

2. Whenever words are contrasted *with*, contradistinguished *from*, or opposed *to*, other words, they are always emphatical.

As those classes of words, which admit of no separation, are very small and very few, if we do but take the opportunity of pausing where the sense will permit, we shall never be obliged to break in upon the sense when we find ourselves under the necessity of pausing; but if we overshoot ourselves by pronouncing more in a breath than is necessary, and neglecting those intervals where we may pause conveniently, we shall often find ourselves obliged to pause where the sense is not separable, and, consequently, to weaken and obscure the composition. This observation, for the sake of the memory, may be conveniently comprised in the following verses:

In pausing, ever let this rule take place,
Never to separate words in any case
That are less separable than those you join:
And, which imports the same, not to combine
Such words together, as do not relate
So closely as the words you separate.

EXERCISES ON PAUSING.

1. The path of piety and virtue pursued with a firm and constant spirit will assuredly lead to happiness.
2. Deeds of mere valour how heroic soever may prove cold and tiresome.
3. Homer claims on every account our first attention as the father not only of epic poetry but in some measure of poetry itself.
4. War is attended with distressful and desolating effects. It is confessedly the scourge of our angry passions.
5. The warrior's fame is often purchased by the blood of thousands.
6. The erroneous opinions which we form concerning happiness and misery give rise to all the mistaken and dangerous passions that embroil our life.
7. Peace of mind being secured we may smile at misfortunes.
8. Idleness is the great fomentor of all corruptions in the human heart.
9. The best men often experience disappointments.
10. The conformity of the thought to truth and nature greatly recommends it.
11. Hatred and anger are the greatest poison to the happiness of a good mind.

12. A perfect happiness bliss without alloy is not to be found on this side the grave.

13. The true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul

14. Reflection is the guide which leads to truth.

15. The first science of man is the study of himself.

16. The spirit of light and grace is promised to assist them that ask it.

RULES FOR READING VERSE.

On the Slides or Inflections of Verse.

1. THE first general rule for reading verse is, that we ought to give it that measured harmonious flow of sound which distinguishes it from prose, without falling into a bombastic, chanting pronunciation, which makes it ridiculous.

2. It will not be improper, before we read verse with its poetical graces, to pronounce it exactly as if it were prose: this will be depriving verse of its beauty, but will tend to preserve it from deformity: the tones of voice will be frequently different, but the inflections will be nearly the same.

3. But though an elegant and harmonious pronunciation of verse will sometimes oblige us to adopt different inflections from those we use in prose, it may still be laid down as a good general rule, that verse requires the same inflections as prose, though less strongly marked, and more approaching to monotones.

4. Wherever a sentence, or member of a sentence, would necessarily require the falling inflection in prose, it ought always to have the same inflection in poetry; for though, if we were to read verse prosaically, we should often place the falling inflection where the style of verse would require the rising, yet in those parts where a portion of perfect sense, or the conclusion of a sentence, necessarily requires the falling inflection, the same inflection must be adopted both in verse and prose.

5. In the same manner, though we frequently suspend

the voice by the rising inflection in verse, where, if the composition were prose, we should adopt the falling, yet, wherever in prose the member or sentence would necessarily require the rising inflection, this inflection must necessarily be adopted in verse.

6. It may be observed, indeed, that it is in the frequent use of the rising inflection, where prose would adopt the falling, that the song of poetry consists; familiar, strong, argumentative subjects naturally enforce the language with the falling inflection, as this is naturally expressive of activity, force, and precision; but grand, beautiful, and plaintive subjects slide naturally into the rising inflection, as this is expressive of awe, admiration, and melancholy, where the mind may be said to be passive; and it is this general tendency of the plaintive tone to assume the rising inflection which inclines injudicious readers to adopt it at those pauses where the falling inflection is absolutely necessary, and for want of which the pronunciation degenerates into the whine, so much and so justly disliked; for it is very remarkable, that if, where the sense concludes, we are careful to preserve the falling inflection, and let the voice drop into the natural talking tone, the voice may be suspended in the rising inflection on any other part of the verse, with very little danger of falling into the chant of bad readers.

On the Accent and Emphasis of Verse.

In verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis, as in prose.

In words of *two* syllables, however, when the poet transposes the accent from the *second* syllable to the *first*, we may comply with him, without occasioning any harshness in the verse;—but when, in such words, he changes the accent from the *first* to the *second* syllable, every reader who has the least delicacy of feeling will certainly preserve the common accent of these words on the *first* syllable.

In misaccented words of *three* syllables, perhaps the least offensive method to the ear of preserving the accent, and not entirely violating the quantity, would be to place an accent on the syllable immediately preceding that on which

the poet has misplaced it, without dropping that which is so misplaced.

The same rule seems to hold good where the poet has placed the accent on the first and last syllable of a word, which ought to have it on the middle syllable.

Where a word admits of some diversity in placing the accent, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the verse ought in this case to decide.

But when the poet has with great judgment contrived that his numbers shall be harsh and grating, in order to correspond with the ideas they suggest, the common accentuation must be preserved.

How the Vowels e and o are to be pronounced, when apostrophized.

The vowel *e*, which in poetry is often cut off by an apostrophe in the word *the* and in unaccented syllables before *r*, as *dang'rous*, *gen'rous*, &c. ought always to be preserved in pronunciation, because the syllable it forms is so short as to admit of being sounded with the succeeding syllable, so as not to increase the number of syllables to the ear, or at least to hurt the melody.

The same observations, in every respect, hold good in the pronunciation of the preposition *to*, which ought always to be sounded long, like the adjective *two*, however it may be printed.

On the Pause or Cæsura of Verse.

Almost every verse admits of a pause in or near the middle of the line, which is called the cæsura; this must be carefully observed in reading verse, or much of the distinctness, and almost all the harmony, will be lost.

Though the most harmonious place for the capital pause is after the fourth syllable, it may, for the sake of expressing the sense strongly and suitably, and even sometimes for the sake of variety, be placed at several other intervals.

The end of a line in verse naturally inclines us to pause; and the words that refuse a pause so seldom occur at the end of a verse, that we often pause between words in verse

where we should not in prose, but where a pause would by no means interfere with the sense. This, perhaps, may be the reason why a pause at the end of a line in poetry is supposed to be in compliment to the verse, when the very same pause in prose is allowable, and perhaps eligible, but neglected as unnecessary: however this be, certain it is, that if we pronounce many lines in Milton, so as to make the equality of impressions on the ear distinctly perceptible at the end of every line; if, by making this pause, we make the pauses that mark the sense less perceptible, we exchange a solid advantage for a childish rhythm, and, by endeavouring to preserve the name of verse, lose all its meaning and energy.

On the Cadence of Verse.

In order to form a cadence at a period in rhyming verse, we must adopt the falling inflection with considerable force in the cæsura of the last line but one.

How to pronounce a Simile in Poetry.

A simile in poetry ought always to be read in a lower tone of voice than that part of the passage which precedes it.

This rule is one of the greatest embellishments of poetic pronunciation, and is to be observed no less in blank verse than in rhyme.

General Rules.

Where there is no pause in the sense at the end of a verse, the last word must have exactly the same inflection it would have in prose.

Sublime, grand, and magnificent description in poetry requires a lower tone of voice, and a sameness nearly approaching to a monotone.

When the first line of a couplet does not form perfect sense, it is necessary to suspend the voice at the end of the line with the rising slide.

This rule holds good even where the first line forms perfect sense by itself, and is followed by another forming perfect sense likewise, provided the first line does not end with an emphatic word which requires the falling slide.

But if the first line ends with an emphatical word requiring the falling slide, this slide must be given to it, but in a higher tone of voice than the same slide in the last line of the couplet.

When the first line of a couplet does not form sense, and the second line, either from its not forming sense, or from its being a question, requires the rising slide; in this case, the first line must end with such a pause as the sense requires, but without any alteration in the tone of the voice.

In the same manner, if a question requires the second line of the couplet to adopt the rising slide, the first ought to have a pause at the end; but the voice, without any alteration, ought to carry on the same tone to the second line, and to continue this tone almost to the end.

The same principles of harmony and variety induce us to read a *triplet* with a sameness of voice, or a monotone, on the end of the first line, the rising slide on the end of the second, and the falling on the last.

This rule, however, from the various sense of the triplet, is liable to many exceptions.—But, with very few exceptions, it may be laid down as a rule, that a *quatrain* or *stanza* of four lines of alternate verse, may be read with the monotone ending the first line, the rising slide ending the second and third, and the falling the last.

The plaintive tone, so essential to the delivery of elegiac composition, greatly diminishes the slides, and reduces them almost to monotones; nay, a perfect monotone, without any inflection at all, is sometimes very judiciously introduced in reading verse.

On Scanning.

A certain number of syllables connected form a foot. They are called *feet*, because it is by their aid that the voice, as it were, steps along through the verse, in a measured pace.

All feet used in poetry consist either of two or of three syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds; four of two syllables, and four of three, as follow :—

The hyphen — marks a long, and the breve ~ a short syllable.

Dissyllable.

A Trochee — ~
 An Iambus ~ —
 A Spondee — —
 A Pyrrhic ~ ~

Trisyllable.

A Dactyl — ~ ~
 An Amphibrach ~ — ~
 An Anapæst . ~ ~ —
 A Tribrach ~ ~ ~

THE

AMERICAN SPEAKER.

I.—RELIGION NEVER TO BE TREATED WITH LEVITY.

IMPRESS your minds with reverence' for all that is sacred'. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits', no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others', ever betray you into profane sallies'. Besides the guilt' which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance' and presumption' to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity'. Instead of being an evidence of superior' understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow' mind; which, vain of the first smatterings' of knowledge, presumes to make light' of what the rest of mankind revere'. At the same' time, you are not to imagine, that, when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same' years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers' of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness' and affability'. It gives a native' unaffected ease' to the behaviour. It is social', kind', and cheerful'; far removed from that gloomy' and illiberal' superstition which clouds the brow', sharpens the temper', dejects the spirit', and teaches men to fit themselves for another' world, by neglecting the concerns of this'. Let your' religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven' with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life'. Of such' religion, discover, on every proper' occasion, that you are not ashamed'; but avoid making any unnecessary' ostentation of it before the world'.

BLAIR.

2.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN I am in a serious' humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey', where the gloominess of the place', and the use' to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building', and the condition of the people' who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy', or rather thoughtfulness', that is not disagreeable'. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church'-yard, the cloisters', and the church', amusing myself with the tomb'-stones and inscriptions' that I met with in those several regions of the dead'. Most of them recorded nothing else' of the buried person, but that he was born' upon one' day, and died' upon another'; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances', that are common to all' mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble', as a kind of satire' upon the departed persons, who had left no other' memorial of them, but that they were born', and that they died'.

Upon my going into the church', I entertained myself with the digging of a grave', and saw in every shovel'-ful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone' or skull', intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth', that some' time or other had a place in the composition of a human body'. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused' together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral'; how men' and women', friends' and enemies', priests' and soldiers', monks' and prebendaries', were crumbled among one another', and blended together in the same common mass'; how beauty', strength', and youth', with old age', weakness', and deformity', lay undistinguished' in the same promiscuous heap of matter'.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were in the lump', I examined it more particularly', by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments' which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric'. Some of them were covered with such extravagant' epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted' with them, he would blush' at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There

are others so excessively modest', that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek' or Hebrew', and by that' means are not understood once in a twelvemonth'. In the poetical' quarter I found there were poets' who had no monuments', and monuments' which had no poets'. I observed indeed that the present war had filled the church with many' of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons' whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim', or in the bosom of the ocean'.

I know that entertainments of this' nature are apt to raise dark' and dismal' thoughts in timorous' minds, and gloomy' imaginations ; but, for my own' part, though I am always serious', I do not know what it is to be melancholy'; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep' and solemn' scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay' and delightful' ones. By this means I can improve' myself with those objects which others' consider with terror'. When I look upon the tombs of the great', every emotion of envy' dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful', every inordinate desire goes out'; when I meet with the grief of parents' upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion'; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves', I consider the vanity of grieving for those' whom we must quickly follow': when I see kings lying by those who deposed' them ; when I consider rival wits placed side' by side', or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes', I reflect, with sorrow' and astonishment', on the little competitions', factions', and debates' of mankind. When I read the several dates' of the tombs, of some that died yesterday', and some six hundred years' ago, I consider that great' day when we shall all of us be contemporaries', and make our appearance together'.

SPECTATOR.

3.—THE FOLLY OF MISPENDING TIME.

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present' state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst' form, has observed of the earth', " That its greatest' part is covered by the uninhabit

able ocean'; that of the rest' some is encumbered with naked mountains', and some lost under barren sands'; some scorched with unintermitted heat', and some petrified with perpetual frost'; so that only a few' regions remain for the production of fruits', the pasture of cattle', and the accommodation of man'."

The same observation may be transferred to the time' allotted us in our present' state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep', all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature', or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom'; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life', or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others'; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease', or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor'; we shall find that' part of our duration very small' of which we can truly call ourselves masters', or which we can spend wholly at our own choice'. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares', in a constant recurrence of the same employments'; many of our provisions for ease or happiness' are always exhausted by the present' day; and a great part of our existence serves no other' purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest'.

Of the few moments which are left' in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected', that we should be so frugal' as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent'; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth', however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume', our lives', though much contracted by incidental distraction', would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason' and virtue'; that we want not time', but diligence', for great performances; and that we squander' much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing' and insufficient'.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto', *that time was his estate*'; an estate', indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation', but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry', and satisfy the most extensive' desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence', to be overrun with noxious plants', or laid out for show' rather than for use'.

RANBLPR.

4.—ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF HOMER AND VIRGIL.

UPON the whole, as to the comparative merit of these two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil, the former must, undoubtedly, be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness, more nature and ease, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in composition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places, he has not so much imitated, as he has literally translated him. The description of the storm, for instance, in the first *Æneid*, and *Æneas's* speech upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the *Odyssey*; not to mention almost all the similes of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman stateliness. Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The first has, on many occasions, a sublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot so clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both these great poets, most of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the *Æneid*, this excuse ought to be admitted, that the *Æneid* was left an unfinished work. BLAIR.

5.—FAME A COMMENDABLE PASSION.

I CAN by no means agree with you in thinking, that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion

condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some' who have represented it as inconsistent with both'; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of 'The Religion of Nature Delineated', has treated it as highly irrational' and absurd'. But surely "'twere to consider too curiously'," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus'." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict' analysis of it, no other than a mere uninteresting proposition', amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously'; yet it would not necessarily follow', that true philosophy would banish' the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may' be (as most certainly' it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality' be very different from what it appears in imagination'. Do not many of our most refined' and even contemplative' pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes'? It is but extending' (I will not say, improving') some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now' possess them, to make the fairest views of nature', or the noblest productions of art', appear horrid' and deformed'. To see things as they truly' and in themselves' are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual' world, any more than in the natural'. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies' with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther' scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible' at least, that the praises of the good' and the judicious', that sweetest music to an honest ear in this' world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next'; that the poet's description of Fancy' may be literally true', and though she walks upon earth', she may yet lift her head into heaven'.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish' a passion which nature has universally lighted up' in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest' and best' formed bosoms? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate' the seed which nature has deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary', to cherish and forward' its growth. To be exalted with honour', and to be had in everlasting remembrance', are in the number

of those encouragements which the Jewish' dispensation offered to the virtuous'; as the person from whom the sacred Author of the Christian system received his birth', is herself' represented as rejoicing that all generations' should call her blessed'.

To be convinced' of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after life in the breath of others', one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks' and Romans'. What other' principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those' days, that may well serve as a model to these'? Was it not the concurrent approbation of the good', the uncorrupted applause of the wise', (as Tully calls it,) that animated their most generous' pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous' attempt, to endeavour to lessen' the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion' concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different', that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety' of incitements. Thus, while some' are willing to wed Virtue for her personal' charms, others' are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry': and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her at present'. it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined' advantage in reversion'. FITZOSBORNE'S LETTERS.

6.—CHARACTER OF MR. PITT.

THE secretary' stood alone'. Modern degeneracy' had not reached' him. Original' and unaccommodating', the features of his character' had the hardihood of antiquity'. His august mind' overawed majesty itself'. No state chicanery', no narrow system of vicious politics', no idle contest for ministerial victories', sunk him to the vulgar level of the great'; but overbearing', persuasive', and impracticable', his object' was England', his ambition' was fame'. Without dividing', he destroyed' party; without corrupting', he made a venal age unanimous'. France' sunk' beneath him. With one' hand he smote the house of Bourbon', and wielded in the other' the democracy of

England'. The sight of his mind' was infinite'; and his schemes were to affect, not England', not the present' age only, but Europe' and posterity'. Wonderful were the means' by which these schemes were accomplished'; always seasonable', always adequate', the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour', and enlightened by prophecy'.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent' were unknown' to him. No domestic difficulties', no domestic weakness' reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life', and unsullied by its intercourse', he came occasionally' into our system, to counsel' and to decide'.

A character' so exalted', so strenuous', so various', so authoritative', astonished' a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt' through all her classes of venality'. Corruption imagined', indeed, that she had found defects' in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory', and much of the ruin of his victories'; but the history of his country', and the calamities of the enemy', answered' and refuted' her.

Nor were his political' abilities his only' talents. His eloquence' was an era' in the senate, peculiar' and spontaneous', familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments' and instinctive wisdom'; not like the torrent of Demosthenes', or the splendid conflagration of Tully'; it resembled sometimes the thunder', and sometimes the music' of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation'; nor was he for ever on the rack of exertion', but rather lightened' upon the subject, and reached the point' by the flashings of the mind', which', like those of his eye', were felt', but could not be followed'.

Upon the whole', there was in this man something' that could create', subvert', or reform'; an understanding', a spirit', and an eloquence', to summon mankind to society', or to break the bonds of slavery' asunder, and to rule the wildness of free' minds with unbounded authority'; something that could establish' or overwhelm' empire, and strike a blow' in the world that should resound through the universe'.

ROBERTSON.

7.—THE TRUTH FREES US FROM THE SLAVISH FEAR OF DEATH.

FROM the bondage of fear', Christ has made his followers free'. By making an atonement' for their sins, he has disarmed Death of his sting'; and by rising as the first-fruits of them that sleep', he has secured to us the victory over the grave'. Discovering the reality' of a future world, and revealing its connexion with the present', he hath elevated our aims above the region of mortality', and given a new' aspect and importance to the events which befall us on earth'. Its joys lose their power to dazzle and seduce', when viewed through the glory that remains to be revealed'. Its employments cease to be a burden', because we see them leading to an endless recompense of reward'. And even its sorrows' can no longer overwhelm us, because, when compared with the whole' of our duration, they last but for a moment', and are the means appointed by our Father' to prepare us for our future' inheritance. How cheering' are these considerations under the severest trials to which we are exposed! From how many-perplexing', anxious', enslaving' terrors have they set us free! What' is it, O child of sorrow! what is it that now wrings thy heart', and binds thee in sadness to the ground? Whatever' it be, if thou knowest the truth', the truth shall give thee relief'. Have the terrors of guilt' taken hold of thee? Dost thou go all the day long mourning for thy iniquities', refusing to be comforted'? And on thy bed at night do visions of remorse' disturb thy rest, and haunt thee with the fears of a judgment' to come? Behold, the Redeemer' hath borne thy sins in his own body on the tree'; and, if thou art willing to forsake' them, thou knowest with certainty that they shall not be remembered in the judgment' against thee. Hast thou, with weeping eyes, committed to the grave the child of thy affections', the virtuous friend of thy youth', or the tender partner, whose pious attachment lightened the load of life? Behold, they' are not' dead. 'Thou knowest that they live in a better' region with their Saviour' and their God'; that still thou holdest thy place in their remembrance', and that thou shalt soon meet' them again to part no more'. Dost thou look forward with trembling to the days of darkness that are to fall on thyself', when thou shalt lie on the bed

'of sickness', when thy pulse shall have become low'—when the cold damps' have gathered on thy brow—and the mournful looks of thy attendants have told thee that the hour of thy departure' has come? To the mere natural' man this scene is awful and alarming; but if thou art a Christian'—if thou knowest and obeyest' the truth, thou needest fear no evil'. The shadows which hang over the valley of death' shall retire at thy approach'; and thou shalt see beyond' it the spirits of the just', and an innumerable company of angels', the future companions of thy bliss', bending from their thrones to cheer thy departing soul', and to welcome thee into everlasting' habitations. Why then should slavish terrors of the future' disquiet thy soul in the days of this' vain life which passeth away like a shadow'? The gospel hath not given thee the spirit of fear', but of confidence' and joy'. Even now' there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus', who walk not after the flesh', but after the spirit'; and when they die', (a voice from Heaven' hath proclaimed it,) "Blessed' are the dead, which die in the Lord', from henceforth'; yea', saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours', and their works do follow' them."

FINLAYSON.

8.—FUNERAL EULOGIUM ON DR. FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN' is dead'. The genius who freed America', and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe', is returned into the bosom of the Divinity'.

The sage to whom two worlds' lay claim, the man for whom science and politics' are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature'.

The cabinets of princes have been long in the habit of notifying the death of those' who were great, only in their funeral orations'. Long hath the etiquette of courts' proclaimed the mourning of hypocrisy'. Nations' should wear mourning for none but their benefactors'. The representatives' of nations should recommend to public homage, only those who have been the heroes of humanity'.

The Congress of America' hath ordered, in the fourteen confederate states, a mourning of two months' for the death of Benjamin Franklin; and America is at this momen

paying' that tribute of veneration to one of the fathers of her constitution'.

Were it not worthy of us', gentlemen, to join' in the same religious act, to pay our' share of that homage now rendered in the sight of the universe, at once to the rights of man', and to the philosopher' who most contributed to extend the conquest of liberty over the face of the whole earth'?

Antiquity' would have raised altars' to that vast and mighty genius, who, for the advantage of human kind, embracing earth and heaven' in his ideas, *could tame the rage of thunder' and of despotism'*. France', enlightened and free', owes at least some' testimony of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever served the cause of philosophy' and of liberty'. MIRABEAU.

9.—THE SPEECH OF A ROMAN OFFICER TO HIS SOLDIERS.

ROME was taken by Totila'. One of our brave officers', whose name was Paul', had sallied out of the city at the head of a small party', and intrenched himself on the eminence', where he was surrounded by the enemy'. Famine', it was not doubted, would soon reduce him to the necessity of surrendering'; and, in fact', he was in want of every' thing. In this exigence', he addressed himself to his soldiers:—"My friends'," said he, "we must either perish', or survive in slavery'. You', I know, will not hesitate' about the choice: but it is not enough to perish', we must perish nobly'. The coward may resign himself to be consumed by famine', he may linger in misery', and wait, in a dispirited condition, for the friendly hand of death'. But we', who have been schooled and educated in the field of battle', we are not now' to learn the proper use of our arms; we know how to carve' for ourselves an honourable' death. Yes, let us die', but not inglorious and unrevenge'd; let us die' covered with the blood of our enemies', that our fall', instead of raising the smile of deliberate malice', may give them cause to mourn' over the victory that undoes us. Can we wish to loiter a few years more' in life, when we know that a very few must bring us to our graves'?—The limits of human life cannot be enlarged by nature', but glory' can extend them, and give a second' life."

He finished^d his harangue: the soldiery declared their resolution to follow^d him. They began their march^d; the intrepid countenance^d with which they advanced soon denoted to the enemy a design to give battle with all the courage of the last despair^d. Without waiting^d, therefore, to receive^d the attack of this illustrious band, the Goths thought proper to compound^d, by an immediate grant of life^d and liberty^d.

MARMONTEL.

10.—SONG, FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er^d,
 Sleep the sleep^d that knows not breaking^d;
 Dream of battle-fields no more^d,
 Days of danger^d, nights of waking^d.
 In our isle's enchanted hall^d,
 Hands unseen^d thy couch are strewing;
 Fairy strains of music^d fall,
 Every sense in slumber^d dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er^d,
 Dream of fighting fields no more^d;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking^d,
 Morn of toil^d, nor night of waking^d.
 No rude^d sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour's clang^d, or war^d-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here^d,
 Mustering clan^d, or squadron^d tramping.
 Yet the lark's^d shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow^d,
 And the bittern^d sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow^d.
 Ruder^d sounds shall none^d be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here^d,
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing^d
 Shouting clans^d or squadrons stamping^d.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done^d,
 While our slumbrous spells assail^d ye,
 Dream not with the rising sun^d,
 Bugles here shall sound reveillé^d
 Sleep! the deer is in his den^d;
 Sleep! thy hounds^d are by thee lying;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen',
 How thy gallant steed lay dying'.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done',
 'Think not of the rising sun',
 For at dawning to assail' ye,
 Here no bugles sound reveillé'.

SCOTT.

 11.—A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world' were laid,
 Ere kindling light the Almighty word obey'd',
 Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
 Shall burst its prison, and devour' this frame,
 From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
 When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies',
 Thou still' shalt be; still as thou wert before',
 And know no change', when time shall be no more'.
 O endless' thought! divine Eternity!
 The immortal soul' shares but a part' of thee!
 For thou wert present when our life began',
 When the warm dust' shot up in breathing man'.

Ah! what is life? with ills' encompass'd round
 Amidst our hopes', fate strikes the sudden wound':
 To-day' the statesman of new' honour dreams,
 To-morrow' death destroys' his airy schemes.
 Is mouldy treasure' in thy chest confined?
 Think all' that treasure thou must leave behind';
 Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse',
 And all thy hoards' with lavish hand disperse'.
 Should certain fate the impending blow delay',
 Thy mirth will sicken', and thy bloom decay';
 Then feeble age' will all thy nerves disarm',
 No more thy blood' its narrow channels warm',
 Who then would wish to stretch' this narrow span,
 To suffer' life beyond' the date of man?

The virtuous' soul pursues a nobler' aim,
 And life' regards but as a fleeting dream';
 She longs to wake', and wishes to get free',
 To launch from earth' into eternity'.
 For while the boundless theme extends' our thought,
 Ten thousand' thousand' rolling years are naught'.

GAY

12.—THE ART OF CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
 But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense;
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
 Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
 A fool might once himself alone expose;
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
 In poets, as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
 But are not critics to their judgment too?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
 The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant for fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.
 Some have, at first, for wits, then poets, passed,
 Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

POPE.

13.—AGAINST SUICIDE.

YET die even thus', thus' rather perish still,
 The sons of pleasure, by the Almighty' stricken,
 Than ever dare' (though oft', alas ! ye dare)
 To lift against yourselves' the murderous steel,
 To wrest from God's' own hand the sword of justice,
 And be our own' avengers ! Hold', rash man,
 Though with anticipating speed thou'st ranged
 Through every' region of delight, nor left
 One joy to gild the evening' of thy days ;
 Though life seem one uncomfortable void',
 Guilt at thy heels', before thy face despair' ;
 Yet gay this' scene, and light this' load of wo,
 Compared with thy hereafter'. Think', O think',
 And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss',
 Pause on the verge' a while, look down' and see
 Thy future' mansion. Why that start of horror' ?
 From thy slack hand' why drops the uplifted steel' ?
 Didst thou not think' such vengeance must await
 The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh' about him
 Rushes irreverent', unprepared', uncall'd',
 Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
 With insolent disdain his choicest' gift ?

Live' then, while Heaven in pity' lends thee life,
 And think it all too short' to wash away
 By penitential tears' and deep contrition'
 The scarlet of thy crimes'. So shalt thou find
 Rest' to thy soul, so unappall'd' shalt meet
 Death when he comes', not wantonly invite'
 His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole' concern
 With innocence' to live, with patience wait'
 The appointed hour : too soon' that hour will come,
 Though nature run' her course. But nature's God',
 If need' require, by thousand various' ways,
 Without thy' aid, can shorten that short' span,
 And quench' the lamp of life. PORTEUS.

14.—ON THE IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO MAN.

NIGHT, sable göddess ! from her ëbon thröne,
 In rayless' majesty, now stretches forth

Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause.
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.

Where are they? with the years beyond the flood
 It is the signal that demands despatch:
 How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss!
 A dread eternity? How surely mine!

And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
 How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
 How passing wonder HE, who made him such?
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes?
 From different natures marvellously mixt,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
 Though sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine?
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!

A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast
 And wondering at her own: how reason reels!
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
 Alternately transported, and alarmed!
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there. YOUNG

15.—SPEECH OF RICHARD HENRY LEE IN CONGRESS, 5TH OF JUNE, 1776, IN FAVOUR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I KNOW not, whether among all the civil discords which have been recorded by historians, and which have been excited either by the love of liberty in the people, or by the ambition of princes, there has ever been presented a deliberation more interesting or more important than that which now engages our attention ; whether we consider the future destiny of this free and virtuous people, or that of our enemies themselves, who, notwithstanding their tyranny and this cruel war, are still our brethren, and descended from a common stock ; or finally, that of the other nations of the globe, whose eyes are intent upon this great spectacle, and who anticipate from our success more freedom for themselves, or from our defeat apprehend heavier chains and a severer bondage. For the question is, not whether we shall acquire an increase of territorial dominion, or wickedly wrest from others their just possessions ; but whether we shall preserve, or lose for ever, that liberty which we have inherited from our ancestors, which we have pursued across tempestuous seas, and which we have defended in this land against barbarous men, ferocious beasts, and an inclement sky. And if so many and distinguished praises have always been lavished upon the generous defenders of Greek and of Roman liberty, what will be said of us who defend a liberty which is founded, not upon the capricious will of an unstable multitude, but upon immutable statutes and tutelary laws ; not that which was the exclusive privilege of a few patricians, but that which is the property of all ; not that which was stained by iniquitous ostracisms, or the horrible decimation of armies, but that which is pure, temperate, and gentle, and conformed to the civilization of the present age. Why then do we longer procrastinate, and wherefore are these delays ? Let us complete the enterprise already so well commenced ; and since our union with England can no longer consist with that liberty and peace which are our chief delight, let us dissolve these fatal ties, and conquer for ever that good which we already enjoy ; an entire and absolute independence.

But ought I not to begin by observing, that if we have reached that violent extremity, beyond which nothing can any longer exist between America and England, but either such war or such peace as are made between foreign nations, this can only be imputed to the insatiable cupidity, the tyrannical proceedings, and the outrages, for ten years reiterated, of the British ministers? What have we not done to restore peace, to re-establish harmony? Who has not heard our prayers, and who is ignorant of our supplications? They have wearied the universe. England alone was deaf to our complaints, and wanted that compassion towards us which we have found among all other nations. And as at first our forbearance, and then our resistance, have proved equally insufficient, since our prayers were unavailing, as well as the blood lately shed; we must go further, and proclaim our independence.

Nor let any one believe that we have any other option left. The time will certainly come when the fated separation must take place, whether you will or no; for so it is decreed by the very nature of things, the progressive increase of our population, the fertility of our soil, the extent of our territory, the industry of our countrymen, and the immensity of the ocean which separates the two states. And if this be true, as it is most true, who does not see that the sooner it takes place the better; and that it would be not only imprudent, but the height of folly, not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, united all opinions in one, and put arms in every hand? And how long must we traverse three thousand miles of a stormy sea, to go and solicit of arrogant and insolent men, either counsels or commands to regulate our domestic affairs? Does it not become a great, rich, and powerful nation, as we are, to look at home, and not abroad, for the government of its own concerns? And how can a ministry of strangers judge, with any discernment, of our interests, when they know not, and when it little imports them to know, what is good for us, and what is not? The past justice of the British ministers should warn us against the future, if they should ever seize us again in their cruel claws. Since it has pleased our barbarous enemies to place before us the alternative of slavery or of independence, where is

the generous-minded man and the lover of his country, who can hesitate to choose ? With these perfidious men no promise is secure, no pledges sacred.

Let us suppose, which Heaven avert, that we are conquered ; let us suppose an accommodation. What assurance have we of the British moderation in victory, or good faith in treaty ? Is it their having enlisted and let loose against us the ferocious Indians, and the merciless soldiers of Germany ? Is it that faith, so often pledged and so often violated in the course of the present contest ; this British faith, which is reported more false than Punic ? We ought rather to expect, that when we shall have fallen naked and unarmed into their hands, they will wreak upon us their fury and their vengeance ; they will load us with heavier chains, in order to deprive us not only of the power, but even of the hope of again recovering our liberty. But I am willing to admit, although it is a thing without example, that the British government will forget past offences and perform its promises, can we imagine, that after so long dissensions, after so many outrages, so many combats, and so much bloodshed, our reconciliation could be durable, and that every day, in the midst of so much hatred and rancour, would not afford some fresh subject of animosity ? The two nations are already separated in interest and affections ; the one is conscious of its ancient strength, the other has become acquainted with its newly-exerted force ; the one desires to rule in an arbitrary manner, the other will not obey even if allowed its privileges. In such a state of things, what peace, what concord can be expected ?

The Americans may become faithful friends to the English, but subjects, never. And even though union could be restored without rancour, it could not without danger. The wealth and power of Great Britain should inspire prudent men with fears for the future. Having reached such a height of grandeur that she has no longer any thing to dread from foreign powers, in the security of peace the spirit of her people will decay, manners will be corrupted, her youth will grow up in the midst of vice, and in this state of degeneration, England will become the prey of a foreign enemy, or an ambitious citizen. If we remain united with her, we shall partake of her corruptions and misfortunes, the more to be dreaded as they will be irropa-

nable ; separated from her, on the contrary, as we are, we should neither have to fear the seductions of peace nor the dangers of war. By a declaration of our freedom, the perils would not be increased ; but we should add to the ardour of our defenders, and to the splendour of victory. Let us then take a firm step, and escape from this labyrinth ; we have assumed the sovereign power, and dare not confess it ; we disobey a king, and acknowledge ourselves his subjects ; wage war against a people, on whom we incessantly protest our desire to depend. What is the consequence of so many inconsistencies ? Hesitation paralyzes all our measures ; the way we ought to pursue, is not marked out ; our generals are neither respected nor obeyed ; our soldiers have neither confidence nor zeal ; feeble at home, and little considered abroad, foreign princes can neither esteem nor succour so timid and wavering a people. But independence once proclaimed and our object avowed, more manly and decided measures will be adopted ; all minds will be fired by the greatness of the enterprise, the civil magistrates will be inspired with new zeal, the generals with fresh ardour, and the citizens with greater constancy, to attain so high and so glorious a destiny.

There are some who seem to dread the effects of this resolution. But will England, or can she, manifest against us greater vigour and rage than she has already displayed ? She deems resistance against oppression no less rebellion than independence itself. And where are those formidable troops that are to subdue the Americans ? What the English could not do, can it be done by Germans ? Are they more brave, or better disciplined ? The number of our enemies is increased ; but our own is not diminished, and the battles we have sustained have given us the practice of arms and the experience of war. Who doubts, then, that a declaration of independence will procure us allies ? All nations are desirous of procuring, by commerce, the productions of our exuberant soil ; they will visit our ports, hitherto closed by the monopoly of insatiable England. They are no less eager to contemplate the reduction of her hated power ; they all loathe her barbarous dominion ; their succours will evince to our brave countrymen the gratitude they bear them for having been the first to shake the foundations of this Colossus. Foreign princes

wait only for the extinction of all hazard of reconciliation to throw off their present reserve.

If this measure is useful, it is no less becoming our dignity. America has arrived at a degree of power which assigns her a place among independent nations ; we are not less entitled to it than the English themselves. If they have wealth, so also have we ; if they are brave, so are we ; if they are more numerous, our population, through the incredible fruitfulness of our chaste wives, will soon equal theirs ; if they have men of renown as well in peace as in war, we likewise have such ; political revolutions usually produce great, brave, and generous spirits. From what we have already achieved in these painful beginnings, it is easy to presume what we shall hereafter accomplish ; for experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great men. Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by thirty thousand citizens armed and assembled in one day ? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded in Boston to the skill of ours : already their seamen, repulsed from our coasts, wander over the ocean, where they are the sport of tempest, and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favourable omen, and fight not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure to ourselves a free existence, to found a just and independent government. Animated by liberty, the Greeks repulsed the innumerable army of Persians ; sustained by the love of independence, the Swiss and the Dutch humbled the power of Austria by memorable defeats, and conquered a rank among nations. But the sun of America also shines upon the heads of the brave ; the point of our weapons is no less formidable than theirs ; here also the same union prevails, the same contempt of dangers and of death in asserting the cause of country.

Why then do we longer delay, why still deliberate ? Let this most happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us ; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum

where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprung up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens, by our first victories, by the present ardour and union, by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people, by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to country, the names of the American legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be, for ever dear to virtuous men and good citizens.

LEE.

16.—SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF DELEGATES, MARCH, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT,—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things, which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know, what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes, with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has

been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land?

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in, to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir: she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to aban

don the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty, or give me death.

HENRY.

17.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOUR OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why then should we defer the declaration ? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honour ? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance ? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws ?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war ? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port bill and all ? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust ? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives ? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning,

and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to

stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls ; proclaim it there ; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon ; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die ; die, colonists ; die, slaves ; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment ; independence *now* ; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER. WEBSTER.

18.—SPECIMEN OF THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and

firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous—and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population.

And do we owe all this to the kind succour of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her,—to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the

Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay: if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

OTIS.

19.—VINDICATION OF SPAIN. (PRONOUNCED DURING THE DEBATE ON THE SEMINOLE WAR, IN CONGRESS, 1819.)

PERMIT me, sir, to express my regret and decided disapprobation of the terms of reproach and contempt in which this nation has been spoken of on this floor; "poor, degraded Spain," has resounded from various parts of the house. Is it becoming, sir, the dignity of a representative of the American people to utter, from his high station, invectives against a nation with whom we cultivate and maintain the most friendly relations? Is it discreet, sir, in an individual, however enlightened, to venture upon a denunciation of a whole people?

In this poor, degraded Spain, it must be remembered, there is a vast mass of learning, and genius, and virtue, too, and a gentleman, who passes it all under his condemnation and contempt, hardly considers what a task he has undertaken. No people has suffered more than ourselves by these exterminating, sweeping judgments. Let us not be

guilty of the same injustice to others. When I see one of these scribbling travellers, or insignificant atoms, gravely take upon himself to put down the character of my own country, I turn from him with disgust and derision.

Let us be equally just to others. This at least is not the place for the indulgence of national prejudices or resentments. A regard for ourselves forbids it. May I add, sir, that, in reference to the weakness of Spain, we should characterize her, perhaps more justly, certainly more liberally, by saying exhausted, rather than degraded Spain. Yes, sir, exhausted in a contest for existence with a tremendous power, under which every other nation of Europe, save one, sunk and fell. She bore herself through with inflexible perseverance ; and, if she came out of the conflict enfeebled and exhausted, it is no cause of reproach or contempt.

We talk of a war with Spain as a matter of amusement. I do not desire to partake of it. It will not be found a very comfortable war, not from her power to do so much harm, but from the impossibility of gaining any thing by it, or of wearing out her patience, or subduing her fortitude. The history of every Spanish war, is a history of immovable obstinacy, that seems to be confirmed and hardened by misfortune and trial. In her frequent contests with England, the latter, after all her victories, has been the first to desire peace.

Let gentlemen not deceive themselves about the pleasantries of a Spanish war. May they not, sir, have some respect for the past character of this nation ? The time has been, when a Spanish knight was the type of every thing that was chivalrous in valour, generous in honour, and pure in patriotism. A century has hardly gone by, since the Spanish infantry was the terror of Europe, and the pride of soldiers. But those days of her glory are past. Where, now, is that invincible courage ; that noble devotion to honour ; that exalted love of country ? Let me tell you, in a voice of warning ; they are buried in the mines of Mexico, and the mountains of Peru. Beware, my countrymen ; look not with so eager an eye to these fatal possessions, which will also be the grave of your strength and virtue, should you be so unfortunate as to obtain them.

HOPKINSON.

20.—CLOSE OF AN ORATION ON THE DEATH OF JOHN ADAMS
AND THOMAS JEFFERSON.

GREAT are their names ! Honoured and revered be their memory ! Associated with Washington and Franklin, their glory is a precious possession, enriching our annals, and exalting the character of our country.

Greater is the bright example they have left us ! More precious the lesson, furnished by their lives, for our instruction. At this affecting moment, then, when we are assembled to pay the last tribute of respect, let us seriously meditate upon our duties ; let us consider, earnestly and anxiously consider, how we shall best preserve those signal blessings, which have been transmitted to us,—how we shall transmit them unimpaired to our posterity.

This is the honour which would have been most acceptable to these illustrious men. This is an appropriate mode of commemorating the event we this day mourn. Let the truths of the declaration of independence, the principles of the revolution, the principles of free government, sink deep into our hearts, and govern all our conduct.

National independence has been achieved once and for ever. It can never be endangered. Time has accumulated strength with a rapidity unexampled. The thirteen colonies, almost without an union, few in numbers, feeble in means, are become in a lapse of fifty years, a nation of twenty-four states, bound together by a common government of their own choice, with a territory doubled by peaceful acquisition, with ten millions of inhabitants, with commerce extending to every quarter of the world, and resources equal to every emergency of war or peace.

Institutions of humanity, of science, and of literature, have been established throughout the land. Temples have arisen to Him, who created all things, and by whom all things are sustained, not by the commands of princes or rulers, nor by legal coercion, but from the spontaneous offerings of the human heart. Conscience is absolutely free in the broadest and most unqualified sense. Industry is free ; and human action knows no greater control than is indispensable to the preservation of rational liberty.

What is *our* duty ? To understand, and to appreciate the value of these signal blessings, and with all our might

and strength, to endeavour to perpetuate them. To take care that the great sources, from which they flow, be not obstructed by selfish passion, nor polluted by lawless ambition, nor destroyed by intemperate violence.

To rise to the full perception of the great truth; "that governments are instituted among men to secure human rights, deriving their authority from the consent of the governed," and that with a knowledge of our own rights, must be united the same just regard for the rights of others, and pure affection for our country, which dwelt in the hearts of the fathers of the revolution.

In conclusion, allow me to remind you, that with all their doings was mingled a spirit of unaffected piety.—In adversity they humbled themselves before Him, whose power is almighty and whose goodness is infinite. In prosperity they gave Him the thanks. In His aid, invoked upon their arms and counsels with sincerity of heart, was their reliance and hope.

Let us all be thankful for the mercies which, as a nation, we have so largely experienced, and as often as we gratefully remember those illustrious men, to whom we are indebted, let us not forget that their efforts must have been unavailing, and that our hopes are vain, unless approved by Him; and in humble reliance upon His favour, let us implore His continued blessing upon our beloved country.

J. SERGEANT

21.—GREAT EFFECTS RESULT FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

THE same connexion between small things and great runs through all the concerns of our world. The ignorance of a physician, or the carelessness of an apothecary, may spread death through a family or a town. How often has the sickness of one man, become the sickness of thousands? How often has the error of one man, become the error of thousands?

A fly, or an atom, may set in motion a train of intermediate causes, which shall produce a revolution in a kingdom. Any one of a thousand incidents, might have cut off Alexander of Greece in his cradle. But if Alexander had died in infancy, or had lived a single day longer than he did, it might have put another face on all the following history of the world.

A spectacle-maker's boy, amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his finger and his thumb, and varying their distance, perceived the weather-cock of the church spire, opposite to him, much larger than ordinary, and apparently much nearer, and turned upside down. This excited the wonder of the father, and led him to additional experiments; and these resulted in that astonishing instrument, the telescope, as invented by Galileo, and perfected by Herschell.

On the same optical principles was constructed the microscope, by which we perceive that a drop of stagnant water is a world teeming with inhabitants. By one of these instruments, the experimental philosopher measures the ponderous globes, that the Omnipotent Hand has ranged in majestic order through the skies; by the other, he sees the same hand employed in rounding and polishing five thousand minute transparent globes in the eye of a fly. Yet all these discoveries of modern science, exhibiting the intelligence, dominion, and agency of God, we owe to the transient amusement of a child.

It is a fact commonly known, that the laws of gravitation, which guide the thousands of rolling worlds in the planetary system, were suggested at first to the mind of Newton by the falling of an apple.

The art of printing shows from what casual incidents the most magnificent events in the scheme of Providence may result. Time was, when princes were scarcely rich enough to purchase a copy of the Bible. Now every cottager in Christendom is rich enough to possess this treasure. "Who would have thought, that the simple circumstance of a man, amusing himself by cutting a few letters on the bark of a tree, and impressing them on paper, was intimately connected with the mental illumination of the world!"

PORTER.

22.—THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN CHIEF.

THEY laid the corse of the wild and brave
On the sweet fresh earth of the new day grave,
On the gentle hill, where wild weeds waved,
And flowers and grass were flourishing.

They laid within the peaceful bed,
Close by the Indian chieftain's head,
His bow and arrows ; and they said,
That he had found new hunting grounds ;

Where bounteous nature only tills
The willing soil ; and o'er whose hills,
And down beside the shady rills,
The hero roams eternally.

And these fair isles to the westward lie,
Beneath a golden sunset sky,
Where youth and beauty never die,
And song and dance move endlessly.

They told of the feats of his dog and gun,
They told of the deeds his arm had done ;
They sung of battles lost and won,
And so they paid his eulogy.

And o'er his arms, and o'er his bones,
They raised a simple pile of stones ;
Which, hallow'd by their tears and moans,
Was all the Indian's monument.

And since the chieftain here has slept,
Full many a winter's winds have swept,
And many an age has softly crept
Over his humble sepulchre.

PERCIVAL

23.—TO THE EAGLE.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing !
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top ;
Thy fields—the boundless air ;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze :
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.

Thy pinions, to the rushing blast
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

'Thou art perch'd aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again, thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away like a spirit wreath'd in light,
Thou hurriest wild and free.

Thou hurriest o'er the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind ;
Thou sweetest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and boding scream,
Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air !
In thy imperial name,
The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
The Roman legions bide,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs
Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid ;
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior pray'd.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gather'd rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;

And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
 And piled with the mingled dead.
 Kings were roll'd in the wasteful flood,
 With the low and crouching slave ;
 And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
 The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
 " O'er the dark mysterious sea,
 To the lands that caught the setting light,
 The cradle of Liberty.
 There, on the silent and lonely shore,
 For ages I watch'd alone,
 And the world, in its darkness, ask'd no more
 Where the glorious bird had flown.

" But then came a bold and hardy few,
 And they breasted the unknown wave ;
 I caught afar the wandering crew ;
 And I knew they were high and brave.
 I wheel'd around the welcome bark,
 As it sought the desolate shore ;
 And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
 My quivering pinions bore.

" And now that bold and hardy few
 Are a nation wide and strong,
 And danger and doubt I have led them through,
 And they worship me in song ;
 And over their bright and glancing arms
 On field and lake and sea,
 With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
 I guide them to victory."

PERCIVAL.

24.—HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS AT THE CONSECRATION
 OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

[The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon Savannah, during the American revolution, was of crimson silk embroidered by the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.]

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowed head,

And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That proud banner, which with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while
Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner!—may it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,—
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,—
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner!—and beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it—till our homes are free—
Guard it—God will prosper thee!
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquish'd warrior bow,
Spare him!—by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him—he our love hath shared—
Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared.

Take thy banner!—and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee!
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

LONGFELLOW

25.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF G. MORRIS, IN CONGRESS,
ON THE NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

MR. PRESIDENT,—My object is peace. I could assign many reasons to show that this declaration is sincere. But can it be necessary to give this senate any other assurance than my word? Notwithstanding the acerbity of temper which results from party strife, gentlemen will believe me on my word. I will not pretend, like my honourable colleague, to describe to you the waste, the ravages, and the horrors of war. I have not the same harmonious periods, nor the same musical tones; neither shall I boast of Christian charity, nor attempt to display that ingenuous glow of benevolence, so decorous to the cheek of youth, which gave a vivid tint to every sentence he uttered; and was, if possible, as impressive even as his eloquence. But though we possess not the same pomp of words, our hearts are not insensible to the woes of humanity. We can feel for the misery of plundered towns, the conflagration of defenceless villages, and the devastation of cultured fields.

Turning from these features of general distress, we can enter the abodes of private affliction, and behold the widow weeping, as she traces, in the pledges of connubial affection, the resemblance of him whom she has lost for ever. We see the aged matron bending over the ashes of her son. He was her darling; for he was generous and brave; and therefore his spirit led him to the field in defence of his country. We can observe another oppressed with unutterable anguish; condemned to conceal her affection; forced to hide that passion, which is at once the torment and delight of life: she learns that those eyes, which beamed with sentiment, are closed in death; and his lip, the ruby harbinger of joy, lies pale and cold, the miserable appendage of a mangled corpse. Hard, hard indeed, must be that heart, which can be insensible to scenes like these; and bold the man who dare present to the Almighty Father a conscience crimsoned with the blood of his children!

Sir, I wish for peace; I wish the negotiation may succeed, and therefore I strongly urge you to adopt these resolutions. But though you should adopt them, they alone will not ensure success. I have no hesitation in saying, that you ought to have taken possession of New Orleans

and the Floridas, the instant your treaty was violated. You ought to do it now. Your rights are invaded, confidence in negotiation is vain: there is, therefore, no alternative but force. You are exposed to imminent present danger: you have the prospect of great future advantage: you are justified by the clearest principles of right: you are urged by the strongest motives of policy: you are commanded by every sentiment of national dignity.

Look at the conduct of America in her infant years. When there was no actual invasion of right, but only a claim to invade, she resisted the claim; she spurned the insult. Did we then hesitate? Did we then wait for foreign alliance? No—animated with the spirit, warmed with the soul of freedom, we threw our oaths of allegiance in the face of our sovereign, and committed our fortunes and our fate to the God of battles. We then were subjects. We had not then attained to the dignity of an independent republic. We then had no rank among the nations of the earth. But we had the spirit which deserved that elevated station. And now that we have gained it, shall we fall from our honour?

Sir, I repeat to you that I wish for peace; real, lasting, honourable peace. To obtain, and secure this blessing, let us, by a bold and decisive conduct, convince the powers of Europe that we are determined to defend our rights; that we will not submit to insult; that we will not bear degradation. This is the conduct which becomes a generous people. This conduct will command the respect of the world. Nay, sir, it may rouse all Europe to a proper sense of their situation. They see that the balance of power, on which their liberties depend, is, if not destroyed, in extreme danger. They know that the dominion of France has been extended by the sword over millions who groan in the servitude of their new masters. These unwilling subjects are ripe for revolt.

The empire of the Gauls is not, like that of Rome, secured by political institutions. It may yet be broken. But whatever may be the conduct of others, let us act as becomes ourselves. I cannot believe, with my honourable colleague, that three-fourths of America are opposed to vigorous measures. I cannot believe that they will meanly

refuse to pay the sums needful to vindicate their honour and support their independence.

Sir, this is a libel on the people of America. They will disdain submission to the proudest sovereign on earth. They have not lost the spirit of '76. But, sir, if they are so base as to barter their rights for gold, if they are so vile that they will not defend their honour, they are unworthy of the rank they enjoy, and it is no matter how soon they are parcelled out among better masters.

My honourable friend from Pennsylvania, in opening this debate, pledged himself and his friends to support the executive government, if they would adopt a manly conduct. I have no hesitation to renew that pledge. Act as becomes America, and all America will be united in your support.

What is our conduct? Do we endeavour to fetter and trammel the executive authority? Do we oppose obstacles? Do we raise difficulties? No. We are willing to commit into the hands of the chief magistrate the treasure, the power, and the energies of the country. We ask for ourselves nothing. We expect nothing. All we ask is for our country. And although we do not believe in the success of treaty, yet the resolutions we move, and the language we hold, are calculated to promote it. MORRIS.

26.—GEN. WASHINGTON TO HIS TROOPS, (DELIVERED BEFORE
THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.)

THE time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honour, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us

then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world, that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honour are all at stake ; upon your courage and conduct, rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country ; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only ; and they have every reason to believe, that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavour to intimidate by show and appearance ; but remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it ; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution. WASHINGTON.

27.—EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS TO THE INHABITANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1775.

Our enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist ? In our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty ? If so, show us a period in your history, in which you have not been equally seditious.

We are accused of aiming at independence. But how is this accusation supported ? By the allegations of your ministers ; not by our actions. Abused, insulted, and contemned, what steps have we pursued to obtain redress ? We have carried our dutiful petitions to the throne. We have applied to your justice for relief. We have retrenched our luxury, and withheld our trade.

The advantages of our commerce were designed as a

compensation for your protection. When you ceased to protect, for what were we to compensate?

What has been the success of our endeavours? The clemency of our sovereign is unhappily diverted; our petitions are treated with indignity; our prayers answered by insults. Our application to you remains unnoticed, and leaves us the melancholy apprehension of your wanting either the will or the power to assist us.

Even under these circumstances, what measures have we taken that betray a desire of independence? Have we called in the aid of those foreign powers who are the rivals of your grandeur? When your troops were few and defenceless, did we take advantage of their distress and expel them our towns? Or have we permitted them to fortify, to receive new aid, and to acquire additional strength?

Let not your enemies and ours persuade you, that in this we were influenced by fear, or any other unworthy motive. The lives of Britons are still dear to us. They are the children of our parents, and an uninterrupted intercourse of mutual benefits had knit the bonds of friendship. When hostilities were commenced, when, on a late occasion, we were wantonly attacked by your troops, though we repelled their assaults and returned their blows, yet we lamented the wounds they obliged us to give; nor have we yet learned to rejoice at a victory over Englishmen.

Let us now ask what advantages are to attend our reduction? The trade of a ruined and desolate country is always inconsiderable—its revenue trifling; the expense of subjecting and retaining it in subjection, certain and inevitable. What then remains but the gratification of an ill-judged pride, or the hope of rendering us subservient to designs on your liberty?

Soldiers, who have sheathed their swords in the bowels of their American brethren, will not draw them with more reluctance against you. When too late you may lament the loss of that freedom, which we exhort you, while still in your power, to preserve.

On the other hand, should you prove unsuccessful should that connexion which we most ardently wish to maintain, be dissolved; should your ministers exhaust your treasures and waste the blood of your countrymen, in vain

attempts on our liberty ; do they not deliver you, weak and defenceless, to your natural enemies ?

Since, then, your liberty must be the price of your victories ; your ruin, of your defeat ; what blind fatality can urge you to a pursuit destructive of all that Britons hold dear ?

If you have no regard to the connexion that has for ages subsisted between us ; if you have forgot the wounds we have received in fighting by your side for the extension of the empire ; if our commerce is not an object below your consideration ; if justice and humanity have lost their influence on your hearts ; still motives are not wanting to excite your indignation at the measures now pursued : your wealth, your honour, your liberty are at stake.

Notwithstanding the distress to which we are reduced, we sometimes forget our own afflictions, to anticipate and sympathize in yours. We grieve that rash and inconsiderate counsels should precipitate the destruction of an empire which has been the envy and admiration of ages ; and call God to witness, that we would part with our property, endanger our lives, and sacrifice every thing but liberty, to redeem you from ruin.

A cloud hangs over your heads and ours : ere this reaches you, it may probably burst upon us. Let us, then, (before the remembrance of former kindness is obliterated,) once more repeat those appellations which are ever grateful in our ears ; let us entreat Heaven to avert our ruin, and the destruction that threatens our friends, brethren, and countrymen, on the other side of the Atlantic.

28.—CHARACTER OF BLANNERHASSETT.

May it please your Honours,—LET us now put the case between Burr and Blannerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle the question of precedence between them. Who then is Blannerhassett ? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before

him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him.

The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes ; he comes to change his paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door and portal and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all, who choose it, enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage ; a daring and desperate thirst for glory ; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life.

In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene ; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain ; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music ; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him ; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught

to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately 'permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly,' we find her shivering at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell.

Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory!

Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy, by thrusting that ill-fated man between himself and punishment.

WIRT.

29.—EXTRACT FROM MR. HAYNE'S SPEECH IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, 1830.

If there be one state in the union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her

domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound, every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the revolution? Sir, I honour New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honour is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favourites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be for ever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina, during the revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The 'plains of Carolina' drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

HAYNE.

30.—NATIONAL GLORY.

WE are asked, What have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory,

or honour ; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war ? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war ? What is our present situation ? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land,—is that nothing ? True, we had our vicissitudes ; there were humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret ; but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favour. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate ? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war ? Yes, *national glory*, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory ? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter ? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once ? While the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown afford them no pleasure ? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds ; they constitute one

common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers—they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it. CLAY.

31.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour pass'd on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast,
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
“Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah

And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death !
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath ;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

HALLECK

32.—THE SWORD.

TWAS the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying ;
And the wind pass'd o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and the brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red, right hand,
 And the hostile dead around him,
 Lay a youthful chief ; but his bed was the ground,
 And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
 Pass'd a soldier, his plunder seeking ;
 Careless he stepp'd where friend and foe
 Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
 The soldier paused beside it ;
 He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
 But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his noble heart
 Took part with the dead before him ;
 And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
 As with soften'd brow he lean'd o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou ~~lost~~ boldly died,
 A soldier's grave won by it ;
 Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
 My own life's blood should dye it.

"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
 Or the wolf to batten o'er thee ;
 Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
 Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth
 Where his warrior foe was sleeping ;
 And he laid him there, in honour and rest,
 With his sword in his own brave keeping.

MISS LONDON.

33.—SPEECH OF SALATHIEL IN FAVOUR OF RESISTING THE
 ROMAN POWER.

WHAT ! must we first mingle in the cabals of Jerusalem,
 and rouse the frigid debaters and disputers of the Sanhe-
 drim into action ? Are we first to conciliate the irrecon-

cilable, to soften the furious, to purify the corrupt? If the Romans are to be our tyrants till we can teach patriotism to faction; we may as well build the dungeon at once, for to the dungeon we are consigned for the longest life among us.

Death or glory for me. There is no alternative between, not merely the half-slavery that we now live in and independence, but between the most condign suffering and the most illustrious security. If the people would rise, through the pressure of public injury, they must have risen long since; if from private violence, what town, what district, what family, has not its claims of deadly retribution! Yet here the people stand, after a hundred years of those continued stimulants to resistance, as unresisting as in the day when Pompey marched over the threshold of the temple.

I know your generous friendship, Eleazer, and fear that your anxiety to save me from the chances of the struggle may bias your better judgment. But here I pledge myself, by all that constitutes the honour of man, to strike at all risks a blow upon the Roman crest that shall echo through the land.

What! commit our holy cause into the nursing of those pampered hypocrites, whose utter baseness of heart you know still more deeply than I do? Linger, till those pestilent profligates raise their price with Florus by betraying a design, that will be the glory of every man who draws a sword in it? Vainly, madly, ask a brood that, like the serpent, engender and fatten among the ruins of their country, to discard their venom, to cast their fangs, to feel for human feelings? As well ask the serpent itself to rise from the original curse.

It is the irrevocable nature of faction to be base till it can be mischievous; to lick the dust until it can sting; to creep on its belly until it can twist its folds round the victim. No! let the old pensionaries, the bloated hangers-on in the train of every governor, the open sellers of their country for filthy lucre, betray me when I leave it in their power. To the field, I say; once and for all, to the field.

CROLY.

34.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY IN THE
LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA, IN FAVOUR OF PERMITTING THE
BRITISH REFUGEES TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—The personal feelings of a politician ought not to be permitted to enter these walls. The question before us is a national one, and in deciding it, if we act wisely, nothing will be regarded but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good, I, for one, am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs; and I flatter myself that I am not the only man in this house who is capable of making such a sacrifice.

We have, sir, an extensive country, without population. What can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? *People* form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up, by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth.

Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil; and see that soil intersected, in every quarter, by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people: the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period—lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them;—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do,—encourage emigration—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle

in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate, and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power; and I venture to prophesy there are those now living, who will see this favoured land among the most powerful on earth—able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid.

Yes, sir, they will see her great in arts and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

Instead of refusing permission to the refugees to return, it is your true policy to encourage emigration to this country, by every means in your power. Sir, you must have *men*. You cannot get along without them. Those heavy forests of timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and *will* have speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask, sir, how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come in. The population of the old world is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here, a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door!

Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this. They see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poets. They see her here, a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy states—her glories chanted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence.

Sir, let but this our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world—tell them to come and bid them welcome—and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled; your deserts will smile; your ranks will be filled; and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain—and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our independence. The quarrel is over. Peace hath returned, and found us a free people.

Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessities during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us, in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of them! What, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of *his* *whelps*?

HENRY

35.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JOHN RANDOLPH IN THE
CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA, IN 1829-1830.

SIR,—I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform*. I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old constitution—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the design nor the elevation: it is in the *material*—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The 400 men who went out to David were *in debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were *in debt*. The fellow labourers of Catiline were *in debt*. And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people anywhere who can bear a regular sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay—and above all, of living by office-hunting.

Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts—giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well received as anybody in society. I say, that in such a state of things the old constitution was too good for them; they could not bear it. No, sir—they could not bear a freehold suffrage and a property representation.

I have always endeavoured to do the people justice—but I will not flatter them—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to

any provision for future changes called amendments to the constitution.' They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble—may vote if they please for future changes. But by what spell—by what formula are you going to bind the people to all future time? You may make what entries upon parchment you please. Give me a constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make will last the one half of half a century.

Sir, I will stake any thing short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years hence than they are at this day. I have no favour for this constitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces—ay—and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it—let us not have it with its death-warrant in its very face, with the Sardonic grin of death upon its countenance.

RANDOLPH.

36.—SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME AUTHOR.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I must notice a topic of the gravest character which has been several times brought to our view, by eastern members, in the course of debate. I mean a separation of the state—at one time gently insinuated—at another wrapped up in beautiful rhetorical language, and finally expressed in what has been emphatically called plain old English. I am not disposed, sir, to regard such menaces, because I am aware of the extremities of intellectual warfare, and can estimate the effervescence of momentary excitement. They would not be impressed upon my mind, but for a corresponding sentiment which I have reason to believe prevails among the western people. I do not say that if slave representation should be forced upon them, they will raise the standard of rebellion, or in any wise resist the constituted authorities. Far from it. But within the pale of the constitution and laws, they will carry their opposition to the utmost limit; and the members of this committee can estimate the feelings of hostility by which it will be accompanied. The final result will be

a separation of the state. No one can doubt that if such an event should be perseveringly, though peaceably sought, by a large portion of the state, it would be ultimately conceded.

I beg, sir, to be distinctly understood. There is no one in this committee to whom the idea of such a separation is more abhorrent than myself. I believe there is no man here who wishes separation for its own sake, or who could contemplate it for a moment, except as a refuge from greater evils.

We should look forward to such a calamity, only to deprecate and avoid it. Surely, it will not—must not be. Separate Virginia? Shall she be shorn of her strength, her influence, and her glory? Shall her voice of command, of persuasion, and reproof, be no longer heard in the national councils? Shall she no more be looked up to as the guide of the strong, the guardian of the weak, and the protector of the oppressed? Break in twain the most precious jewel, and the separated parts are comparatively worthless. Divide Virginia, and both the east and the west will sink into insignificance, neglect, and contempt.

I would to God, that for this single occasion only, I could utter my feelings in

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

I would kindle a flame, which should find an altar in every heart—which should burn to ashes the prejudices of the hour, and the petty interests of the day,—and throw up in our path of duty a strong and steady light, directing us forward to the permanent welfare, safety, and honour of Virginia.

RANDOLPH

37.—THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass—

Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And named each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Pass'd the bright torch triumphant on

I saw the expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, O, their joy, as it came near,
'Twas, in itself, a joy to see—
While fancy whisper'd in my ear,
“That torch they pass is liberty !”

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray ;
Then, smiling, to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From Albion first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
Columbia caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like Albion's, steady.

The splendid gift then Gallia took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing !

And, when she fired her altar, high
It flash'd into the reddening air
So fierce, that Albion, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare !

Next, Spain, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes !

Who next received the flame ? alas !
Unworthy Naples.—Shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames !

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
 When, frightened by the sparks it shed,
 Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
 She dropped it to the earth—and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd ;
 But Greece, who saw her moment now,
 Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
 And waved it round her beauteous brow.

And fancy bade me mark where, o'er
 Her altar, as its flame ascended,
 Fair laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
 Who thus in song their voices blended :—

“ Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
 Divinest gift of God to men !
 From Greece thy earliest splendour came,
 To Greece thy ray returns again.

“ Take, freedom, take thy radiant round ;
 When dimm'd, revive,—when lost, return,
 Till not a shrine through earth be found,
 On which thy glories shall not burn !”

MOORE.

38.—CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN stands the first among the lawgivers, whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth ? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions ? Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe.

But see William Penn, with weaponless hand, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of

their fellow men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence so deep, that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then with his companions establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting as the fundamental maxim of his government the rule handed down to us from heaven, glory to God on high, and on earth peace, and good will to all men.

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight: they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice, which called out to them from the wilderness.

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere Divos.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre on our history. DUPONCEAU.

39.—SPEECH OF A CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

For what have these my brethren died? Answer me, priests of Rome; what temple did they force—what altar overthrow—what insults offer to the slightest of your public celebrations? Judges of Rome, what offence did they commit against the public peace? Consuls, where were they found in rebellion against the Roman majesty? People! patricians! who among your thousands can charge one of these holy dead with extortion, impurity, or violence; can charge them with any thing, but the patience that bore wrong without a murmur, and the chafity that answered tortures only by prayers?

Do I stand here demanding to be believed for opinions? No; but for facts. I have seen the sick made whole, the lame walk, the blind receive their sight, by the mere name of Him whom you crucified. I have seen men once ignorant of all languages but their own, speaking with the language of every nation under heaven—the still greater

wonder, of the timid defying all fear—the unlearned instantly made wise in the mysteries of things divine and human—putting to shame the learned—humbling the proud—enlightening the darkened; alike in the courts of kings, before the furious people, and in the dungeon, armed with an irrepressible spirit of knowledge, reason and truth, that confounded their adversaries.

I have seen the still greater wonder of the renewed heart; the impure, suddenly abjuring vice; the covetous, the cruel, the faithless, the godless, gloriously changed into the holy, the gentle, the faithful, the worshipper of the true God in spirit and in truth; the conquest of the passions which defied your philosophers, your tribunals, your rewards, your terrors, achieved in the one mighty name. There are facts, things which I have seen; and who that had seen them could doubt, that the finger of the eternal God was there?

I dared not refuse my belief to the divine mission of the Being by whom, and even in memory of whom, things, baffling the proudest human means, were wrought before my eyes. Thus irresistibly compelled by facts to believe that Christ was sent by God; I was with equal force compelled to believe in the doctrines declared by this glorious Messenger of the Father alike of quick and dead. And thus I stand before you this day, at the close of a long life of labour and hazard, a Christian.

CROLY.

40.—PROPERTY AN ELEMENT OF SOCIETY.

THE question before us, is not whether a majority shall rule in the legislature, but *of what elements that majority shall be composed*. If the interests of the several parts of the commonwealth were identical, it would be, we admit, safe and proper that a majority of *persons only* should give the rule of political power. But our interests are not identical, and the difference between us arises from property alone. We therefore contend that property ought to be considered, in fixing the basis of representation.

What, sir, are the constituent elements of society? *Persons and property*. What are the subjects of legislation? *Persons and property*. Was there ever a society seen on

earth which consisted only of men, women and children ? The very idea of society carries with it the idea of property, as its necessary and inseparable attendant. History cannot show any form of the social compact, at any time, or in any place, into which property did not enter as a constituent element, nor one in which that element did not enjoy protection in a greater or less degree. Nor was there ever a society in which the protection once extended to property was afterward withdrawn, which did not fall an easy prey to violence and disorder. Society cannot exist without property ; it constitutes the full half of its being.

Take away all protection from property, and our next business is to cut each other's throats. All experience proves this. The safety of men depends on the safety of property ; the rights of persons must mingle in the ruin of the rights of property. And shall it not then be protected ? Sir, your government cannot move an inch without property. Are you to have no political head ? No legislature to make laws ? no judiciary to interpret them ? no executive to enforce them ? And if you are to have all these departments, will they render their services out of mere grace and favour, and for the honour and glory of the thing ? Not in these money-loving days, depend on it. If we would find patriotism thus disinterested, we must indeed go back to a period prior to Bible history.

And what are the subjects upon which the law-making power is called to act ? Persons *and* property. To these two subjects, and not to one of them alone, is the business of legislation confined. And of these two, it may be fairly asserted that property is not only of *equal*, but even of *more* importance. The laws which relate to our personal actions, with reference to the body politic ; which prescribe the duties which we owe to the public, or define and punish crime, are comparatively few in number, and simple in their provisions. And one half of these few find their best sanctions in public opinion. But the ramifications of the rights of property are infinite. Volume upon volume, which few of us, I fear, are able to understand, are required to contain even the leading principles relating to them ; and yet new relations are every day arising, which require continual interpositions of the legislative power.

If, then, sir, property is thus necessary to the very being

of society; thus indispensable to every movement of government; if it be that subject upon which government chiefly acts; is it not, I would ask, entitled to such protection as shall be above all suspicion, and free from every hazard?

Gentlemen have admitted the principle, that property must be protected, and protected in the very form now proposed; they are obliged to admit it. It would be a wild and impracticable scheme of government, which did not admit it. Among all the various and numerous propositions, lying upon your table, is there one which goes the length of proposing *universal suffrage*? There is none. Yet this subject is in direct connexion with that. Why do you not admit a pauper to vote? He is a person: he counts one in your numerical majority. In rights strictly personal, he has as much interest in the government as any other citizen. He is liable to commit the same offences, and to become exposed to the same punishments as the rich man. Why, then, shall he not vote?

Because, thereby, he would receive an influence over property; and all who own it, feel it to be unsafe to put the power of controlling it into the hands of those who are not the owners. If you go on population alone, as the basis of representation, you will be obliged to go the length of giving the elective franchise to every human being over twenty-one years,—yes, and under twenty-one years, —on whom your penal laws take effect; an experiment, which has met with nothing but utter and disastrous failure, wherever it has been tried. No, Mr. Chairman, let us be consistent; let us openly acknowledge the truth; let us boldly take the bull by the horns, and incorporate this influence of property as a leading principle in our constitution. We cannot be otherwise consistent with ourselves.

I was surprised to hear the assertion made by gentlemen on the other side, that property can protect itself. What is the meaning of such a proposition? Is there any thing in property, to exert this self-protecting influence, but the political power which always attends it? Is there any thing in mere property alone, in itself considered, to exert any such influence? Can a bag of golden guineas, if placed upon that table, protect itself? Can it protect its owner? I do not know what magic power the gentlemen allude to.

If it is to have no influence in the government, what and where is its power to protect itself? Perhaps the power to buy off violence; to buy off the barbarian who comes to lay it waste, by a reward, which will but invite a double swarm of barbarians to return next year. Is this one of the modes alluded to? This, I am well assured, never entered into the clear mind of the very intelligent gentleman from Frederick.

How else, then, may property be expected to protect itself? It may be answered, by the influence which it gives to its owner. But in what channels is that influence exerted? It is the influence which prevents the poor debtor from going against the will of his creditor; which forbids the dependent poor man from exerting any thing like *independence*, either in conduct or opinion; an influence which appeals to avarice on both sides, and depends for its effect on rousing the worst and basest of passions, and destroying all freedom of will, all independence of opinion.

Is it desirable to establish such an influence as this? an influence which marches to power through the direct road to the worst, and most monstrous of aristocracies,—the aristocracy of the purse? An influence which derives its effect from the corruption of all principle, the blinding of the judgment, and the prostration of all moral feeling? and whose power is built on that form of aristocracy, most of all to be dreaded in a free government? The gentleman appeals to fact, and says that property always *has* protected itself, under every form of government. The fact is not admitted. Property never has protected itself long, except by the power which it possessed in the government.

UPSHUR.

41.—WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND?

WHAT'S hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unsoured by superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That s hallow'd ground—where, mourn'd and miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd ;—
But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't
 Yon churchyard's bowers ?
No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound :
The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd, down to earth's profound,
 And up to heaven !

For time makes all but true love old ;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould,
 And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap :
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high ?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right ?
He's dead alone that lacks her light ?
And murder sullies, in Heaven's sight,
 The sword he draws :—
What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that ; and welcome war to brace
Her drums ! and rend heaven's reeking space !

The colours planted face to face,
 The charging cheer
 Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven!—But Heaven rebukes my zeal;
 The cause of truth and human weal,
 O God above!

Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To peace and love!

Peace, love—the cherubim that join
 Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine—
 Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 When they are not;
 The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
 And pompous rites in domes august?
 See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vaunt,
 That men can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
 Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
 But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
 Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
 Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured, nature's ceiling,
 Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
 And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
 Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
 Can sin, can death your world's obscure?
 Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
 Ye must be heavens that make us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
 I read the doom of distant time ;
 That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
 And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
 Peace ! independence ! truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
 And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallow'd ground ! CAMPBELL

42.—SPEECH OF RAAB KIUPRILI.

 HEAR me
 Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
 Hear, and avenge me ! Twice ten years have I
 Stood in your presence, honour'd by the king,
 Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
 Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe ?
 Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear ?
 Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
 Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended ?
 And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
 A bought-bribed wretch, who, being called *my son*,
 Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
 Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave ?
 Th' underling accomplice of a robber,
 That from a widow and a widow's offspring
 Would steal their heritage ? To God a rebel,
 And to the common father of his country
 A recreant ingrate !
 What means this clamour ? Are these madmen's voices ?
 Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
 To infamize the name of the king's brother
 With a black falsehood ? Unmanly cruelty,
 Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason ?
 What mean these murmurs ? Dare then any here
 Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor ?

One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?
Yet bear with me a while? Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquer'd for your honour?
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swollen torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stain'd its jagged points
With gore from wounds I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost and famine-numb'd,
Till my hard flesh distinguish'd not itself
From the incensate mail, its fellow warrior?
And have I brought home with me victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charm'd a goddess down from heaven!
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation! Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies,
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Loye's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold pluck'd from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

COLERIDGE

43.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. G. MORRIS ON THE
JUDICIARY ESTABLISHMENT.

Is there a member of this house who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that, consistently with the plain words of our constitution, we have a right to repeal this law? I believe not. And, if we undertake to construe this constitution to our purposes, and say that the public opinion is to be our judge, there is an end to all constitutions. To what will not this dangerous doctrine lead? Should it to-day be the popular wish to destroy the first magistrate—you can destroy him. And should he, to-morrow, be able to conciliate to him the popular will, and lead them to wish for

your destruction, it is easily effected. Adopt this principle, and the whim of the moment will not only be the law, but the constitution of our country.

The gentleman from Virginia has mentioned a great nation brought to the feet of one of her servants. But why is she in that situation? Is it not because popular opinion was called on to decide every thing, until those who wore bayonets decided for all the rest? Our situation is peculiar. At present our national compact can prevent a state from acting hostilely toward the general interest. But, let this compact be destroyed, and each state becomes instantaneously invested with absolute sovereignty. But what, I ask, will be the situation of these states (organized as they now are) if, by the dissolution of our national compact, they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and, split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power; or else, after the misery and torment of civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What but this compact—what but this specific part of it can save us from ruin? The judicial power, that fortress of the constitution, is now to be overturned.

Yes, with honest Ajax, I would not only throw a shield before it—I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice these angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the weal of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin.

Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong: it will heal no wounds; it will pay no debts; it will rebuild no ravaged towns. Do not rely on that popular will which has brought us frail beings into political existence. That

opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not, I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild wind. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. O! cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God and of the world. I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never, no never, will you get another! We are now, perhaps, arrived at the parting point. Here, even here we stand on the brink of fate. Pause! Pause! For heaven's sake—
pause!

MORRIS.

44.—DECISION OF CHARACTER.

THE man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of Heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans, steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly yet courteously in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right.

Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world: but he has that within which will kept him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course with his eyes fixed on Heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the narrow sense, merely, of meeting your pecuniary engagements, and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit: one that will dispose you to consider yourselves, as born not so much for yourselves, as for your country and your fellow creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect; a generous expansion, a proud elevation, and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meager streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you to resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore; filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting, on

its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble ; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action. WIRT.

45.—BONAPARTE TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

SOLDIERS,—You are precipitated like a torrent from the heights of the Apennines ; you have overthrown and dispersed all that dared to oppose your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours ; and the republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity.

The army, which so proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its dissolution to oppose your invincible courage. The Po, the Tessen, the Adda, could not retard you a single day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insufficient. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Apennines. Those successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your sisters will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relation to you.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much ; but more still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us, that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories ? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy ? But already I see you fly to arms. You are fatigued with an inactive repose. You lament the days that are lost to your glory ! Well, then, let us proceed ; we have other forced marches to make, other enemies to subdue ; more laurels to acquire, and more injuries to avenge.

Let those who have unsheathed the daggers of civil war in France ; who have basely assassinated our ministers,

who have burnt our ships at Toulon ; let them tremble ! the knell of vengeance has already tolled !

But to quiet the apprehensions of the people, we declare ourselves the friends of all, and particularly of those who are the descendants of Brutus, of Scipio, and those other great men whom we have taken for our models.

'To re-establish the capital ; to replace the statues of those heroes who have rendered it immortal ; to rouse the Roman people, entranced in so many ages of slavery ; this shall be the fruit of your victories. It will be an epoch for the admiration of posterity ; you will enjoy the immortal glory of changing the aspect of affairs in the finest part of Europe. The free people of France, not regardless of moderation, shall accord to Europe a glorious peace ; but it will indemnify itself for the sacrifices of every kind which it has been making for six years past. You will again be restored to your firesides and homes ; and your fellow citizens, pointing you out, shall say, " There goes one who belonged to the army of Italy !"'

BONAPARTE.

46.—ON A FUTURE STATE.

THE idea of another and a better world seems to be congenial to the human mind. It has been generally entertained in every age. The philosophers of ancient times, who had nothing but the dim light of nature to direct them, cherished the ennobling notion of immortal existence. Even the untutored savage flatters himself with the pleasing prospect of being one day transported into happier regions, and anticipates the pleasure which he will there enjoy in the company of his fathers. All feel within themselves the pleasing hope, the fond desire, of immortality. But though nature has given to all her children some conceptions of immortality, still it must be acknowledged that her information is far from proving satisfactory. Hence we find the most eminent sages of the heathen world, even while desiring and hoping for such a state, confessing themselves unable to demonstrate its existence.—Doubtful and insecure were all their prospects. While toward futurity they bent their longing eyes, a thick cloud, impenetrable by unassisted reason, intercepted their view. But from this state of

paintful anxiety we, in these latter days, are happily relieved. To us immortal life is clearly revealed,—more clearly than it was even to those ancient worthies to whom God graciously revealed himself and committed his oracles. During the dispensation under which they lived, the prospect of a better world was afforded them ; but by dark and distant allusions. The city of God was seen only from afar ;—its glory was obscured by intervening shades. But by the gospel these shades are dispelled : the Sun of righteousness has arisen : eternal objects brighten : heaven, with all its glory, opens to our eyes. There we behold the “righteous,”—those who are justified by grace, and devoted to the service of their Saviour, adorned with all the holiness, filled with all the happiness, and clothed with all the honour, which can be conferred upon their nature. Here they are as a city set upon a hill : they are the light of the world : but all this is not worthy to be named, when we think of what they shall be when they “shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.” There sin and pain shall never enter : old things shall have passed away, and all things have become new. The happiness here enjoyed shall have every thing to increase, and nothing to diminish its value. In its nature, it shall be full and satisfactory ; and as to its duration, it shall be lasting as eternity.

SAVILE.

47.—ON THE WORKS AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE ALMIGHTY.

CONTEMPLATE the great scenes of nature, and accustom yourselves to connect them with the perfections of God. All vast and unmeasurable objects are fitted to impress the soul with awe. The mountain which rises above the neighbouring hills, and hides its head in the sky—the sounding, unfathomed, boundless deep—the expanse of heaven, where above and around no limit checks the wondering eye—these objects fill and elevate the mind—they produce a solemn frame of spirit, which accords with the sentiment of religion. From the contemplation of what is great and magnificent in nature, the soul rises to the Author of all. We think of the time which preceded the birth of the universe, when no being existed but God alone. While unnumbered systems arise in order before us, created by

his power, arranged by his wisdom, and filled with his presence—the earth and the sea, with all that they contain, are hardly beheld amid the immensity of his works. In the boundless subject the soul is lost. It is he who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. He weigheth the mountains in scales. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him !

The face of nature is sometimes clothed with terror. The tempest overturns the cedars of Lebanon, or discloses the secrets of the deep. The pestilence wastes—the lightning consumes—the voice of the thunder is heard on high. Let these appearances be connected with the power of God. These are the awful ministers of his kingdom. The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble. Who would not fear thee, O King of nations ! By the greatness of thy power thine enemies are constrained to bow.

MOODIE.

48.—ON THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

PAUSE for a while, ye travellers on the earth, to contemplate the universe in which you dwell, and the glory of Him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to your view ! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty ! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amid the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of the spring—smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit ;—opening to an endless variety of beings the treasures of their Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives. The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night—inviting you to the renewal of your labours—adorning the face of nature—and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and every flower that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendour for a while to disclose to you a more glorious scene—to show you the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

What a field is here opened for the exercise of every pious emotion ! and how irresistibly do such contemplations as these awaken the sensibility of the soul ! Here is infinite power to impress you with awe—here is infinite wisdom to fill you with admiration—here is infinite goodness to call forth your gratitude and love. The correspondence between these great objects and the affections of the human heart is established by nature itself ; and they need only to be placed before us, that every religious feeling may be excited.

MOODIE.

49.—ON AUTUMN.

LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness ; and in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness moderate, but not extinguish their ambition : while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope ;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world ;—and while in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality ;—and fame, and interest, and pleasure are displaying to them their shadowy promises :—and in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves for a time from the agitations of the world ; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its power, has yet no reproach :—it tells them, that

such is also the fate to which they must come ; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low ; that the illusions of time must pass ; and " that the spirit must return to Him who gave it." It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation ; and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and to " swear that time shall be no more," seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men they ought to be who must meet that decisive hour.

There is an eventide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous ; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone, and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If it be thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen every day the shades of the evening fall, and every year the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness, and in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven,—it mingles its voice with that of revelation,—it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation ; and while the shadowy valley opens which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can com

fort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

ALISON.

50.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JAMES WILSON, IN THE CONVENTION FOR THE PROVINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA, IN VINDICATION OF THE COLONIES, JANUARY, 1775.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—Whence, sir, proceeds all the invidious and ill-grounded clamour against the colonists of America? Why are they stigmatized in Britain as licentious and ungovernable? Why is their virtuous opposition to the illegal attempts of their governors, represented under the falsest colours, and placed in the most ungracious point of view?

This opposition, when exhibited in its true light, and when viewed, with unjaundiced eyes, from a proper situation, and at a proper distance, stands confessed the lovely offspring of freedom. It breathes the spirit of its parent. Of this ethereal spirit, the whole conduct, and particularly the late conduct, of the colonists has shown them eminently possessed. It has animated and regulated every part of their proceedings. It has been recognised to be genuine, by all those symptoms and effects by which it has been distinguished in other ages and other countries. It has been calm and regular: it has not acted without occasion: it has not acted disproportionably to the occasion. As the attempts, open or secret, to undermine or to destroy it, have been repeated or enforced, in a just degree, its vigilance and its vigour have been exerted to defeat or to disappoint them. As its exertions have been sufficient for those purposes hitherto, let us hence draw a joyful prognostic, that they will continue sufficient for those purposes hereafter. It is not yet exhausted: it will still operate irresistibly whenever a necessary occasion shall call forth its strength.

Permit me, sir, by appealing, in a few instances, to the spirit and conduct of the colonists, to evince that what I have said of them is just. Did they disclose any uneasiness at the proceedings and claims of the British parliament, before those claims and proceedings afforded a rea

reasonable cause for it? Did they even disclose any uneasiness, when a reasonable cause for it was first given? Our rights were invaded by their regulations of our internal policy. We submitted to them: we were unwilling to oppose them. The spirit of liberty was slow to act.

When those invasions were renewed; when the efficacy and malignancy of them was attempted to be redoubled by the stamp act; when chains were formed for us; and preparations were made for riveting them on our limbs, what measures did we pursue? The spirit of liberty found it necessary now to act; but she acted with the calmness and decent dignity suited to her character. Were we rash or seditious? Did we discover want of loyalty to our sovereign? Did we betray want of affection to our brethren in Britain? Let our dutiful and reverential petitions to the throne; let our respectful, though firm remonstrances to the parliament; let our warm and affectionate addresses to our brethren and (we will still call them) our friends in Great Britain,—let all those, transmitted from every part of the continent, testify the truth. By their testimony let our conduct be tried.

As our proceedings, during the existence and operation of the stamp act, prove fully and incontestably the painful sensations that tortured our breasts from the prospect of disunion with Britain; the peals of joy which burst forth universally, upon the repeal of that odious statute, loudly proclaim the heartfelt delight produced in us by a reconciliation with her. Unsuspicious because undesigning, we buried our complaints and the causes of them in oblivion, and returned, with eagerness, to our former unreserved confidence. Our connexion with our parent country, and the reciprocal blessings resulting from it to her and to us, were the favourite and pleasing topics of our public discourses and our private conversations. Lulled into delightful security, we dreamed of nothing but increasing fondness and friendship, cemented and strengthened by a kind and perpetual communication of good offices.

Soon, however, too soon, were we awakened from the soothing dreams! Our enemies renewed their designs against us, not with less malice, but with more art. Under the plausible pretence of regulating our trade, and, at the same time, of making provision for the administration of

justice, and the support of government, in some of the colonies, they pursued their scheme of depriving us of our property without our consent. As the attempts to distress us, and to degrade us to a rank inferior to that of freemen, appeared now to be reduced into a regular system, it became proper, on our part, to form a regular system for counteracting them. We ceased to import goods from Great Britain. Was this measure dictated by selfishness or by licentiousness? Did it not injure ourselves, while it injured the British merchants and manufacturers? Was it inconsistent with the peaceable demeanour of subjects to abstain from making purchases, when our freedom and our safety rendered it necessary for us to abstain from them? A regard for our freedom and our safety was our only motive; for no sooner had the parliament, by repealing part of the revenue laws, inspired us with the flattering hopes that they had departed from their intentions of oppressing and of taxing us, than we forsook our plan for defeating those intentions, and began to import as formerly. Far from being peevish or captious, we took no public notice even of their declaratory law of dominion over us: our candour led us to consider it as a decent expedient of retreating from the actual exercise of that dominion.

But, alas! the root of bitterness still remained. The duty on tea was reserved to furnish occasion to the ministry for a new effort to enslave and to ruin us; and the East India Company were chosen, and consented to be the detested instruments of ministerial despotism and cruelty. A cargo of their tea arrived at Boston. By a low artifice of the governor, and by the wicked activity of the tools of government, it was rendered impossible to store it up, or to send it back, as was done at other places. A number of persons, unknown, destroyed it.

Let us here make a concession to our enemies: let us suppose, that the transaction deserves all the dark and hideous colours in which they have painted it: let us even suppose (for our cause admits of an excess of candour) that all their exaggerated accounts of it were confined strictly to the truth: what will follow? Will it follow that every British colony in America, or even the colony of Massachusetts' Bay, or even the town of Boston, in that colony, merits the imputation of being factious and seditious? Let

the frequent mobs and riots, that have happened in Great Britain upon much more trivial occasions, shame our calumniators into silence. Will it follow, because the rules of order and regular government were, in that instance, violated by the offenders, that, for this reason, the principles of the constitution, and the maxims of justice, must be violated by their punishment? Will it follow, because those who were guilty could not be known, that, therefore, those who were known not to be guilty must suffer? Will it follow, that even the guilty should be condemned without being heard—that they should be condemned upon partial testimony, upon the representations of their avowed and embittered enemies? Why were they not tried in courts of justice known to their constitution, and by juries of their neighbourhood? Their courts and their juries were not, in the case of Captain Preston, transported beyond the bounds of justice by their resentment: why, then, should it be presumed, that, in the case of those offenders, they would be prevented from doing justice by their affection? But the colonists, it seems, must be stripped of their judicial, as well as of their legislative powers. They must be bound by a legislature, they must be tried by a jurisdiction, not their own. Their constitutions must be changed: their liberties must be abridged: and those who shall be most infamously active in changing their constitutions and abridging their liberties, must, by an express provision, be exempted from punishment.

I do not exaggerate the matter, sir, when I extend these observations to all the colonists. The parliament meant to extend the effects of their proceedings to all the colonists. The plan, on which their proceedings are formed, extends to them all. From an incident of no very uncommon or atrocious nature, which happened in one colony, in one town in that colony, and in which only a few of the inhabitants of that town took a part, an occasion has been taken by those, who probably intended it, and who certainly prepared the way for it, to impose upon that colony, and to lay a foundation and a precedent for imposing upon all the rest, a system of statutes, arbitrary, unconstitutional, oppressive, in every view, and in every degree subversive of the rights, and inconsistent with even the name, of freemen

WILSON.

51.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lower'd
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

CAMPBELL.

52.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY, ON THE
EXPEDIENCY OF ADOPTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION,
DELIVERED IN THE CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA, JUNE 5, 1788

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am much obliged to the very worthy gentleman for his encomium. I wish I were possessed of talents, or possessed of any thing, that might enable me to elucidate this great subject. I am not free from suspicion : I am apt to entertain doubts : I rose yesterday to ask a

question, which arose in my own mind. When I asked that question, I thought the meaning of my interrogation was obvious: the fate of this question and of America may depend on this. Have they said, we, the states? Have they made a proposal of a compact between states? If they had, this would be a confederation: it is otherwise most clearly a consolidated government. The question turns, sir, on that poor little thing—the expression, we, the people, instead of, the states of America. I need not take much pains to show, that the principles of this system are extremely pernicious, impolitic, and dangerous. Is this a monarchy, like England—a compact between prince and people; with checks on the former to secure the liberty of the latter? Is this a confederacy, like Holland—an association of a number of independent states, each of which retains its individual sovereignty? It is not a democracy, wherein the people retain all their rights securely. Had these principles been adhered to, we should not have been brought to this alarming transition, from a confederacy to a consolidated government. We have no detail of those great considerations which, in my opinion, ought to have abounded before we should recur to a government of this kind. Here is a revolution as radical as that which separated us from Great Britain. It is as radical, if, in this transition, our rights and privileges are endangered, and the sovereignty of the states relinquished. And cannot we plainly see, that this is actually the case? The rights of conscience, trial by jury, liberty of the press, all your immunities and franchises, all pretensions to human rights and privileges, are rendered insecure, if not lost, by this change so loudly talked of by some, and inconsiderately by others. Is this tame relinquishment of rights worthy of freemen? Is it worthy of that manly fortitude that ought to characterize republicans? It is said eight states have adopted this plan. I declare that if twelve states and a half had adopted it, I would, with manly firmness, and in spite of an erring world, reject it.

You are not to inquire how your trade may be increased, nor how you are to become a great and powerful people, but how your liberties can be secured; for liberty ought to be the direct end of your government. Is it necessary for your liberty, that you should abandon those great rights by

the adoption of this system? Is the relinquishment of the trial by jury, and the liberty of the press, necessary for your liberty? Will the abandonment of your most sacred rights tend to the security of your liberty? Liberty, the greatest of all earthly blessings—give us that precious jewel, and you may take every thing else.

53 —SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I shall be told I am continually afraid; but, sir, I have strong cause of apprehension. In some parts of the plan before you, the great rights of freemen are endangered, in other parts absolutely taken away. How does your trial by jury stand? In civil cases gone—not sufficiently secured in criminal—this best privilege is gone. But we are told, that we need not fear, because those in power, being our representatives, will not abuse the powers we put in their hands. I am not well versed in history; but I will submit to your recollection, whether liberty has been destroyed most often by the licentiousness of the people, or by the tyranny of rulers. I imagine, sir, you will find the balance on the side of tyranny. Happy will you be, if you miss the fate of those nations, who, omitting to resist their oppressors, or negligently suffering their liberty to be wrested from them, have groaned under intolerable despotism!

Most of the human race are now in this deplorable condition. And those nations who have gone in search of grandeur, power, and splendour, have also fallen a sacrifice, and been the victims of their own folly. While they acquired those visionary blessings, they lost their freedom.

My great objection to this government is, that it does not leave us the means of defending our rights, or of waging war against tyrants. It is urged by some gentlemen, that this new plan will bring us an acquisition of strength; an army, and the militia of the states. This is an idea extremely ridiculous: gentlemen cannot be in earnest. This acquisition will trample on your fallen liberty. Let my beloved Americans guard against that fatal lethargy that has pervaded the universe. Have we the means of resisting disciplined armies, when our only defence, the militia, is put into the hands of Congress?

The honourable gentleman said, that great danger would ensue, if the convention rose without adopting this system. I ask, where is that danger? I see none. Other gentlemen have told us, within these walls, that the union is gone—or that the anion will be gone. Is not this trifling with the judgment of their fellow citizens? 'Till they tell us the ground of their fears, I will consider them as imaginary. I rose to make inquiry where those dangers were: they could make no answer: I believe I never shall have that answer. Is there a disposition in the people of this country to revolt against the dominion of laws? Has there been a single tumult in Virginia? Have not the people of Virginia, when labouring under the severest pressure of accumulated distresses, manifested the most cordial acquiescence in the execution of the laws? What could be more lawful than their unanimous acquiescence under general distresses? Is there any revolution in Virginia? Whither is the spirit of America gone? Whither is the genius of America fled? It was but yesterday, when our enemies marched in triumph through our country. Yet the people of this country could not be appalled by their pompous armaments: they stopped their career, and victoriously captured them: where is the peril now, compared to that?

Some minds are agitated by foreign alarms. Happily for us, there is no real danger from Europe: that country is engaged in more arduous business: from that quarter, there is no cause of fear: you may sleep in safety for ever for them. Where is the danger? If, sir, there was any, I would recur to the American spirit to defend us—that spirit which has enabled us to surmount the greatest difficulties; to that illustrious spirit I address my most fervent prayer, to prevent our adopting a system destructive to liberty.

Let not gentlemen be told, that it is not safe to reject this government. Wherefore is it not safe? We are told there are dangers; but those dangers are ideal; they cannot be demonstrated. To encourage us to adopt it, they tell us, that there is a plain, easy way of getting amendments. When I come to contemplate this part, I suppose that I am mad, or that my countrymen are so. The way to amendment is, in my conception, shut.

54.—THIRD EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—The honourable gentleman's observations, respecting the people's right of being the agents in the formation of this government, are not accurate, in my humble conception. The distinction between a national government and a confederacy is not sufficiently discerned. Had the delegates, who were sent to Philadelphia, a power to propose a consolidated government instead of a confederacy? Were they not deputed by states, and not by the people? The assent of the people, in their collective capacity, is not necessary to the formation of a federal government. The people have no right to enter into leagues, alliances, or confederations: they are not the proper agents for this purpose: states and sovereign powers are the only proper agents for this kind of government. Show me an instance where the people have exercised this business: has it not always gone through the legislatures? I refer you to the treaties with France, Holland, and other nations: how were they made? Were they not made by the states? Are the people, therefore, in their aggregate capacity, the proper persons to form a confederacy? This, therefore, ought to depend on the consent of the legislatures; the people having never sent delegates to make any proposition of changing the government. Yet I must say, at the same time, that it was made on grounds the most pure; and perhaps I might have been brought to consent to it, so far as to the change of government; but there is one thing in it which I never would acquiesce in. I mean, the changing it into a consolidated government, which is so abhorrent to my mind.

The honourable gentleman then went on to the figure we make with foreign nations; the contemptible one we make in France and Holland, which, according to the substance of my notes, he attributes to the present feeble government. An opinion has gone forth, we find, that we are a contemptible people: the time has been when we were thought otherwise. Under this same despised government, we commanded the respect of all Europe: wherefore are we now reckoned otherwise? The American spirit has fled from hence: it has gone to regions where it has never been expected: it has gone to the people of France, in search

of a splendid government—a strong energetic government. Shall we imitate the example of those nations who have gone from a simple to a splendid government? Are those nations more worthy of our imitation? What can make an adequate satisfaction to them for the loss they have suffered in attaining such a government—for the loss of their liberty? If we admit this consolidated government, it will be because we like a great and splendid one. Some way or other we must be a great and mighty empire: we must have an army, and a navy, and a number of things. When the American spirit was in its youth, the language of America was different: liberty, sir, was then the primary object. We are descended from a people whose government was founded on liberty: our glorious forefathers, of Great Britain, made liberty the foundation of every thing. That country is become a great, mighty, and splendid nation; not because their government is strong and energetic; but, sir, because liberty is its direct end and foundation. We drew the spirit of liberty from our British ancestors: by that spirit we have triumphed over every difficulty. But now, sir, the American spirit, assisted by the ropes and chains of consolidation, is about to convert this country into a powerful and mighty empire. If you make the citizens of this country agree to become the subjects of one great consolidated empire of America, your government will not have sufficient energy to keep them together: such a government is incompatible with the genius of republicanism. There will be no checks, no real balances, in this government. What can avail your specious, imaginary balances—your rope-dancing, chain-rattling, ridiculous, ideal checks and contrivances? But, sir, we are not feared by foreigners: we do not make nations tremble. Would this constitute happiness, or secure liberty? I trust, sir, our political hemisphere will ever direct its operations to the security of those objects. Consider our situation, sir: go to the poor man; ask him what he does; he will inform you that he enjoys the fruits of his labour, under his own fig tree, with his wife and children around him in peace and security. Go to every other member of the society; you will find the same tranquil ease and content; you will find no alarms or disturbances! Why, then, tell us of dangers, to terrify us into an adoption of this new form of government? And yet

who knows the dangers that this new system may produce? They are out of the sight of the common people: they cannot foresee latent consequences. I dread the operation of it on the middling and lower classes of people: it is for them I fear the adoption of this system.

55.—FOURTH EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—The next clause of the bill of rights tells you, “that all power of suspending law, or the execution of laws, by any authority, without the consent of the representatives of the people, is injurious to their rights, and ought not to be exercised.” This tells us that there can be no suspension of government, or laws, without our own consent; yet this constitution can counteract and suspend any of our laws, that contravene its oppressive operation; for they have the power of direct taxation, which suspends our bill of rights; and it is expressly provided, that they can make all laws necessary for carrying their powers into execution; and it is declared paramount to the laws and constitutions of the states. Consider how the only remaining defence we have left is destroyed in this manner. Besides the expenses of maintaining the senate and other house in as much splendour as they please, there is to be a great and mighty president, with very extensive powers—the powers of a king. He is to be supported in extravagant magnificence; so that the whole of our property may be taken by this American government, by laying what taxes they please, giving themselves what salaries they please, and suspending our laws at their pleasure.

I might be thought too inquisitive, but I believe I should take up but very little of your time in enumerating the little power that is left to the government of Virginia; for this power is reduced to little or nothing. Their garrisons, magazines, arsenals, and forts, which will be situated in the strongest places within the states—their ten miles square, with all the fine ornaments of human life, added to their powers, and taken from the states, will reduce the power of the latter to nothing.

The voice of tradition, I trust, will inform posterity of our struggles for freedom. If our descendants be worthy the name of Americans, they will preserve, and hand down

to their latest posterity, the transactions of the present times ; and though I confess my exclamations are not worthy the hearing, they will see that I have done my utmost to preserve their liberty : for I never will give up the power of direct taxation, but for a scourge. I am willing to give it conditionally ; that is, after non-compliance with requisitions : I will do more, sir, and what I hope will convince the most skeptical man, that I am a lover of the American union ; that in case Virginia shall not make punctual payment, the control of our custom-houses, and the whole regulation of trade, shall be given to congress ; and that Virginia shall depend on congress even for passports, till Virginia shall have paid the last farthing, and furnished the last soldier.

Nay, sir, there is another alternative to which I would consent ; even that they should strike us out of the union, and take away from us all federal privileges, till we comply with federal requisitions ; but let it depend upon our own pleasure to pay our money in the most easy manner for our people. Were all the states, more terrible than the mother country, to join against us, I hope Virginia could defend herself ; but, sir, the dissolution of the union is most abhorrent to my mind. The first thing I have at heart is American liberty ; the second thing is American union ; and I hope the people of Virginia will endeavour to preserve that union. The increasing population of the Southern States is far greater than that of New England ; consequently, in a short time, they will be far more numerous than the people of that country. Consider this, and you will find this state more particularly interested to support American liberty, and not bind our posterity by an improvident relinquishment of our rights. I would give the best security for a punctual compliance with requisitions ; but I beseech gentlemen, at all hazards, not to grant this unlimited power of taxation.

56.—FIFTH EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—This constitution is said to have beautiful features ; but when I come to examine these features sir, they appear to me horribly frightful. Among other

deformities, it has an awful squinting; it squints toward monarchy : and does not this raise indignation in the breast of every true American? Your president may easily become king. Your senate is so imperfectly constructed, that your dearest rights may be sacrificed by what may be a small minority ; and a very small minority may continue for ever unchangeably this government, although horridly defective. Where are your checks in this government? Your strongholds will be in the hands of your enemies. It is on a supposition that your American governors shall be honest, that all the good qualities of this government are founded ; but its defective and imperfect construction puts it in their power to perpetrate the worst of mischief, should they be bad men. And, sir, would not all the world, from the eastern to the western hemisphere, blame our distracted folly in resting our rights upon the contingency of our rulers being good or bad? Show me that age and country where the rights and liberties of the people were placed on the sole chance of their rulers being good men, without a consequent loss of liberty. I say that the loss of that dearest privilege has ever followed, with absolute certainty, every such mad attempt.

If your American chief be a man of ambition and abilities, how easy will it be for him to render himself absolute ! The army is in his hands, and, if he be a man of address, it will be attached to him ; and it will be the subject of long meditation with him to seize the first auspicious moment to accomplish his design. And, sir, will the American spirit solely relieve you when this happens? I would rather infinitely—and I am sure most of this convention are of the same opinion—have a king, lords and commons, than a government so replete with such insupportable evils. If we make a king, we may prescribe the rules by which he shall rule his people, and interpose such checks as shall prevent him from infringing them ; but the president in the field, at the head of his army, can prescribe the terms on which he shall reign master, so far that it will puzzle any American ever to get his neck from under the galling yoke.

I cannot, with patience, think of this idea. If ever he violates the laws, one of two things will happen : he will come at the head of his army to carry every thing before

nim ; or, he will give bail, or do what Mr. Chief Justice will order him. If he be guilty, will not the recollection of his crimes teach him to make one bold push for the American throne? Will not the immense difference between being master of every thing, and being ignominiously tried and punished, powerfully excite him to make this bold push? But, sir, where is the existing force to punish him? Can he not, at the head of his army, beat down every opposition? Away with your president: we shall have a king: the army will salute him monarch: your militia will leave you, and assist in making him king, and fight against you: and what have you to oppose this force? What will then become of you and your rights? Will not absolute despotism ensue?

HENRY

57.—THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

BEYOND Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had roll'd the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
O'er nature's still convexity!

High on the heath our tents were spread,
The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chill'd head
The banners flapp'd incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn
The quivering drum, the pealing horn,—
From rank to rank the cry is borne
“Arouse for death or victory!”

The orb of day, in crimson dye,
Began to mount the morning sky,
Then, what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the bold declivity!

The serried bayonets glittering stood.
Like icicles, on hills of blood;
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
Reel'd in the flickering canopy.

Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions, stern and vast,
Rush'd to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er ; the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke :
The air grows sick ; the mountains rock -
Red ruin rides triumphantly.

Light boil'd the war-cloud to the sky,
In phantom towers and columns high,
But dark and dense their bases lie,
Prone on the battle's boundary.

The thistle waved her bonnet blue,
The harp her wildest war-notes threw,
The red rose gain'd a fresher hue,
Busaco, in thy heraldry.

Hail, gallant brothers ! Wo befall
The foe that braves thy triple wall !
Thy sons, O wretched Portugal !
Roused at their feats of chivalry.

ANONYMOUS.

58.—BOADICEA, AN ODE.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods ;

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke,
Full of rage and full of grief :

Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.
Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states,
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.
Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.
Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.
Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe.
Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due,
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you. COWPER

59.—ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O ! sacred truth ! thy triumph ceased a while,
And hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
O Heaven ! he cried,—my bleeding country save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply ;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—
O ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo !
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;—
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry !

O ! righteous Heaven ! ere freedom found a grave,
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save ?
 Where was thine arm, O vengeance ! where thy rod
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God ?
 That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
 Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar ?
 Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
 Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
 Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
 And heaved an ocean on their march below ?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
 Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van !
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own !
 O ! once again to freedom's cause return
 The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn !

CAMPBELL.

 60.—ON ANCIENT GREECE.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave !—
 Whose land from plain to mountain cave
 Was freedom's home or glory's grave—
 Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
 That this is all remains of thee ?
 Approach, thou craven, crouching slave,
 Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
 These waters blue that round you lave,
 O servile offspring of the free—
 Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
 The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
 These scenes—their story not unknown—
 Arise, and make again your own ;
 Snatch from the ashes of your sires
 The embers of their former fires,
 And he who in the strife expires
 Will add to theirs a name of fear,
 That tyranny shall quake to hear,
 And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
 They too will rather die than shame ;

For freedom's battle once begun,
 Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
 Though baffled oft, is ever won.
 Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
 Attest it, many a deathless age !
 While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
 Have left a nameless pyramid,
 Thy heroes, though the general doom
 Hath swept the column from their tomb
 A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of their native land !
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
 Each step from splendour to disgrace ;
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell ;
 Yes ! self-abasement paved the way
 To villain bonds and despot sway. BYRON

61.—LOUDHON'S ATTACK—A HUNGARIAN WAR-SONG.

Rise, ye Croats, fierce and strong,
 Form the front and march along ;
 And gather fast, ye gallant men
 Of Nona and of Warrasden,
 Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
 Generous as her fiery wine ;
 Hosts of Buda, hither bring
 The bloody flag, and eagle wing ;
 Ranks of Agria, head and heel
 Sheathed in adamantine steel,
 Quit the woodlands and the boar,
 Ye hunters wild on Drova's shore ;
 And ye that hew her oaken wood,
 Brown with lusty hardihood,
 The trumpets sound, the colours fly,
 And Loudhon leads to victory !
 Hark ! the summons loud and strong—
 " Follow, soldiers—march along ;"—
 Every baron, sword in hand,
 Rides before his gallant band ;

The vulture, screaming for his food,
Conducts you to the field of blood,
And bids the sword of valour seek
For nurture to his gory beak !

Men of Austria, mark around,
Classic fields and holy ground ;
For here were deeds of glory done,
And battles by our fathers won—
Fathers who bequeathed to you
Their country and their courage too ;
Heirs of plunder and renown,
Hew the squadrons—hew them down.
Now ye triumph—Slaughter now
Tears the field with bloody plough ;
And all the streamy shore resounds
With shouts and shrieks and sabre-wounds !
Now your thunders carry fate ;
Now the field is desolate—
Save where Loudhon's eagles fly
On the wings of victory !
This is glory, this is life !
Champions of a noble strife,
Moving like a wall of rock
To stormy siege or battle-shock ;
Thus we conquer might and main,
Fight and conquer o'er again :
Grenadiers, that, fierce and large,
Stamp like dragons to the charge ;
Foot and horsemen, serf and lord,
Triumph now with one accord !
Years of triumph shall repay
Death and dangers' troubled day.
Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
But glory lasts for evermore—
Glory, whose immortal eye
Guides us to the victory !

ANONYMOUS

62.—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Lo ! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,

At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepared,
And fenced around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
And every age, and nation, pours along ;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng ;
Adam salutes his youngest son : no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent !—
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days !
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood !
Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not to number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore :
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, fall ; another, stand ;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Roused the broad front, and call'd the battle on ;
Great Xerxes' world in arms ; proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield ;
Immortal Blenheim, famed Ramillia's host ;
They all are here, and here they all are lost :
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in the unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air :
“ For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare ! ”
“ O thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

May sea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
 To bring the eternal Author to my mind !
 When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul !
 When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine !" YOUNG.

**63.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF EDMUND RANDOLPH ON
 THE EXPEDIENCY OF ADOPTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITU-
 TION, DELIVERED IN THE CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA, JUNE
 6, 1788.**

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am a child of the revolution. My country, very early indeed, took me under her protect on, at a time when I most wanted it, and by a succession of favours and honours, prevented even my most ardent wishes. I feel the highest gratitude and attachment to my country ; her felicity is the most fervent prayer of my heart. Conscious of having exerted my faculties to the utmost in her behalf, if I have not succeeded in securing the esteem of my countrymen, I shall reap abundant consolation from the rectitude of my intentions : honours, when compared to the satisfaction accruing from a conscious independence and rectitude of conduct, are no equivalent. 'The unwearied study of my life shall be to promote her happiness. As a citizen, ambition and popularity are no objects with me. I expect in the course of a year to retire to that private station which I most sincerely and cordially prefer to all others.

The security of public justice, sir, is what I most fervently wish—as I consider that object to be the primary step to the attainment of public happiness. I can declare to the whole world, that in the part I take in this very important question, I am actuated by a regard for what I conceive to be our true interest. I can also, with equal sincerity, declare that I would join heart and hand in rejecting this system, did I conceive it would promote our happiness ; but, having a strong conviction on my mind, at this time, that, by a disunion, we shall throw away all those blessings we have so earnestly fought for, and that a rejection of the constitution will operate disunion—pardon

me if I discharge the obligation I owe to my country by voting for its adoption.

We are told that the report of dangers is false. The cry of peace, sir, is false: say peace, when there is peace: it is but a sudden calm. The tempest growls over you—look around—wheresoever you look, you see danger. When there are so many witnesses, in many parts of America, that justice is suffocated, shall peace and happiness still be said to reign? Candour, sir, requires an undisguised representation of our situation. Candour, sir, demands a faithful exposition of facts. Many citizens have found justice strangled and trampled under foot, through the course of jurisprudence in this country. Are those, who have debts due them, satisfied with your government? Are not creditors wearied with the tedious procrastination of your legal process—a process obscured by legislative mists? Cast your eyes to your seaports—see how commerce languishes: this country, so blessed, by nature, with every advantage that can render commerce profitable, through defective legislation, is deprived of all the benefits and emoluments she might otherwise reap from it.

We hear many complaints on the subject of located lands—a variety of competitors claiming the same lands under legislative acts—public faith prostrated, and private confidence destroyed. I ask you if your laws are revered. In every well-regulated community, the laws command respect. Are yours entitled to reverence? We not only see violations of the constitution, but of national principles in repeated instances. How is the fact? The history of the violations of the constitution extends from the year 1776 to this present time—violations made by formal acts of the legislature: every thing has been drawn within the legislative vortex. There is one example of this violation in Virginia, of a most striking and shocking nature; an example so horrid, that if I conceived my country would passively permit a repetition of it, dear as it is to me, I would seek means of expatriating myself from it

64.—SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am sorry to be obliged to detain the house; but the relation of a variety of matter renders it

now unavoidable. I informed the house yesterday, before rising, that I intended to show the necessity of having a national government, in preference to the confederation; also, to show the necessity of conceding the power of taxation, and of distinguishing between its objects; and I am the more happy, that I possess materials of information for that purpose. My intention then is, to satisfy the gentlemen of this committee, that a national government is absolutely indispensable, and that a confederacy is not eligible, in our present situation. The introductory step to this will be, to endeavour to convince the house of the necessity of the union, and that the present confederation is actually inadequate, and unamendable.

The extent of the country is objected to, by the gentleman over the way, as an insurmountable obstacle to the establishing a national government in the United States. It is a very strange and inconsistent doctrine, to admit the necessity of the union, and yet urge this last objection, which I think goes radically to the existence of the union itself. If the extent of the country be a conclusive argument against a national government, it is equally so against a union with the other states. Instead of entering largely into a discussion of the nature and effect of the different kinds of government, or into an inquiry into a particular extent of country, that may suit the genius of this or that government, I ask this question—Is this government necessary for the safety of Virginia? Is the union indispensable for our happiness?

I confess it is imprudent for any nation to form alliance with another, whose situation and construction of government are dissimilar with its own. It is impolitic and improper for men of opulence to join their interest with men of indigence and chance. But we are now inquiring, particularly, whether Virginia, as contradistinguished from the other states, can exist without the union—a hard question, perhaps, after what has been said. I will venture, however, to say, she cannot. I shall not rest contented with asserting—I shall endeavour to prove.

Look at the most powerful nations on earth. England and France have had recourse to this expedient. Those countries found it necessary to unite with their immediate neighbours, and this union has prevented the most lament

able mischiefs. What divine pre-eminence is Virginia possessed of, above other states? Can Virginia send her navy and thunder, to bid defiance to foreign nations? And can she exist without a union with her neighbours, when the most potent nations have found such a union necessary, not only to their political felicity, but their national existence? Let us examine her ability. Although it be impossible to determine, with accuracy, what degree of internal strength a nation ought to possess, to enable it to stand by itself; yet there are certain sure facts and circumstances, which demonstrate, that a particular nation cannot stand singly. I have spoken with freedom, and I trust I have done it with decency; but I must also speak with truth. If Virginia can exist without the union, she must derive that ability from one or other of these sources, viz. from her natural situation, or because she has no reason to fear from other nations.

What is her situation? She is not inaccessible. She is not a petty republic, like that of St. Marino, surrounded with rocks and mountains, with a soil not very fertile, nor worthy the envy of surrounding nations. Were this, sir, her situation, she might, like that petty state, subsist separated from the world. On the contrary, she is very accessible: the large capacious bay of Chesapeake, which is but too excellently adapted for the admission of enemies, renders her very vulnerable. I am informed, and I believe rightly, because I derive my information from those whose knowledge is most respectable, that Virginia is in a very unhappy position, with respect to the access of foes by sea, though happily situated for commerce.

This being her situation by sea, let us look at land. She has frontiers adjoining the states of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina. Two of those states have declared themselves members of the union. Will she be inaccessible to the inhabitants of those states? Cast your eyes to the western country, that is inhabited by cruel savages, your natural enemies. Besides their natural propensity to barbarity, they may be excited, by the gold of foreign enemies, to commit the most horrid ravages on your people. Our great, increasing population is one remedy to this evil; but, being scattered thinly over so extensive a

country, how difficult it is to collect their strength, or defend the country !

Will the American spirit, so much spoken of, repel an invading enemy, or enable you to obtain an advantageous peace ? Manufactures and military stores may afford relief to a country exposed : have we these at present ? Attempts have been made to have these here. If we shall be separated from the union, shall our chance of having these be greater ? Or will not the want of these be more deplorable ? We shall be told of the exertions of Virginia, under the confederation—her achievements, when she had no commerce. These, sir, were necessary for her immediate safety ; nor would these have availed, without the aid of the other states. Those states, then our friends, brothers, and supporters, will, if disunited from us, be our bitterest enemies.

If then, sir, Virginia, from her situation, is not inaccessible, or invulnerable, let us consider if she be protected, by having no cause to fear from other nations : has she no cause to fear ? You will have cause to fear as a nation, if disunited ; you will not only have this cause to fear from yourselves, from that species of population I before mentioned, and your once sister states, but from the arms of other nations. Have you no cause of fear from Spain, whose dominions border on your country ? Every nation, every people, in our circumstances, has always had abundant cause to fear.

Let us see the danger to be apprehended from France : let us suppose Virginia separated from the other states : as part of the former confederated states, she will owe France a very considerable sum—France will be as magnanimous as ever. France, by the law of nations, will have a right to demand the whole of her, or of the others. If France were to demand it, what would become of the property of America ? Could she not destroy what little commerce we have ? Could she not seize our ships, and carry havoc and destruction before her on our shores ? The most lamentable desolation would take place. We owe a debt to Spain also ; do we expect indulgence from that quarter ? That nation has a right to demand the debt due to it, and power to enforce that right. Will the Dutch be silent about the

debt due to them? Is there any one pretension, that any of these nations will be patient.

The debts due the British are also very considerable : these debts have been withheld contrary to treaty : if Great Britain will demand the payment of these debts, peremptorily, what will be the consequence? Can we pay them if demanded? Will no danger result from a refusal? Will the British nation suffer their subjects to be stripped of their property? Is not that nation amply able to do its subjects justice? Will the resentment of that powerful and supercilious nation sleep for ever? If we become one, sole nation, uniting with our sister states, our means of defence will be greater; the indulgence for the payment of those debts will be greater, and the danger of an attack less probable. Moreover, vast quantities of land have been sold, by citizens of this country, to Europeans, and these lands cannot be found. Will this fraud be countenanced or endured? Among so many causes of danger, shall we be secure, separated from our sister states? Weakness itself, sir, will invite some attack upon your country.

Contemplate our situation deliberately, and consult history : it will inform you, that people in our circumstances have ever been attacked and successfully : open any page, and you will there find our danger truly depicted. If such a people had any thing, was it not taken? The fate which will befall us, I fear, sir, will be, that we shall be made a partition of. How will these our troubles be removed? Can we have any dependence on commerce? Can we make any computation on this subject? Where will our flag appear? So high is the spirit of commercial nations, that they will spend five times the value of the object, to exclude their rivals from a participation in commercial profits : they seldom regard any expenses.

If we should be divided from the rest of the states, upon what footing would our navigation in the Mississippi be? What would be the probable conduct of France and Spain? Every gentleman may imagine, in his own mind, the natural consequences. To these considerations I might add many others of a similar nature. Were I to say, that the boundary between us and North Carolina is not yet settled, I should be told, that Virginia and that state go together

But what, sir, will be the consequence of the dispute that may arise between us and Maryland, on the subject of Potomac river? It is thought Virginia has a right to an equal navigation with them in that river. If ever it should be decided on grounds of prior right, their charter will inevitably determine it in their favour. The country called the Northern Neck will probably be severed from Virginia. There is not a doubt but the inhabitants of that part will annex themselves to Maryland, if Virginia refuses to accede to the union. The recent example of those regulations, lately made respecting that territory, will illustrate that probability. Virginia will also be in danger of a conflict with Pennsylvania, on the subject of boundaries. I know that some gentlemen are thoroughly persuaded, that we have a right to those disputed boundaries: if we have such a right, I know not where it is to be found.

Are we not borderers on states that will be separated from us? Call to mind the history of every part of the world, where nations have bordered on one another, and consider the consequences of our separation from the union. Peruse those histories, and you find such countries to have ever been almost a perpetual scene of bloodshed and slaughter. The inhabitants of one, escaping from punishment into the other—protection given them—consequent pursuit, robbery, cruelty, and murder. A numerous standing army, that dangerous expedient, would be necessary, but not sufficient for the defence of such borders. Every gentleman will amplify the scene in his own mind. If you wish to know the extent of such a scene, look at the history of England and Scotland before the union; you will see their borderers continually committing depredations and cruelties, of the most calamitous and deplorable nature, on one another.

65.—THIRD EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am afraid I have tired the patience of this house; but I trust you will pardon me, as I was urged by the importunity of the gentleman in calling for the reasons of laying the groundwork of this plan. It is objected by the honourable gentleman over the way, (Mr

George Mason,) that a republican government is impracticable in an extensive territory, and the extent of the United States is urged as a reason for the rejection of this constitution. Let us consider the definition of a republican government as laid down by a man who is highly esteemed. Montesquieu, so celebrated among politicians, says, "that a republican government is that in which the body, or only a part of the people, is possessed of the supreme power; a monarchical, that in which a single person governs, by fixed and established laws; a despotic government, that in which a single person, without law and without rule, directs every thing by his own will and caprice." This author has not distinguished a republican government from a monarchy by the extent of its boundaries, but by the nature of its principles. He, in another place, contradistinguishes it, as a government of laws, in opposition to others, which he denominates a government of men.

The empire, or government of laws, according to that phrase, is that in which the laws are made with the free will of the people; hence, then, if laws be made by the assent of the people, the government may be deemed free. When laws are made with integrity, and executed with wisdom, the question is, whether a great extent of country will tend to abridge the liberty of the people. If defensive force be necessary, in proportion to the extent of country, I conceive that, in a judiciously-constructed government, be the country ever so extensive, its inhabitants will be proportionably numerous, and able to defend it. Extent of country, in my conception, ought to be no bar to the adoption of a good government. No extent on earth seems to me too great, provided the laws be wisely made and executed. The principles of representation and responsibility may pervade a large as well as a small territory: and tyranny is as easily introduced into a small as into a large district. If it be answered, that some of the most illustrious and distinguished authors are of a contrary opinion, I reply, that authority has no weight with me, till I am convinced that not the dignity of names, but the force of reasoning, gains my assent.

I intended to have shown the nature of the powers which ought to have been given to the general government, and the reason of investing it with the power of taxation; but

this would require more time than my strength or the patience of the committee would now admit of. I shall conclude with a few observations, which come from my heart. I have laboured for the continuance of the union—the rock of our salvation. I believe that as sure as there is a God in heaven, our safety, our political happiness and existence, depend on the union of the states; and that, without this union, the people of this and the other states will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed have produced in other countries.

The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see the union magnificently triumph. Let that glorious pride which once defied the British thunder, reanimate you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valour and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform posterity that they wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer, doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation of an honest historian, he would reprehend and recriminate our folly with equal severity and justice.

Catch the present moment; seize it with avidity and eagerness; for it may be lost, never to be regained. If the union be now lost, I fear it will remain so for ever. I believe gentlemen are sincere in their opposition, and actuated by pure motives; but when I maturely weigh the advantages of the union, and dreadful consequences of its dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruction on my left; when I behold respectability and happiness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other,—I cannot hesitate to decide in favour of the former. I hope my weakness, from speaking so long, will apologize for my leaving this subject in so mutilated a condition. If a further explanation be desired, I shall take the liberty to enter into it more fully another time.

66.—THE DYING CHIEF.

THE stars look'd down on the battle plain,
Where night-winds were deeply sighing,
And with shatter'd lance near his war steed slain,
Lay a youthful chieftain dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast
The banner, once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
By the rushing Guadalquiver,
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wound,
There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping,
But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
Where the land's high hearts were sleeping!

And "Away!" he cried—"your aid is vain,
My soul may not brook recalling,—
I have seen the stately flower of Spain
Like the autumn vine leaves falling!

"I have seen the Moorish banners wave
O'er the halls where my youth was cherish'd;
I have drawn a sword that could not save;
I have stood where my king hath perish'd;

Leave me to die with the free and brave,
On the banks of my own bright river!
Ye can give me naught but a warrior's grave,
By the chainless Guadalquiver!"

ANONYMOUS.

67.—FROM THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
 Where the light wings of zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye:
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
 'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the sun—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 O! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell
BYRON.

68.—THE MARINER'S DREAM.

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
 His hammock-swung loose at the sport of the wind,
 But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dream'd of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 On pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
 While memory stood sideways half cover'd with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
 Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall
 All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
 His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear;
 And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er ;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
“ O God ! thou hast blest me, I ask for no more.”

Ah ! whence is the flame which now bursts on his eye ?
Ah ! what is that sound that now larums his ear ?
'Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky !
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck ;
Amazement confronts him with images dire ;—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck,
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save ;—
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

O, sailor boy ! wo to thy dream of delight !
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss ;—
Where now is the picture that fancy touch'd bright,
'Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honey'd kiss ?

O ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay ;
Unbless'd and unhonour'd, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be
And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll ;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
O, sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul !

DIMOND.

69.—THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

MARK! hear ye the sounds that the winds on their pinions
 Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
 With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions!
 'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold on yon summits where Heaven has throned her,
 How she starts from her proud inaccessible seat;
 With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
 And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
 While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior song
 From the rock to the valley re-echo, "Awaken,
 Awaken, ye hearts that have slumber'd too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us,
 In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
 Till we learn'd that the links of the chain that controll'd us
 Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroy'd, and no longer availing.
 Despised as detested—pause well ere ye dare
 To cope with a people whose spirits and feeling
 Are roused by remembrance and steel'd by despair.

Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
 The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confines
 them,

But presume not again to give freemen a law,
 Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To hearts that the spirit of liberty flushes,
 Resistance is idle,—and numbers a dream;—
 They burst from control, as the mountain stream rushes
 From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.

ANONYMOUS.

70.—LOCHINVAR.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broad sword he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?"

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
" Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bridemaids whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he'sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode, and they
ran ;

There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?
SIR W. SCOTT.

71.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF ROBERT G. HARPER, ON
THE NECESSITY OF RESISTING THE AGGRESSIONS AND
ENCROACHMENTS OF FRANCE, DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES, MAY 29, 1797.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—It being, as I conceive, perfectly manifest from all these considerations, that the plan of France has always been to draw us into the war; the house is furnished with a ready solution of her anger against the British treaty, and a clue to all her present measures. It is evident, that her anger at the treaty has arisen entirely from its having defeated her plan of drawing us into the war; and it will readily appear, that the whole aim and object of her present measures are to compel us to renounce it; to drive us into that quarrel with England, into which she has failed in her attempts to entice us. She must either mean this, or she must mean seriously to attack us, and drive us into a war against herself. To discover which of these is her real object, what is the true motive of her present measures, is of the utmost importance; because till that is done, it will be difficult to determine in what manner those measures ought to be counteracted, which is the point immediately under consideration. I can never believe that it is the intention of France seriously to attack this country, or to drive it into a war against herself. She has too much to lose and too little to gain by such a contest, to have seriously resolved on it, or even to wish it. In her counsels I have observed great wickedness, but no folly; and it would be the extreme of folly in her to compel this country to become her enemy; especially in the present war, when we can throw so formidable a weight into the opposite scale.

France well knows our power in that respect, and will not compel us to exert it. She well knows that we possess more ships and more seamen than any country upon earth, except England alone. She well knows that

our sailors are the most brave, skilful, and enterprising in the world, and, that by arming our vessels, our commerce would soon be made to float safe from privateers; while her fleets and large ships would be kept in awe by those of England. She knows that in the late war the state of Massachusetts alone with its privateers took one-third of all the merchant ships of Great Britain; and that, though she had no commerce to be attacked, these maritime materials, greatly increased since that time, would enable us, if driven to the necessity, to create speedily a formidable marine, with which we could not only defend ourselves, but attack her possessions. She knows that we have a population not far short of six millions, and that the martial spirit, which conducted us gloriously through the trying scenes of the late war, though dormant indeed, could not have been extinguished. She knows that by co-operating with the English, (a co-operation which must result naturally from our being driven into the war,) by opening our harbours to their ships, permitting them to arm, refit, and victual in our ports, to recruit among our seamen, and to employ our vessels as transports, we could give them a most decided preponderance in the American seas, under which her own colonies, and those of Spain and Holland, which she most justly considers as her own, must speedily fall.

She knows, that in case of a war with us, Spain and Holland, who must be her allies, would be within our grasp. She knows that the Americans could and would lay hold of New Orleans and the Floridas, and that they are well acquainted with the road to Mexico; and she would dread that enterprising valour which formerly led them, through barren wilds and frozen mountains, to the walls of Quebec. She knows, in fine, that to drive this country into a war with her at the present juncture, would bring about that co-operation of means, and that union of interests and views, between us and the English, which it has been the great object of her policy to prevent, and which she had undertaken two wars, in the course of half a century for the sole and express purpose of breaking. It is, therefore, I think, impossible to conceive, that France means to drive or provoke us into war.

Her object, in my opinion, must be altogether different. It must be to compel us to renounce the British treaty, and

renew all our differences with that nation, under circumstances of irritation which must speedily end in a rupture. What has led her to form this project? From whence could she derive hopes of success? She has been led to form it, in my opinion, from a persuasion, erroneous indeed, but favoured by many appearances, that we are a weak, pusillanimous people, too much devoted to gain to regard our honour, too careful about our property to risk it in support of our rights, too much divided to exert our strength, too distrustful of our own government to defend it, too much devoted to her to repel her aggressions at the risk of a quarrel, too much exasperated against England to consent to that co-operation which must of necessity grow out of resistance to France.

Various occurrences have combined to produce and confirm this persuasion, and the forbearance, which our government has exercised toward herself, is not the least of them. She has seen us submit, with patience, to the insults and outrages of three successive ministers, for the very least of which, she would have sent the minister of any nation out of her country, if not to the guillotine. The minister of the grand-duke of Tuscany, with whom France had recently concluded a treaty, learning that the daughter of Louis the Sixteenth was to be sent out of the country, requested permission to pay her a visit. This request to visit an unfortunate young lady, the near relation of his sovereign, and whose tender age, no less than her sex, her virtues, and her calamities, entitled her to respect, was answered by an order from the directory, to quit the territories of the republic. His expression of a wish to show one mark of regard to virtuous misfortune and suffering innocence, was considered as an affront by the government of France, and punished by the instant dismissal of the minister. Accustomed to act thus herself, how can she impute our long-suffering and forbearance, under the perpetual insolence and insults of her ministers, to any thing but weakness, pusillanimity, or a blind devotedness to herself? The conduct of gentlemen on this floor, too, has more and more confirmed her in this injurious opinion of us; has confirmed her in the erroneous persuasion, that there is a party, in the very bosom of the government, devoted to her interests.

I do not mean to charge gentlemen with acting under

French influence. I am persuaded that, in the course they have taken, they believed themselves to be aiming at the good of their country, which they supposed might best be promoted in the manner recommended by them. But I would ask those gentlemen, and I solemnly call on them to lay their hands on their hearts and answer me—I would ask them whether the course of conduct which they have pursued, is not calculated to impress France with a belief, that they are devoted to her interests, and not to those of their own country? Whether the manner in which they have always connected the interests and wishes of France with their opposition to the measures of this government, does not necessarily tend to create and confirm this belief?

When she saw them constantly making it a ground of opposition to measures, that they would be hurtful or displeasing to her; constantly supporting those plans which she was desirous of seeing adopted; constantly opposing all that she opposed; what could she infer, but that they were a party devoted to her views? As she knows their numbers and importance, and has these apparently strong reasons for relying on their attachment, what can she conclude, but that, however unable they may be to direct the government according to her wishes they will be ready and able so to clog its operations, as to prevent it from adopting or pursuing vigorous measures against her? She no doubt does believe, and there is evidence of the fact from the most respectable quarter, our minister in that country, that she has nothing to do but press hard on the government, in order to lay it, bound hand and foot, at the feet of this party, by means of which she might then govern the country. She is further confirmed in this belief by the conduct of the people of this country by their warm partiality for her cause and her nation, by their enthusiastic exultation in her victories, and the fond sympathizing sorrow with which they mourn her disasters. Mistaking the source of these generous emotions, she has seen in them nothing but the proof of a slavish devotedness to herself, which would render this people incapable of asserting their own rights, when it must be done at the risk of her displeasure. She does not know, nor can she be made to understand, that it is the cause of liberty in which she is thought to be struggling, that inspires this enthusiasm

and that, should she change her conduct, and abandon the principles which she professes, these generous well-wishers would be found among the firmest of her opposers. A similar mistake she committed with respect to England, and that mistake further confirmed her original error. She saw much resentment excited by the attacks and outrages of England, and she supposed that resentment to be deep-rooted and durable. She did not know, and could not conceive, that, when England had given up her injurious pretensions for the future, and agreed to make a fair and just compensation for the past, we should forget our resentments, and cherish sentiments of mutual and friendly intercourse. She supposed these resentments to be far more deeply rooted, more universal, and more permanent than they really are, and relies on them as a certain means of preventing any union of interest and operations between us and England, however recommended by policy or even required by necessity.

In all these delusions she is confirmed by the conduct, the speeches, and the writings of persons in this country, both our own citizens and hers ; by the information and opinions of some of her citizens, who, having resided here, have carried home with them those erroneous opinions which foreigners generally form about countries they visit ; and it is to be feared by the behaviour too of some of our citizens in her own country, who, forgetting the trust reposed in them, and the situations in which they were placed, allowed themselves to pursue a course of conduct and conversation, calculated to confirm France in all her unfounded and injurious opinions respecting this country. Supposing, therefore, that the people of this country are unwilling to oppose her, and the government unable ; that we should prefer peace with submission, to the risk of war ; that a strong party devoted to her will hang on the government, and impede all its measures of reaction ; and that, if she should place us by her aggressions in a situation where the choice should seem to lie between a war with England and a war with her, our hatred to England, joined to those other causes, would force us to take the former part of the alternative ; she has resolved on the measures which she is now pursuing, and the object of which is to make us renounce the treaty with England, and enter into

a quarrel with that nation : in fine, to effect, by force and aggressions, that which she had attempted in vain by four years of intriguing and insidious policy.

If such are her objects, how was she to be induced to renounce them ? By trifling concessions of this, that, or the other article of a treaty ; this, that, or the other advantage in trade ?—No. It seems to me a delusion equally fatal and unaccountable, to suppose that she is to be thus satisfied : to suppose that, by these inconsiderable favours, which she has not even asked for, she is to be bought off from a plan so great and important. It seems to me the most fatal and unaccountable delusion, that can make gentlemen shut their eyes to this testimony of every nation, to this glare of light bursting in from every side ; that can render them blind to the projects of France, to the Herculean strides of her overtowering ambition, which so evidently aims at nothing less than the establishment of universal empire, or universal influence, and has fixed on this country as one of the instruments for accomplishing her plan.

It is against this dangerous delusion that I wish to warn the house and the country. I wish to warn them not to deceive themselves with the vain and fallacious expectation, that the concessions proposed by this amendment will satisfy the wishes or arrest the measures of France. Do I dissuade you from these concessions ? Far from it, I wish them to be offered, and in the way the most likely to give weight to the offer. It is a bridge which I am willing to build, for the pride of France to retreat over ; but what I wish to warn the house against, is the resting satisfied with building the bridge, to the neglect of those measures by which France may be induced to march over it, after it shall be built. I wish to negotiate, and I even rely much on success ; but the success of the negotiation must be secured on this floor. It must be secured by adopting firm language and energetic measures ; measures which will convince France, that those opinions respecting this country, on which her system is founded, are wholly erroneous ; that we are neither a weak, a pusillanimous, or a divided people ; that we are not disposed to barter honour for quiet, nor to save our money at the expense of our rights : which will convince her, that we understood her projects, and are

determined to oppose them, with all our resources, and a the hazard of all our possessions. This, I believe, is the way to ensure success to the negotiation ; and without this I shall consider it as a measure equally vain, weak, and delusive.

When France shall at length be convinced that we are firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and exert all our strength, to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she will soon desist from them. She need not be told what these resources are ; she well knows their greatness and extent ; she well knows that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary. She will not, therefore, drive us to this extremity, but will desist as soon as she finds us determined. I have already touched on our means of injuring France, and of repelling her attacks ; and if those means were less than they are, still they might be rendered all-sufficient, by resolution and courage. It is in these that the strength of nations consists, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money : in the " *unconquerable will—the courage never to submit or yield.*" These are the true sources of national greatness ; and to use the words of a celebrated writer,— " *where these means are not wanting, all others will be found or created.*" It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It is by these, that in latter times, and in the course of the present war, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we, and possessing few of our advantages, have honourably maintained their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself. The Swiss have not been without their trials. They had given refuge to many French emigrants, whom their vengeful and implacable country had driven and pursued from state to state, and whom it wished to deprive of their last asylum in the mountains of Switzerland. The Swiss were required to drive them away, under the pretence that to afford them a retreat was contrary to the laws of neutrality. They at first temporized and evaded the demand : France insisted ; and finding at length that evasion was useless, they assumed a firm attitude, and declared that having

afforded an asylum to those unfortunate exiles, which no law of neutrality forbade, they would protect them in it at every hazard. France, finding them thus resolved, gave up the attempt. This was effected by that determined courage which alone can make a nation great or respectable : and this effect has invariably been produced by the same cause in every age and every clime. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies ? It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ, and Hannibal, victorious over three Roman armies and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword, in the presence of the fathers of the country, not to despair of the republic, marched forth at the head of a people firmly resolved to conquer or die : and that resolution ensured them the victory. When did Athens appear the greatest and the most formidable ? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion, on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the republic, and their ships as their country. It was then they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.

These means, sir, and many others are in our power. Let us resolve to use them, and act so as to convince France that we have taken the resolution, and there is nothing to fear. This conviction will be to us instead of fleets and armies, and even more effectual. Seeing us thus prepared, she will not attack us. Then will she listen to our peaceable proposals ; then will she accept the concessions we mean to offer. But should this offer not be thus supported, should it be attended by any circumstances from which she can discover weakness, distrust, or division, then will she reject it with derision and scorn. I view in the proposed amendment circumstances of this kind ; and for that, among other reasons, shall vote against it. I shall vote against it, not because I am for war, but because I am for peace ; and because I see in this amendment itself, and more especially in the

course to which it points, the means of impeding, instead of promoting, our pacific endeavours. And let it be remembered, that when we give this vote, we vote not only on the peace of our country, but on what is far more important, its rights and its honour.

HARPER.

72.—SONG OF OUTALISSI.

THEN mournfully the parting bugle bid
 Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth ;
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
 His face on earth ;—him watch'd in gloomy ruth,
 His woodland guide : but words had none to soothe
 The grief that knew not consolation's name :
 Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
 He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
 Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame !

“ And I could weep ; ”—the Oneida chief
 His descant wildly thus begun ;
 “ But that I may not stain with grief
 The death song of my father's son !
 Or bow this head in wo ;
 For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
 To-morrow Areouski's breath,
 (That fires yon heaven with storms and death,)
 Shall light us to the foe :
 And we shall share, my Christian boy !
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

“ But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep :—
 Nor will the Christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most :
 She was the rainbow to thy sight !
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight !—

“To-morrow let us do or die !

But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world ?

Seek we thy once loved home ?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
Cold is the hearth within their bowers !
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead !

“Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,

Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft ?

Ah ! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.

Then seek we not their camp—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair !

“But hark, the trump !—to-morrow thou

In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears :
Even from the land of shadows now

My father's awful ghost appears,

Amid the clouds that round us roll ;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tear that ever burst

From Outalissi's soul ;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.”

CAMPBELL

73.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory ! WOLFE.

74.—BATTLE HYMN.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
 are !
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
 land of France !

And thou Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

O ! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land ;

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand :
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's impur-
pled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,

To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord
the king !"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the
ranks of war,

And be your Oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne

Now by the lips of those who love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest ;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while like a guiding
star,

Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath
turn'd his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish count is
slain.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale ;

The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
“Remember St. Bartholomew,” was pass'd from man to
man.

But out spake gentle Henry, “No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.”

O ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night.

For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the
brave.

Then glory to his holy Name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre

75.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JAMES A. BAYARD, ON THE JUDICIARY ACT, DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, FEBRUARY 19, 1802.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—The morals of your people, the peace of the country, the stability of the government, rest upon the maintenance of the independence of the judiciary. It is not of half the importance in England that the judges should be independent of the crown, as it is with us, that they should be independent of the legislature. Am I asked, Would you render the judges superior to the legislature? I answer, no, but co-ordinate. Would you render them independent of the legislature? I answer, yes, independent of every power on earth, while they behave themselves well. The essential interests, the permanent welfare of society, require this independence; not, sir, on account of the judge; that is a small consideration; but on account of those between whom he is to decide. You calculate on the weaknesses of human nature, and you suffer the judge to be dependent on no one, lest he should be partial to those on whom he depends. Justice does not exist where partiality prevails. A dependent judge cannot be impartial. Independence, is, therefore, essential to the purity of your judicial tribunals.

Let it be remembered, that no power is so sensibly felt by society as that of the judiciary. The life and property of every man is liable to be in the hands of the judges. Is it not our great interest to place our judges upon such high ground that no fear can intimidate, no hope seduce them? The present measure humbles them in the dust; it prostrates them at the feet of faction; it renders them the tools of every dominant party. It is this effect which I deprecate; it is this consequence which I deeply deplore. What does reason, what does argument avail, when party spirit presides? Subject your bench to the influence of this spirit, and justice bids a final adieu to your tribunals. We are asked, sir, if the judges are to be independent of the people. The question presents a false and delusive view. We are all the people. We are, and as long as we enjoy our freedom, we shall be divided into parties. The true question is, shall the judiciary be permanent, or fluctuate with the tide of public opinion? I beg, I implo-

gentlemen to consider the magnitude and value of the principle which they are about to annihilate. If your judges are independent of political changes, they may have their preferences, but they will not enter into the spirit of party. But let their existence depend upon the support of the power of a certain set of men, and they cannot be impartial. Justice will be trodden under foot. Your courts will lose all public confidence and respect.

The judges will be supported by their partisans, who, in their turn, will expect impunity for the wrongs and violence they commit. The spirit of party will be inflamed to madness; and the moment is not far off, when this fair country is to be desolated by a civil war.

Do not say that you render the judges dependent only on the people. You make them dependent on your president. This is his measure. The same tide of public opinion which changes a president, will change the majorities in the branches of the legislature. The legislature will be the instrument of his ambition, and he will have the courts as the instrument of his vengeance. He uses the legislature to remove the judges, that he may appoint creatures of his own. In effect, the powers of the government will be concentrated in the hands of one man, who will dare to act with more boldness, because he will be sheltered from responsibility. The independence of the judiciary was the felicity of our constitution. It was this principle which was to curb the fury of party on sudden changes. The first moments of power, gained by a struggle, are the most vindictive and intemperate. Raised above the storm, it was the judiciary which was to control the fiery zeal, and to quell the fierce passions of a victorious faction.

We are standing on the brink of that revolutionary torrent which deluged in blood one of the fairest countries of Europe.

France had her national assembly, more numerous and equally popular with our own. She had her tribunals of justice, and her juries. But the legislature and her courts were but the instruments of her destruction. Acts of proscription and sentences of banishment and death were passed in the cabinet of a tyrant. Prostrate your judges at the feet of party, and you break down the mounds which defend you from this torrent. I am done. I should have

thanked my God for greater power to resist a measure so destructive to the peace and happiness of the country. My feeble efforts can avail nothing. But it was my duty to make them. The meditated blow is mortal, and from the moment it is struck, we may bid a final adieu to the constitution.

76.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JOHN RANDOLPH, IN COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ON MR. GREGG'S RESOLUTION TO PROHIBIT THE IMPORTATION OF BRITISH GOODS INTO THE UNITED STATES, MARCH 5, 1806.

For my part, I never will go to war but in self-defence. I have no desire for conquests, no ambition to possess Nova Scotia. I hold the liberties of this people at a higher rate. Much more am I indisposed to war, when, among the first means for carrying it on, I see gentlemen propose the confiscation of debts due by government to individuals. Does a bona fide creditor know who holds his paper? Dare any honest man ask himself the question? 'Tis hard to say whether such principles are more detestably dishonest than they are weak and foolish. What, sir, will you go about with proposals for opening a loan in one hand, and a sponge for the national debt in the other? If, on a late occasion, you could not borrow at a less rate of interest than 8 per cent., when the government avowed that they would pay to the last shilling of the public ability, at what price do you expect to raise money with an avowal of these nefarious opinions? God help you! if these are your ways and means for carrying on war—if your finances are in the hands of such a chancellor of the exchequer. Because a man can take an observation and keep a log-book and reckoning, can navigate a cockboat to the West Indies or the East, shall he aspire to navigate the great vessel of state?—to stand at the helm of public councils? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. What are you going to war for? For the carrying trade. Already you possess seven-eighths of it. What is the object in dispute? The fair, honest trade that exchanges the product of our soil for foreign articles for home consumption? Not at all. You are

called upon to sacrifice this necessary branch of your navigation and the great agricultural interest, whose handmaid it is,—to jeopard your best interest for a circuitous commerce, for the fraudulent protection of belligerent property under your neutral flag. Will you be goaded by the dreaming calculation of insatiate avarice to stake your all for the protection of this trade? I do not speak of the probable effects of war on the price of our produce. Severely as we must feel, we may scuffle through it. I speak of its reaction on the constitution. You may go to war for this excrescence of the carrying trade—and make peace at the expense of the constitution. Your executive will lord it over you, and you must make the best terms with the conqueror that you can. But the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Gregg) tells you that he is for acting in this, as in all things, uninfluenced by the opinion of any minister whatever—foreign, or, I presume, domestic. On this point I am ready to meet the gentleman, am unwilling as he can be, to be dictated to by any minister at home or abroad. Is he willing to act on the same independent footing? I have before protested, and I again protest against secret, irresponsible, overruling influence. The first question I asked when I saw the gentleman's resolution was, "Is this a measure of the cabinet?" Not of an open, declared cabinet, but of an invisible, inscrutable, unconstitutional cabinet, without responsibility, unknown to the constitution. I speak of back-stairs influence—of men who bring messages to this house, which, although they do not appear on the journals, govern its decisions. Sir, the first question that I asked on the subject of British relations was, What is the opinion of the cabinet? What measures will they recommend to congress? (well knowing that whatever measures we might take, they must execute them, and therefore that we should have their opinion on the subject.) My answer was, (and from a cabinet minister too,) "*There is no cabinet.*" Subsequent circumstances, sir, have given me a personal knowledge of the fact. It needs no commentary.

But the gentleman has told you that we ought to go to war, if for nothing else, for the fur trade. Now, sir, the people on whose support he seems to calculate, follow (let me tell him) a better business, and let me add, that while men are happy at home reaping their own fields, the

fruits of their labour and industry, there is little danger of their being induced to go sixteen or seventeen hundred miles in pursuit of beavers, raccoons, or opossums—much less of going to war for the privilege. They are better employed where they are. This trade, sir, may be important to Britains, to nations who have exhausted every resource of industry at home, bowed down by taxation and wretchedness. Let them, in God's name, if they please, follow the fur trade. They may, for me, catch every beaver in North America. Yes, sir, our people have a better occupation—a safe, profitable, honourable employment. While they should be engaged in distant regions in hunting the beaver, they dread but those, whose natural prey they are, should begin to hunt them, should pillage their property, and assassinate their constitution. Give up these wild schemes,—pay off your debt, and do not prate about its confiscation. Do not, I beseech you, expose at once your knavery and your folly. You have more lands than you know what do with ; you have lately paid fifteen millions for yet more. Go and work them—and cease to alarm the people with the cry of wolf ! until they become deaf to your voice, or at least laugh at you.

Mr. Chairman, if I felt less regard for what I deem the best interest of this nation, than for my own reputation, I should not on this day have offered to address you, but would have waited to come out bedecked with flowers and bouquets of rhetoric, in a set speech. But, sir, I dreaded lest a tone might be given to the mind of the committee—they will pardon me, but I did fear, from all that I could see, or hear, that they might be prejudiced by its advocates (under pretence of protecting our commerce) in favour of this ridiculous and preposterous project,—I rose, sir, for one, to plead guilty—to declare in the face of day, that I will not go to war for this carrying trade. I will agree to pass for an idiot if this is not the public sentiment, and you will find it to your cost, begin the war when you will.

77.—SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

At the commencement of this session we received a printed message from the president of the United States, breathing a great deal of national honour and indignation at

the outrages we had endured, particularly from Spain. She was specially named and pointed at; she had pirated upon your commerce, imprisoned your citizens, violated your actual territory, invaded the very limits solemnly established between the two nations by the treaty of Saragossa. Some of the state legislatures (among others the very state on which the gentleman from Pennsylvania relies for support) sent forward resolutions pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honours, in support of any measures you might take in vindication of your injured rights. Well, sir, what have you done? You have resolutions laid upon your table—gone to some expense of printing and stationery—mere pen, ink and paper, and that's all. Like true political quacks, you deal only in handbills and nostrums. Sir, I blush to see the record of our proceedings; they resemble nothing but the advertisement of patent medicines. Here you have the "Worm-destroying Lozenges;" there, "Church's Cough Drops," and, to crown the whole, "Sloan's Vegetable Specific," an infallible remedy for all nervous disorders and vertiges of brain-sick politicians; each man earnestly adjuring you to give his medicine only a fair trial. If, indeed, these wonder-working nostrums could perform but one half of what they promise, there is little danger of our dying a political death at this time, at least. But, sir, in politics as in physic, the doctor is oftentimes the most dangerous disease: and this I take to be our case at present.

But, sir, why do I talk of Spain? there are no longer Pyrenees. There exists no such nation, no such being as a Spanish king or minister. It is a mere juggle played off for the benefit of those who put the mechanism into motion. You know, sir, that you have no differences with Spain; that she is the passive tool of a superior power to whom at this moment you are crouching. Are your differences indeed with Spain? And where are you going to send your political panacea, (resolutions and handbills excepted,) your sole arcanum of government, your king cure-all?—To Madrid? No—you are not such quacks as not to know where the shoe pinches—to Paris. You know at least where the disease lies, and there you apply your remedy. When the nation anxiously demands the result of your deliberation, you hang your head and blush to tell. Y.

are afraid to tell. Your mouth is hermetically sealed—Your honour has received a wound which must not take air. Gentlemen dare not come forward and avow their work, much less defend it in the presence of the nation. Give them all they ask, that Spain exacts, and what then? After shrinking from the Spanish jackall, do you presume to bully the British lion? But here the secret comes out. Britain is your rival in trade, and governed, as you are, by counting-house politicians, you would sacrifice the paramount interests of the country, to wound that rival. For Spain and France you are carriers—and from good customers every indignity is to be endured. And what is the nature of this trade? Is it that carrying trade which sends abroad the flour, tobacco, cotton, beef, pork, fish, and lumber of this country, and brings back in return foreign articles necessary for our existence or comfort? No, sir; 'tis a trade carried on, the Lord knows where, or by whom; now doubling Cape Horn, now the Cape of Good Hope. I do not say that there is no profit in it—for it would not then be pursued—but 'tis a trade that tends to assimilate our manners and government to those of the most corrupt countries of Europe—yes, sir, and when a question of great national magnitude presents itself to you, causes those who now prate about national honour and spirit, to pocket any insult, to consider it as a mere matter of debit and credit, a business of profit and loss, and nothing else.

The first thing that struck my mind when this resolution was laid on the table was, *Unde derivatur?* a question often put to us at school, Whence comes it? Is this only the putative father of the bantling he is taxed to maintain, or indeed the actual parent, the real progenitor of the child? or is it the production of the cabinet? But I knew you had no cabinet, no system. I had seen despatches relating to vital measures, laid before you the day after your final decision on those measures,—four weeks after they were received—not only their contents, but their very existence, all that time unsuspected and unknown to men whom the people fondly believe assist with their wisdom and experience at every important deliberation of government. Do you believe that this system, or rather this *no system*, will do? I am free to answer it will not. It cannot last. I am not so afraid of the fair, open, constitutional, responsi-

ble influence of government; but I shrink intuitively from this left-handed, invisible, irresponsible influence, which defies the touch, but pervades and decides every thing. Let the executive come forward to the legislature; let us see while we feel it. If we cannot rely on its wisdom, is it any disparagement to the gentleman from Pennsylvania to say that I cannot rely upon him? No, sir; he has mistaken his talent. He is not the Palinurus, on whose skill the nation, at this trying moment, can repose their confidence. I will have nothing to do with this paper—much less will I endorse it and make myself responsible for its goodness; I will not put my name to it. I assert that there is no cabinet nor system, no plan. That which I believe in one place, I shall never hesitate to say in another. This is no time, no place for mincing our words. The people have a right to know, they shall know the state of their affairs, at least as far as I am at liberty to communicate them. I speak from personal knowledge. Ten days ago there had been no consultation, there existed no opinion in your executive department, at least none that was avowed; on the contrary, there was an express disavowal of any opinion whatsoever on the great subject before you, and I have good reason for saying that none has been formed since. Some time ago a book was laid on our table, which, like some other bantlings, did not bear the name of its father. Here I was taught to expect a solution of all doubts, an end to all our difficulties. If, sir, I were the foe, as I trust I am the friend to this nation, I would exclaim, “O that mine enemy would write a book.” At the very outset, in the very first page, I believe, there is a complete abandonment of the principle in dispute. Has any gentleman got the work? [It was handed by one of the members.] The first position taken is the broad principle of the unlimited freedom of trade between nations at peace, which the writer endeavours to extend to the trade between a neutral and belligerent power, accompanied, however, by this acknowledgment—“But inasmuch as the trade of a neutral with a belligerent nation might, in certain special cases, *affect the safety of its antagonist, usage, founded on the principle of NECESSITY*, has admitted a few exceptions to the general rule.” Whence comes the doctrine of contraband, blockade, and enemy’s property?

Now, sir, for what does that celebrated pamphlet, "War in Disguise," which is said to have been written under the eye of the British prime minister, contend, but this "principle of necessity?" And this ground is abandoned by this pamphleteer at the very threshold of the discussion. But, as if this were not enough, he goes on to assign as a reason for not referring to the authority of the ancients, that "the great *change* which has taken place in the state of manners, in the maxims of war, and in the course of commerce, make it *pretty certain*" (what degree of certainty is this?) "that either nothing will be found relating to the question, or *nothing sufficiently applicable to deserve attention in deciding it.*" Here, sir, as an apology of the writer for not disclosing the whole extent of his learning, (which might have overwhelmed the reader,) is the admission, that a change of circumstances ("in the course of commerce") has made (and therefore will now justify) a total change of the law of nations. What more could the most inveterate advocate of English usurpation demand? What else can they require to establish all, and even more than they contend for? Sir, there is a class of men—we know them very well—who, if you only permit them to lay the foundation, will build you up step by step, and brick by brick, very neat and showy if not tenable arguments. To detect them, 'tis only necessary to watch their premises, where you will often find the point at issue totally surrendered, as in this case it is. Again, is the *mare liberum* any where asserted in this book? that free ships make free goods?—No, sir; the right of search is acknowledged; that enemy's property is lawful prize is sealed and delivered. And after abandoning these principles, what becomes of the doctrine that a mere shifting of the goods from one ship to another, the touching at another port changes the property? Sir, give up this principle, and there is an end of the question.

78.—DRESS AND ARMOUR OF SIR HUDIBRAS.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
 Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
 And had been at the siege of Bullen ;
 To old King Harry so well known,
 Some writers held they were his own .
 Through they were lined with many a piece
 Of ammunition bread and cheese,
 And fat black-puddings, proper food
 For warriors that delight in blood .
 For, as we said, he always chose
 To carry victual in his hose,
 That often tempted rats and mice
 The ammunition to surprise.

* * * * *

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket hilt that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both ;
 In it he melted lead for bullets
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
 For want of fighting was grown rusty,
 And ate into itself, for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack :
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;
 For of the lower end two handful
 It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.
 In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than Sergeant Bum invading shoulder :
 Oft had it ta'en possession,
 And prisoners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page,
 That was but little for his age ;
 And therefore waited on him so,
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do :

It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting or for drudging :
 When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mousetrap, 'twould not care :
 'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth ;
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure,
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.

In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
 Two aged pistols he did stow,
 Among the surplus of such meat
 As in his hose he could not get :
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
 To forage when the cocks were bent,
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
 As cleverly as the ablest trap :
 They were upon hard duty still,
 And every night stood sentinel,
 To guard th' magazine i' th' hose
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortified, Sir Knight,
 From peaceful home, set forth to fight. BUTLER

79.—DESCRIPTION OF WYOMING.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming !
 Although the wild flower on thy ruin'd wall
 And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
 The happy shepherd swains had naught to do,
 But feed their flocks on green declivities,
 Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe.

From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
 With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
 Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
 And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
 Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
 While harkening, fearing naught their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook ;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.
 CAMPBELL.

80.—SONG OF THE GREEK BARD.

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free
 For standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men and nations—all were his!
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set—where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
 My country? On thy voiceless shore
 Th' heroic lay is tuneless now—
 Th' heroic bosom beats no more!
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

* * * * *

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred—grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What: silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no:—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain!—strike other chords:
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
 How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet ;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one ?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 We will not think of themes like these !
 It made Anacreon's song divine :
 He served—but served Polycrates—
 A tyrant : but our masters then
 Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend—
That tyrant was Miltiades !
 O ! that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mother's bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

* * * * *

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
 Where nothing, save the waves and I
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

BYRON

81.—DESCRIPTION OF THE MINSTREL.

THE wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair :
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold ;
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ,
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy :
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad ;
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why,
 The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad :
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him
 mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps ; but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
 Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led.
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
 To work the wo of any living thing,
 By trap, or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
 These he detested ; those he scorn'd to wield :
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,
 And sees, on high, amidst the encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine ;
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
 And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charm to prize

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn :
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.
 But, lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean.
 smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure ! there to stand sublime
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd !
 And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound !

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
 Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul :
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

BEATTIE.

82.—DESCRIPTION OF ROME.

THE Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo ;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago :
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

'The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven hill'd city's pride ;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climb'd the capitol ; far and wide
 'Temple and tower went down, nor left a site :—
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, " Here was, or is," where all is doubly night ?

'The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
 'The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap :
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
 Our hands, and cry, " Eureka ! " it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas ! the lofty city ! and, alas !
 The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away !
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page !—but these shall be
 Her resurrection ; all beside—decay.
 Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free !

O thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
 Triumphant Sylla ! Thou, who didst subdue

Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia ;—thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made
 Thee more than mortal ? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid ?
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer ; she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd
 Until the o'ercanopied horizon fail'd,
 Her rushing wings ; O ! she who was Almighty hail'd !
 BYRON.

83.—INVOCATION.

HARP of the North ! that mouldering long hast hung
 On the witch elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,
 And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
 Muffling with verdant ringlets every string,—
 O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep !
 Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep !

Not thus in ancient days of Caledon,
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
 When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony, sublime and high !
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd ;
 For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless
 eye.

O wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
O wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay :
'Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
'The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain,
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again !
SCOTT.

84.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JOHN RANDOLPH, DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, DECEMBER 10, 1811,

On the second resolution reported by the committee of foreign relations, "That an additional force of ten thousand regular troops ought to be immediately raised, to serve for three years ; and that a bounty in lands ought to be given to encourage enlistment."

MR. SPEAKER,—This is a question, as it has been presented to this house, of peace or war. In that light it has been argued ; in no other light can I consider it, after the declarations made by members of the committee of foreign relations. Without intending any disrespect to the chair, I must be permitted to say, that if the decision yesterday was correct, "that it was not in order to advance any arguments against the resolution, drawn from topics before other committees of the house," the whole debate, nay, the report itself, on which we are acting, is disorderly, since the increase of the military force is a subject, at this time, in agitation by a select committee, raised on that branch of the president's message. But it is impossible that the discussion of a question, broad as the wide ocean of our foreign concerns, involving every consideration of interest, of right, of happiness, and of safety at home ; touching, in every point, all that is dear to freemen, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour," can be tied down by the narrow rules of technical routine.

The committee of foreign relations have, indeed, decided that the subject of arming the militia (which has been pressed upon them as indispensable to the public

security) does not come within the scope of their authority. On what ground, I have been and still am unable to see, they have felt themselves authorized to recommend the raising of standing armies, with a view (as has been declared) of immediate war—a war, not of defence, but of conquest, of aggrandizement, of ambition—a war foreign to the interests of this country—to the interests of humanity itself.

I know not how gentlemen, calling themselves republicans, can advocate such a war. What was their doctrine in 1798 and '9, when the command of the army—that highest of all possible trusts in any government, be the form what it may—was reposed in the bosom of the father of his country—the sanctuary of a nation's love; the only hope that never came in vain!—when other worthies of the revolution, Hamilton, Pinkney, and the younger Washington, men of tried patriotism, of approved conduct and valour, of untarnished honour, held subordinate command under him. Republicans were then unwilling to trust a standing army even to his hands, who had given proof that he was above all human temptation. Where now is the revolutionary hero, to whom you are about to confide this sacred trust? To whom will you confide the charge of leading the flower of our youth to the heights of Abraham? Will you find him in the person of an acquitted felon? What! then you are unwilling to vote an army where such men as have been named held high command! When Washington himself was at the head, did you show such reluctance, feel such scruples; and are you now nothing loath, fearless of every consequence? Will you say that your provocations were less then than now, when your direct commerce was interdicted, your ambassadors hooted with derision from the French court, tribute demanded, actual war waged upon you?

Those who opposed the army then, were, indeed, denounced as the partisans of France; as the same men (some of them at least) are now held up as the advocates of England; those firm and undeviating republicans, who then dared, and now dare, to cling to the ark of the constitution, to defend it even at the expense of their fame, rather than surrender themselves to the wild projects of mad ambition. There is a fatality attending plenitude of

power. Soon or late, some mania seizes upon its possessors; they fall from the dizzy height through giddiness. Like a vast estate, heaped up by the labour and industry of one man, which seldom survives the third generation; power gained by patient assiduity, by a faithful and regular discharge of its attendant duties, soon gets above its own origin. Intoxicated with their own greatness, the federal party fell. Will not the same causes produce the same effects now as then? Sir, you may raise this army, you may build up this vast structure of patronage; but "lay not the flattering unction to your souls;" you will never live to enjoy the succession. You sign your political death-warrant.

85.—SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

MR. SPEAKER,—How have we shown our sympathy with the patriots of Spain, or with the American provinces? By seizing on one of them, her claim to which we had formerly respected, as soon as the parent country was embroiled at home. Is it thus we yield them assistance against the arch-fiend, who is grasping at the sceptre of the civilized world? The object of France is as much Spanish-America as old Spain herself. Much as I hate a standing army, I could almost find it my heart to vote one, could it be sent to the assistance of the Spanish patriots.

Against whom are these charges of British predilection brought? Against men, who, in the war of the revolution, were in the councils of the nation, or fighting the battles of your country. And by whom are they made? By runaways chiefly from the British dominions, since the breaking out of the French troubles. It is insufferable. It cannot be borne. It must and ought, with severity, to be put down in this house, and out of it to meet the lie direct. We have no fellow feeling for the suffering and oppressed Spaniards! Yet even them we do not reprobate.

Strange! that we should have no objection to any other people or government, civilized or savage, in the whole world! The great autocrat of all the Russias receives the homage of our high consideration. The dey of Algiers and his divan of pirates are very civil, good sort of people,

with whom we find no difficulty in maintaining the relations of peace and amity. "Turks, Jews, and Infidels," Melimelli or the Little Turtle; barbarians and savages of every clime and colour, are welcome to our arms. With chiefs of banditti, negro or mulatto, we can treat and can trade. Name, however, but England, and all our antipathies are up in arms against her. Against whom? Against those whose blood runs in our veins; in common with whom, we claim Shakspeare, and Newton, and Chatham, for our countrymen; whose form of government is the freest on earth, our own only excepted: from whom every valuable principle of our own institutions has been borrowed—representation—jury trial—voting the supplies—writ of *habeas corpus*—our whole civil and criminal jurisprudence;—against our fellow Protestants, identified in blood, in language, in religion with ourselves. In what school did the worthies of our land, the Washingtons, Henrys, Hancocks, Franklins, Rutledges of America learn those principles of civil liberty which were so nobly asserted by their wisdom and valour? American resistance to British usurpation has not been more warmly cherished by these great men and their compatriots; not more by Washington, Hancock and Henry, than by Chatham and his illustrious associates in the British parliament. It ought to be remembered, too, that the heart of the English people was with us. It was a selfish and corrupt ministry, and their servile tools, to whom we were not more opposed than they were. I trust that none such may ever exist among us; for tools will never be wanting to subserve the purposes, however ruinous or wicked, of kings and ministers of state. I acknowledge the influence of a Shakspeare and a Milton upon my imagination, of a Locke upon my understanding, of a Sidney upon my political principles, of a Chatham upon qualities which, would to God, I possessed in common with that illustrious man! of a Tillotson, a Sherlock, and a Porteus, upon my religion. This is a British influence which I can never shake off.

I allow much to the just and honest prejudices growing out of the revolution. But by whom have they been suppressed, when they ran counter to the interests of my country? By Washington. By whom, would you listen to them, are they most keenly felt? By felons escaped

from the jails of Paris, Newgate and Kilmainham, since the breaking out of the French revolution; who, in this abused and insulted country, have set up for political teachers, and whose disciples give no other proof of their progress in republicanism, except a blind devotion to the most ruthless military despotism that the world ever saw. These are the patriots who scruple not to brand with the epithet of tory, the men [looking toward the seat of Colonel Stewart] by whose blood your liberties have been cemented. These are they, who hold in such keen remembrance the outrages of the British armies, from which many of them are deserters. Ask these self-styled patriots where they were during the American war, (for they are, for the most part, old enough to have borne arms,) and you strike them dumb; their lips are closed in eternal silence. If it were allowable to entertain partialities, every consideration of blood, language, religion and interest, would incline us toward England; and yet, shall they be alone extended to France and her ruler, whom we are bound to believe a chastening God suffers as the scourge of a guilty world? On all other nations he tramples; he holds them in contempt; England alone he hates; he would but he cannot despise her; fear cannot despise. And shall we disparage our ancestors? Shall we disgrace ourselves by placing them even below the brigands of St. Domingo?—with whom Mr. Adams negotiated a sort of treaty, for which he ought to have been and would have been impeached, if the people had not previously passed sentence of disqualification for their service upon him. This antipathy to all that is English must be French.

But the outrages and injuries of England, bred up in the principles of the revolution, I can never palliate, much less defend them. I well remember flying, with my mother and her new-born child, from Arnold and Phillips—and we were driven by Tarleton and other British pandours, from pillar to post, while her husband was fighting the battles of his country. The impression is indelible on my memory; and yet (like my worthy old neighbour, who added seven buckshot to every cartridge at the battle of Guilford, and drew a fine sight at his man) I must be content to be called a tory by a patriot of the last importation. Let us not get rid of one evil (supposing it possible) at the expense of a

greater : *mutatis mutandis*, suppose France in possession of the British naval power—and to her the trident must pass, should England be unable to wield it—what would be your condition? What would be the situation of your seaports, and their seafaring inhabitants? Ask Hamburg, Lubeck! Ask Savannah! What, sir, when their privateers are pent up in our harbours by the British bull-dogs: when they receive at our hands every right of hospitality, from which their enemy is excluded; when they capture in our own waters, interdicted to British armed ships, American vessels; when such is their deportment toward you, under such circumstances; what could you expect if they were the uncontrolled lords of the ocean? Had those privateers at Savannah borne British commissions, or had your shipments of cotton, tobacco, ashes, and what not, to London and Liverpool, been confiscated, and the proceeds poured into the English exchequer, my life upon it, you would never have listened to any miserable, wire-drawn distinctions between “orders and decrees affecting our neutral rights,” and “municipal decrees,” confiscating, in mass, your whole property: you would have had instant war! The whole land would have blazed out in war. And shall republicans become the instruments of him who has effaced the title of Attila to the “scourge of God?” Yet even Attila, in the fallen fortunes of civilization, had, no doubt, his advocates, his tools, his minions, his parasites, in the very countries that he overrun—sons of that soil, whereon his horse had trod, where grass could never after grow. If perfectly fresh, instead of being as I am, my memory clouded, my intellect stupified, my strength and spirits exhausted, I could not give utterance to that strong detestation which I feel toward (above all other works of the creation) such characters as Gengis, Tamerlane, Kouli Khan, or Bonaparte. My instincts involuntarily revolt at their bare idea—malefactors of the human race, who have ground down man to a mere machine of their impious and bloody ambition! Yet, under all the accumulated wrongs, and insults, and robberies of the last of these chieftains, are we not, in point of fact, about to become a party to his views, a partner in his wars?

But before this miserable force of ten thousand men is raised to take Canada, I beg gentlemen to look at the state of defence at home; to count the cost of the enterprise

before it is set on foot, not when it may be too late ; when the best blood of the country shall be spilt, and naught but empty coffers left to pay the cost. Are the bounty lands to be given in Canada ? It might lessen my repugnance to that part of the system, to granting these lands, not to these miserable wretches, who sell themselves to slavery for a few dollars, and a glass of gin, but, in fact, to the clerks in our offices, some of whom, with an income of fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars, live at the rate of four or five thousand, and yet grow rich ; who, perhaps, at this moment, are making out blank assignments for these land rights. I beseech the house, before they run their heads against this post, Quebec, to count the cost. My word for it, Virginia planters will not be taxed to support such a war—a war which must aggravate their present distresses—in which they have not the remotest interest. Where is the Montgomery, or even the Arnold, or the Burr, who is to march to the Point Levi ?

I call upon those professing to be republicans, to make good the promises held out by their republican predecessors, when they came into power ; promises which, for years afterward, they honestly, faithfully fulfilled. We have vaunted of paying off the national debt ; of retrenching useless establishments, and yet have now become as infatuated with standing armies, loans, taxes, navies, and war, as ever were the Essex Junto.

RANDOLPH

86.—A FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Our native land—our native vale,—
 A long and last adieu ;—
 Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
 And Cheviot mountains blue !
 Farewell ye hills of glorious deeds,
 And streams renown'd in song ;
 Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
 Our hearts have loved so long.
 Farewell ye broomy elfin knowes,
 Where thyme and harebells grow ;
 Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes
 O'erhung with birk and sloe

The battle mound—the Border tower,
 'That Scotia's annals tell ;—
 'The martyr's grave—the lover's bower—
 To each—to all—farewell !

Home of our hearts !—our father's home—
 Land of the brave and free !
 The sail is flapping on the foam
 'That bears us far from thee !

We seek a wild and distant shore
 Beyond th' Atlantic main ;
 We leave thee to return no more,
 Nor view thy cliffs again !

But may dishonour blight our fame,
 And quench our household fires,
 When we, or ours, forget thy name,
 Green island of our sires.

Our native land—our native vale,—
 A long, a last adieu ;—
 Farewell to bonny Treviotdale,
 And Scotland's mountains blue.

PRINGLE.

87.—ARRIA.

It is not painful, Pætus.

HER form it is not of the sky,
 Nor yet her sex above ;
 Her eye it is a woman's eye,
 And bright with woman's love.
 Nor look, nor tone, revealeth aught,
 Save woman's quietness of thought ;
 And yet around her is a light
 Of inward majesty and might.

* * * *

She loved, as Roman matron should,
 Her hero's spotless name ;
 She would have calmly seen his blood
 Flow on the field of fame ;

But could not bear to have him die
 The sport of each plebeian eye ;
 To see his stately neck bow'd low
 Beneath the headsman's dastard blow

She brought to him his own bright brand,
 She bent a suppliant knee,
 And bade him by his own right hand,
 Die freeman mid the free.
 In vain—the Roman fire was cold
 Within the fallen warrior's mould :—
 Then rose the wife and woman high,
 And died to teach *him* how to die !

“ *It is not painful, Pætus.* ”—Ay
 Such words would Arria say,
 And view, with an unalter'd eye,
 Her life blood ebb away.
 Professor of a purer creed,
 Nor scorn nor yet condemn the deed,
 Which proved, unaided from above
 The deep reality of love.

Ages since then have swept along ;
 Arria is but a name ;—
 Yet still is woman's love as strong—
 Still woman's soul the same,—
 Still soothes the mother and the wife
 Her cherish'd ones mid care and strife.
 “ *It is not painful, Pætus* ”—still
 Is love's word in the hour of ill.

88.—THE MARINER'S SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
 A wind that follows fast,
 And fills the white and rustling sail,
 And bends the gallant mast ;
 And bends the gallant mast, my boys
 While, like the eagle free,
 Away the good ship flies, and leaves
 Old England on the lee.

"O! for a soft and gentle wind,"
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

'There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

CUNNINGHAM

89.—ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where our fireside comforts sit,
 In the wildest weather ;—
 O ! they wander wide who roam
 For the joys of life from home.

MONTGOMERY

90.—THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
 How beautiful they stand !
 Amid their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land !
 The deer across their greensward bound
 Through shade and sunny gleam,
 And the swan glides past them with the sound
 Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England !
 Around their hearths by night,
 What gladsome looks of household love
 Meet in the ruddy light.
 There woman's voice flows forth in song
 Or childhood's tale is told ;
 Or lips move tunefully along
 Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England !
 How softly on their bowers
 Is laid the holy quietness
 That breathes from Sabbath hours !
 Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell's chime
 Floats through their woods at morn,
 All other sounds in that still time
 Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England .
 By thousands on her plains,
 They're smiling o'er the silvery brook,
 And round the hamlet fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
 Each from its nook of leaves ·
 And fearless there the lowly sleep,
 As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free fair homes of England !
 Long, long in hut and hall
 May hearts of native proof be rear'd,
 To guard each hallow'd wall.
 And green for ever be the groves,
 And bright their flowery sod,
 Where first the child's glad spirit loves
 Its country and its God.

HEMANS.

91.—EXTRACT FROM RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTH

A CHRISTIAN woman spinning at her door
 Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,
 She laid her spindle by, and running in
 Took bread, and following after, call'd him back,
 And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
 She said, Christ Jesus, for his mother's sake,
 Have mercy on thee ! With a look that seem'd
 Like idiocy he heard her, and stood still,
 Staring a while ; then bursting into tears
 Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
 Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
 So through the streets, and through the northern gate,
 Did Roderick, reckless of a resting-place,
 With feeble yet with hurried step pursue
 His agitated way ; and when he reach'd
 The open fields, and found himself alone
 Beneath the starry canopy of heaven,
 The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
 Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt
 Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf ;
 And shedding o'er that unaccustomed food
 Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
 He breathed thanksgiving forth ; then made his bed
 On heath and myrtle.

SOUTHEY

92.—THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAIN'D in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground :—
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,
He was a captive now,
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
Show'd warrior true and brave ;
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
“ My brother is a king ;
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle spear again.
A price thy nation never gave,
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold
 Long kept for sorest need ;
 Take it—thou askest sums untold,
 And say that I am freed.
 Take it—my wife, the long, long day
 Weeps by the cocoa tree,
 And my young children leave their play,
 And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made
 Thy fetters fast and strong,
 And ween that by the cocoa shade
 Thy wife will wait thee long."
 Strong was the agony that shook
 The captive's frame to hear,
 And the proud meaning of his look
 Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain :
 At once his eye grew wild ;
 He struggled fiercely with his chain,
 Whisper'd, and wept, and smiled ;
 Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
 And once, at shut of day,
 They drew him forth upon the sands,
 The foul hyena's prey. BRYANT.

93.—THE GREEK PARTISAN.

Our free flag is dancing
 In the free mountain air, —
 And burnish'd arms are glancing,
 And warriors gathering there ;
 And fearless is the little train
 Whose gallant bosoms shield it,
 That blood that warms their hearts shall stain
 That banner, ere they yield it.
 —Each dark eye is fix'd on earth,
 And brief each solemn greeting ;
 There is no look nor sound of mirth,
 Where those stern men are meeting.

They go to the slaughter,
 To strike the sudden blow,
 And pour on earth, like water,
 The best blood of the foe ;
 To rush on them from rock and height,
 And clear the narrow valley,
 Or fire their camp at dead of night,
 And fly before they rally.
 —Chains are round our country press'd,
 And cowards have betray'd her,
 And we must make her bleeding breast
 The grave of the invader.
 Not till from her fetters
 We raise up Greece again,
 And write in bloody letters,
 That tyranny is slain,—
 O, not till then the smile shall steal
 Across those darken'd faces,
 Nor one of all those warriors feel
 His children's dear embraces.
 —Reap we not the ripen'd wheat,
 Till yonder hosts are flying,
 And all their bravest, at our feet,
 Like autumn sheaves are lying. BRYANT.

94.—SPEECH OF JOHN C. CALHOUN, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, DECEMBER, 12, 1811,

On the second resolution reported by the committee of foreign relations,
 "That an additional force of ten thousand regular troops ought to be
 immediately raised, to serve for three years; and that a bounty in
 lands ought to be given to encourage enlistment."

MR. SPEAKER,—I understood the opinion of the committee of foreign relations differently from what the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Randolph) has stated to be his impression. I certainly understood that committee as recommending the measures now before the house, as a preparation for war; and such, in fact, was its express resolve, agreed to, I believe, by every member except that gentleman. I do not attribute any wilful misstatement to him, but consider

it the effect of inadvertency or mistake. Indeed, the report could mean nothing but war or empty menace. I hope no member of this house is in favour of the latter. A bullying, menacing system has every thing to condemn, and nothing to recommend it: in expense it is almost as considerable as war; it excites contempt abroad, and destroys confidence here. Menaces are serious things, and if we expect any good from them, they ought to be resorted to with as much caution and seriousness, as war itself; and should, if not successful, be invariably followed by it. It was not the gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy) that made this a war question. The resolve contemplates an additional, regular force: a measure confessedly improper, but as a preparation for war, but undoubtedly necessary in that event. Sir, I am not insensible of the weighty importance of this question, for the first time submitted to this house, as a redress of our long list of complaints against one of the belligerents; but, according to my mode of thinking on this subject, however serious the question, whenever I am on its affirmative side, my conviction must be strong and unalterable. War, in this country, ought never to be resorted to but when it is clearly justifiable and necessary; so much so as not to require the aid of logic to convince our reason, or the ardour of eloquence to inflame our passions. There are many reasons why this country should never resort to war but for causes the most urgent and necessary. It is sufficient that, under a government like ours, none but such will justify it in the eye of the nation; and, were I not satisfied that such is our present cause, I certainly would be no advocate of the proposition now before the house.

Sir, I prove the war, should it ensue, justifiable, by the express admission of the gentleman from Virginia; and necessary, by facts undoubted, and universally admitted—such as that gentleman did not pretend to controvert. The extent, duration, and character of the injuries received; the failure of those peaceful means, heretofore resorted to for the redress of our wrongs, is my proof that it is necessary. Why should I mention the impressment of our seamen; depredation on every branch of our commerce, including the direct export trade, continued for years, and made under laws which professedly undertake to regulate our trade with other nations; negotiations resorted to, time after time, till it is

become hopeless; the restrictive system persisted in, to avoid war, and in the vain expectation of returning justice? The evil still grows, and in each succeeding year, swells in extent and pretension beyond the preceding. The question, even in the opinion and admission of our opponents, is reduced to this single point—which shall we do, abandon or defend our own commercial and maritime rights, and the personal liberties of our citizens employed in exerting them? These rights are essentially attacked, and war is the only means of redress. The gentleman from Virginia has suggested none, unless we consider the whole of his speech as recommending patient and resigned submission as the best remedy. Sir, which alternative this house ought to embrace, it is not for me to say. I hope the decision is made already, by a higher authority than the voice of any man. It is not for the human tongue to instil the sense of independence and honour. This is the work of nature—a generous nature that disdains tame submission to wrongs.

This part of the subject is so imposing, as to enforce silence even on the gentleman from Virginia. He dared not to deny his country's wrongs, or vindicate the conduct of her enemy.

Only one point of that gentleman's argument had any, the most remote, relation to this point. He would not say, we had not a good cause of war; but insisted that it was our duty to define that cause. If he means that this house ought, at this stage of the proceeding, or any other, to enumerate such violations of our rights, as we are willing to contend for, he prescribes a course, which neither good sense nor the usage of nations warrants. When we contend, let us contend for all our rights—the doubtful and the certain, the unimportant and essential. It is as easy to struggle, or even more so, for the whole, as a part. At the termination of the contest, secure all that our wisdom and valour and the fortune of the war will permit. This is the dictate of common sense; such also is the usage of nations. The single instance alluded to, the endeavour of Mr. Fox to compel Mr. Pitt to define the object of the war against France, will not support the gentleman from Virginia in his position. That was an extraordinary war for an extraordinary purpose, and could not be governed by the usual rules. It

was not for conquest, or for redress of injury, but to impose a government on France, which she refused to receive ; an object so detestable, that an avowal dare not be made. Sir, here I might rest the question. The affirmative of the proposition is established. I cannot but advert, however, to the complaint of the gentleman from Virginia, the first time he was up on this question. He said, he found himself reduced to the necessity of supporting the negative side of the question before the affirmative was established. Let me tell that gentleman, that there is no hardship in his case. It is not every affirmative that ought to be proved. Were I to affirm, the house is now in session, would it be reasonable to ask for proof? He who would deny its truth, on him would be the proof of so extraordinary a negative. How then could the gentleman, after his admissions, with the facts before him and the nation, complain? The causes are such as to warrant, or rather make it indispensable in any nation, not absolutely dependent, to defend its rights by force. Let him then, show, the reasons why we ought not so to defend ourselves. On him, then, is the burden of proof. This he has attempted ; he has endeavoured to support his negative.

Before I proceed to answer the gentleman particularly, let me call the attention of the house to one circumstance ; that is, that almost the whole of his arguments consisted of an enumeration of evils always incident to war, however just and necessary ; and that, if they have any force, it is calculated to produce unqualified submission to every species of insult and injury. I do not feel myself bound to answer arguments of the above description ; and if I should touch on them, it will be only incidentally, and not for the purpose of serious refutation. The first argument of the gentleman which I shall notice, is the unprepared state of the country. Whatever weight this argument might have, in a question of immediate war, it surely has little in that of preparation for it. If our country is unprepared, let us remedy the evil as soon as possible. Let the gentleman submit his plan ; and if a reasonable one, I doubt not it will be supported by the house. But, sir, let us admit the fact and the whole force of the argument ; I ask whose is the fault? Who has been a member for many years past, and has seen the defenceless state of his country even near

home, under his own eyes, without a single endeavour to remedy so serious an evil? Let him not say, "I have acted in a minority." It is no less the duty of the minority than a majority to endeavour to serve our country. For that purpose we are sent here, and not for that of opposition. We are next told of the expenses of the war, and that the people will not pay taxes. Why not? Is it a want of capacity? What, with one million tons of shipping; a trade of near one hundred million dollars; manufactures of one hundred and fifty million dollars, and agriculture of thrice that amount, shall we be told the country wants capacity to raise and support ten thousand or fifteen thousand additional regulars? No; it has the ability, that is admitted; but will it not have the disposition? Is not the course a just and necessary one? Shall we then utter this libel on the nation? Where will proof be found of a fact so disgraceful? It is said, in the history of the country twelve or fifteen years ago. The case is not parallel. The ability of the country has greatly increased since. The object of that tax was unpopular. But on this, as well as my memory and almost infant observation at that time serve me, the objection was not to the tax, or its amount, but the mode of collection. The eye of the nation was frightened by the number of officers; its love of liberty shocked with the multiplicity of regulations. We, in the vile spirit of imitation, copied from the most oppressive part of European laws on that subject, and imposed on a young and virtuous nation all the severe provisions made necessary by corruption and long growing chicane. If taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause, and would be their interest and duty to pay. But it may be, and I believe was said, that the nation will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending; or that the defence will cost more than the profit.

Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low "calculating avarice" entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting-houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too short-sighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the

balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honour. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form but real spirit of union, and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government—that its arm is his arms, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I cannot dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes and the slavery of our oppressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country, before it enters on a war. This is wisdom, the other folly.

95.—CONCLUSION OF THE SAME SPEECH.

MR. SPEAKER,—The gentleman from Virginia has not failed to touch on the calamity of war—that fruitful source of declamation, by which pity becomes the advocate of cowardice; but I know not what we have to do with that subject. If the gentleman desires to repress the gallant ardour of our countrymen by such topics, let me inform him that true courage regards only the cause, that it is just and necessary, and that it despises the pain and danger of war. If he really wishes to promote the cause of humanity, let his eloquence be addressed to Lord Wellesley or Mr. Perceval, and not the American congress. Tell them, if they persist in such daring insult and injury to a neutral nation, that, however inclined to peace, it will be found in honour and interest to resist; that their patience and benevolence, however great, will be exhausted; that the calamity of war will ensue, and that they, in the opinion of wounded humanity, will be answerable for all its devastation and misery. Let melting pity, a regard to the interests of humanity, stay the hand of injustice, and my life on it, the gentleman will

not find it difficult to call off his country from the bloody scenes of war. We are next told of the danger of war ! I believe we are all ready to acknowledge its hazard and accidents ; but I cannot think we have any extraordinary danger to contend with, at least so much as to warrant an acquiescence in the injuries we have received ; on the contrary, I believe no war can be less dangerous to internal peace or national existence. But we are told of the black population of the southern states. As far as the gentleman from Virginia speaks of his own personal knowledge, I will not pretend to contradict him ; I only regret that such is the dreadful state of his particular part of the country. Of the southern section, I too have some personal knowledge, and can say, that in South Carolina no such fears in any part are felt. But, sir, admit the gentleman's statement ; will a war with Great Britain increase the danger ? Will the country be less able to repress insurrection ? Had we any thing to fear from that quarter, which I sincerely disbelieve, in my opinion, the precise time of the greatest safety is during a war, in which we have no fear of invasion ; then the country is most on its guard ; our militia the best prepared ; and standing force the greatest. Even in our revolution, no attempts were made by that portion of our population ; and, however the gentleman may frighten himself with the disorganizing effects of French principles, I cannot think our ignorant blacks have felt much of their baneful influence. I dare say, more than one half of them never heard of the French revolution. But as great as is the danger from our slaves, the gentleman's fears end not there—the standing army is not less terrible to him.

Sir, I think a regular force, raised for a period of actual hostilities, cannot be called a standing army. There is a just distinction between such a force, and one raised as a peace establishment. Whatever may be the composition of the latter, I hope the former will consist of some of the best materials of the country. The ardent patriotism of our young men, and the reasonable bounty in land, which is proposed to be given, will impel them to join their country's standard and to fight her battles ; they will not forge the citizen in the soldier, and, in obeying their officer, learn to condemn their constitution. In our officers and soldiers we will find patriotism no less pure and ardent than in the

private citizen ; but if they should be depraved as represented, what have we to fear from twenty-five or thirty thousand regulars ? Where will be the boasted militia of the gentleman ? Can one million of militia be overpowered by thirty thousand regulars ? If so, how can we rely on them against a foe invading our country ? Sir, I have no such contemptuous idea of our militia ; their untaught bravery is sufficient to crush all foreign and internal attempts on their country's liberties. But we have not yet come to the end of the chapter of dangers. The gentleman's imagination, so fruitful on this subject, conceives, that our constitution is not calculated for war, and that it cannot stand its rude shock. This is rather extraordinary : we must then depend upon the pity or contempt of other nations for our existence. The constitution, it seems, has failed in its essential part " to provide for the common defence." No, says the gentleman from Virginia, it is competent for a defensive, but not an offensive war. It is not necessary for me to expose the error of this opinion. Why make the distinction in this instance ? Will he pretend to say, that this is an offensive war ; or war of conquest ? Yes, the gentleman has dared to make this assertion, and for reasons no less extraordinary than the assertion itself. He says our rights are violated on the ocean, and that these violations affect our shipping and commercial rights, to which the Canadas have no relation. The doctrine of retaliation has been much abused of late by an unnatural extension ; we have now to witness a new abuse. The gentleman from Virginia has limited it down to a point. By his system, if you receive a blow on the breast, you dare not return it on the head ; you are obliged to measure and return it on the precise point on which it was received. If you do not proceed with this mathematical accuracy, it ceases to be just self-defence ; it becomes an unprovoked attack.

In speaking of Canada, the gentleman from Virginia introduced the name of Montgomery with much feeling and interest. Sir, there is danger in that name to the gentleman's argument. It is sacred to heroism ! It is indignant of submission ! This calls my memory back to the time of our revolution ; to the congress of '74 and '75. Suppose a speaker of that day had risen and urged all the arguments which we have heard on this subject ; had told that con

gress, "Your contest is about the right of laying a tax; the attempt on Canada has nothing to do with it, the war will be expensive; danger and devastation will overspread our country, and the power of Great Britain is irresistible?" With what sentiment, think you, would such doctrines have been then received? Happy for us, they had no force at that period of our country's glory. Had they been then acted on, this hall would never have witnessed a great nation convened to deliberate for the general good; a mighty empire, with prouder prospects than any nation the sun ever shone on, would not have risen in the West. No, we would have been vile, subjected colonies; governed by that imperious rod which Britain holds over her distant provinces. Sir, the gentleman from Virginia attributes the preparation for war to every thing but its true cause. He endeavoured to find it in the probable rise of the price of hemp. He represents the people of the western states as willing to plunge our country into war, for such base and precarious motives. I will not reason on this point. I see the cause of their ardour, not in such base motives, but in their known patriotism and disinterestedness. No less mercenary is the reason which he attributes to the southern states. He says that the non-importation act has reduced cotton to nothing, which has produced a feverish impatience. Sir, I acknowledge the cotton of our farms is worth but little, but not for the cause assigned by the gentleman from Virginia. The people of that section do not reason as he does; they do not attribute it to the efforts of their government to maintain the peace and independence of their country; they see in the low price of their produce the hand of foreign injustice; they know well, without the market of the continent, the deep and steady current of supply will glut that of Great Britain; they are not prepared for the colonial state to which again that power is endeavouring to reduce us. The manly spirit of that section of our country will not submit to be regulated by any foreign power.

The love of France and the hatred of England has also been assigned as the cause of the present measures. France has not done us justice, says the gentleman from Virginia, and how can we, without partiality, resist the aggressions of England? I know, sir, we have still causes of complaint against France: but it is of a different character from those

against England. She professes now to respect our rights and there cannot be a reasonable doubt, but that the most objectionable parts of her decrees, as far as they respect us, are repealed. We have already formally acknowledged this to be a fact. I, however, protest against the whole of the principles on which this doctrine is founded. It is a novel doctrine, and nowhere to be found out of this house, that you cannot select your antagonist without being guilty of partiality. Sir, when two invade your rights, you may resist both, or either, at your pleasure. It is regulated by prudence, and not by right. The stale imputation of partiality to France is better calculated for the columns of a newspaper than for the walls of this house. I ask, in this particular, of the gentleman from Virginia, but for the same measure which he claims for himself. That gentleman is at a loss to account for, what he calls, our hatred to England. He asks, How can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descending from a common ancestry? Sir, the laws of human affections are uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, powerful, indeed, must be the cause which has overpowered it.

Yes, sir, there is a cause strong enough. Not that occult, courtly affection, which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But, sir, here I think the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism; the heroic courage of his mind, that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honour ought to be vindicated at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate. I hope the gentleman does not wish a monopoly of those great virtues to remain to that nation. The balance of power has also been introduced as an argument for submission. England is said to be a barrier against the military despotism of France

There is, sir, one great error in our legislation. We are ready enough to protect the interest of the states ; and, it should seem, from this argument, to watch over those of a foreign nation, while we grossly neglect our own immediate concerns. This argument of the balance of power is well calculated for the British parliament, but not at all fitted to the American congress. Tell them, that they have to contend with a mighty power, and that if they persist in insult and injury to the American people, they will compel them to throw the whole weight of their force into the scale of their enemy. Paint the danger to them, and if they will desist from injury, we, I answer for it, will not disturb the balance. But it is absurd for us to talk of the balance of power, while they, by their conduct, smile with contempt at our simple, good-natured policy. If, however, in the contest, it should be found, that they underrate us, which I hope and believe, and that we can effect the balance of power, it will not be difficult for us to obtain such terms as our rights demand. I, sir, will now conclude, by adverting to an argument of the gentleman from Virginia, used in debate on a preceding day. He asked, why not declare war immediately ? The answer is obvious ; because we are not yet prepared. But, says the gentleman, such language as is here held, will provoke Great Britain to commence hostilities. I have no such fears. She knows well, that such a course would unite all parties here ; a thing, which, above all others, she most dreads. Besides, such has been our past conduct, that she will still calculate on our patience and submission till war is actually commenced

CALHOUN.

96.—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

'Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains ;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever from our shore.

BRYANT.

97.—THE DEATH OF ALIATAR.

'Tis not with gilded sabres
That gleam in baldricks blue,
Nor nodding plumes in caps of Fez
Of gay and gaudy hue—
But habited in mourning weeds,
Come marching from afar,
By four and four, the valiant men
Who fought with Aliatar.
All mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The banner of the Phenix,
The flag that loved the sky,
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,
It flew so proud and high—
Now leaves its place in battle-field,
And sweeps the ground in grief;
The bearer drags its glorious folds
Behind the fallen chief,
As mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Brave Aliatar led forward
A hundred Moors to go
To where his brother held Motril
Against the leaguering foe.
On horseback went the gallant Moor,
That gallant band to lead ;
And now his bier is at the gate,
From whence he prick'd his steed.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The knights of the Grand Master
In crowded ambush lay ;
They rush'd upon him where the reeds
Were thick beside the way ;
They smote the valiant Aliatar,
They smote him till he died,
And broken, but not beaten, were
The brave ones by his side.
Now mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

O ! what was Zayda's sorrow,
How passionate her cries !
Her lover's wounds stream'd not more free
Than that poor maiden's eyes.
Say, love—for thou didst see her tears :
O, no ! he drew more tight
The blinding fillet o'er his lids,
To spare his eyes the sight.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Nor Zayda weeps him only,
But all that dwell between
The great Alhambra's palace walls
And springs of Albaicin.

The ladies weep the flower of knights,
 The brave the bravest here :
 The people weep a champion,
 The alcaides a noble peer.
 While mournfully and slowly
 The afflicted warriors come,
 To the deep wail of the trumpet,
 And beat of muffled drum.

BRYANT

98.—THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BIRD of the heavens ! whose matchless eye
 Alone can front the blaze of day,
 And, wandering through the radiant sky,
 Ne'er from the sunlight turns away ;
 Whose ample wing was made to rise
 Majestic o'er the loftiest peak,
 On whose chill tops the winter skies,
 Around thy nest, in tempests speak.
 What ranger of the winds can dare,
 Proud mountain king ! with thee compare ;
 Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
 Before thy native majesty,
 When thou hast ta'en thy seat alone,
 Upon thy cloud-encircled throne ?

Bird of the cliffs ! thy noble form
 Might well be thought almost divine ;
 Born for the thunder and the storm,
 The mountain and the rock are thine ;
 And there, where never foot has been,
 Thy eyry is sublimely hung,
 Where lowering skies their wrath begin
 And loudest lullabies are sung
 By the fierce spirit of the blast,
 When, his snow mantle o'er him cast,
 He sweeps across the mountain top,
 With a dark fury naught can stop,
 And wings his wild unearthly way
 Far through the clouded realms of day

Bird of the sun ! to thee—to thee
The earliest tints of dawn are known,
And 'tis thy proud delight to see
The monarch mount his gorgeous throne ;
Throwing the crimson drapery by,
That half impedes his glorious way ;
And mounting up the radiant sky,
E'en what he is,—the king of day !
Before the regent of the skies
Men shrink, and veil their dazzled eyes ;
But thou, in regal majesty,
Hast kingly rank as well as he ;
And with a steady, dauntless gaze,
Thou meet'st the splendour of his blaze.

Bird of Columbia ! well art thou
An emblem of our native land ;
With unblench'd front and noble brow,
Among the nations doom'd to stand ;
Proud, like her mighty mountain woods ;
Like her own rivers, wandering free ;
And sending forth, from hills and floods,
The joyous shout of liberty !
Like thee, majestic bird ! like thee,
She stands in unbought majesty,
With spreading wing, untired and strong,
That dares a soaring far and long,
That mounts aloft, nor looks below,
And will not quail though tempests blow.

The admiration of the earth,
In grand simplicity she stands ;
Like thee, the storms beheld her birth,
And she was nursed by rugged hands ;
But, past the fierce and furious war,
Her rising fame new glory brings,
For kings and nobles come from far
To seek the shelter of her wings.
And like thee, rider of the cloud,
She mounts the heavens serene and proud,
Great in a pure and noble frame,
Great in her spotless champion's name,

And destined in her day to be
Mighty as Rome—more nobly free.

My native-land! my native land!

To whom my thoughts will fondly turn:

For her the warmest hopes expand,

For her the heart with fears will yearn.

O! may she keep her eye, like thee,

Proud eagle of the rocky wild,

Fix'd on the sun of liberty,

By rank, by faction unbeguil'd;

Remembering still the rugged road

Our venerable fathers trod,

When they through toil and danger press'd,

To gain their glorious bequest,

And from each lip the caution fell

To those who follow'd, "Guard it well."

C. W. THOMPSON.

99.—MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys,

At ball, or concert, rout, or play;

While, far from fashion's idle noise,

Her gilded domes, and trappings gay,

I while the wintry eve away,—

'Twixt book and lute, the hours divide;

And marvel how I e'er could stray

From thee—my own Fireside!

My own Fireside! Those simple words

Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;

Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,

And fill with tears of joy my eyes!

What is there my wild heart can prize,

That doth not in thy sphere abide,

Haunt of my homebred sympathies,

My own—my own Fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;

A small white hand is clasp'd in mine;

I gaze upon her placid brow,

And ask what joys can equal thine!

A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
 In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide ;—
 Where my love seek a better shrine,
 Than thou—my own Fireside ?

What care I for the sullen roar
 Of winds without, that ravage earth ;
 It doth but bid me prize the more
 The shelter of thy hallow'd hearth ;—
 To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth :
 Then let the churlish tempest chide,
 It cannot check the blameless mirth
 That glads my own Fireside !

My refuge ever from the storm
 Of this world's passion, strife, and care ,
 Though thunder clouds the sky deform,
 Their fury cannot reach me there.
 There all is cheerful, calm, and fair,
 Wrath, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
 Hath never made its hated lair
 By thee—my own Fireside !

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
 Where no harsh feeling dares intrude ;
 Where life's vexations lose their sting ;
 Where even grief is half subdued :
 And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
 Then, let the pamper'd fool deride,
 I'll pay my debt of gratitude
 To thee—my own Fireside !

Shrine of my household deities !
 Fair scene of my home's unsullied joys !
 To thee my burden'd spirit flies,
 When fortune frowns, or care annoys :
 Thine is the bliss that never cloy :
 The smile whose truth hath oft been tried .
 What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
 To thee—my own Fireside !

O, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus, ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary !

Whate'er my future years may be ;
Let joy or grief my fate betide ;
Be still an Eden bright to me
My own—MY OWN FIRESIDE ! A. A. WATTS

100.—THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

He was a stranger, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings pass'd o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripen'd the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the tree's wither'd leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn—
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turn'd away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hew'd down the giant oak,
And burning thoughts flash'd o'er his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beach o'ershadow'd the misty lake,
And a mourning voice and a plunge from shore ;—
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had pass'd on, by that still lake-side
The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand display'd,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

LONGFELLOW.

101.—THE EXAMPLE OF THE NORTHERN TO THE SOUTHERN
REPUBLICS OF AMERICA.

THE great triumphs of constitutional freedom, to which our independence has furnished the example, have been witnessed in the southern portion of our hemisphere. Sunk to the last point of colonial degradation, they have risen at once into the organization of three republics. Their struggle has been arduous ; and eighteen years of checkered fortune have not yet brought it to a close. But we must not infer, from their prolonged agitation, that their independence is uncertain ; that they have prematurely put on the *toga virilis* of freedom. They have not begun too soon ; they have more to do. Our war of independence was shorter ;—happily we were contending with a government, that could not, like that of Spain, pursue an interminable and hopeless contest, in defiance of the people's will. Our transition to a mature and well adjusted constitution was more prompt than that of our sister republics ; for the foundations had long been settled, the preparation long made. And when we consider that it is our example, which has aroused the spirit of independence from California to Cape Horn ; that the experiment of liberty, if it had failed with us, most surely would not have been attempted by them ; that even now our counsels and acts will operate as powerful precedents in this great family of republics, we learn the importance of the post which Providence has

assigned us in the world. A wise and harmonious administration of the public affairs,—a faithful, liberal, and patriotic exercise of the private duties of the citizen,—while they secure our happiness at home, will diffuse a healthful influence through the channels of national communication, and serve the cause of liberty beyond the Equator and the Andes. When we show a united, conciliatory, and imposing front to their rising states, we show them, better than sounding eulogies can do, the true aspect of an independent republic ; we give them a living example that the fireside policy of a people is like that of the individual man. As the one, commencing in the prudence, order, and industry of the private circle, extends itself to all the duties of social life, of the family, the neighbourhood, the country ; so the true domestic policy of the republic, beginning in the wise organization of its own institutions, pervades its territories with a vigilant, prudent, temperate administration ; and extends the hand of cordial interest to all the friendly nations, especially to those which are of the household of liberty.

It is in this way that we are to fulfil our destiny in the world. The greatest engine of moral power, which human nature knows, is an organized, prosperous state. All that man, in his individual capacity, can do—all that he can effect by his fraternities—by his ingenious discoveries and wonders of art,—or by his influence over others—is as nothing, compared with the collective, perpetuated influence on human affairs and human happiness of a well constituted, powerful commonwealth. It blesses generations with its sweet influence ;—even the barren earth seems to pour out its fruits under a system where property is secure, while her fairest gardens are blighted by despotism ;—men, thinking, reasoning men, abound beneath its benignant sway ;—nature enters into a beautiful accord, a better, purer *asiento* with man, and guides an industrious citizen to every rood of her smiling wastes ;—and we see, at length, that what has been *called* a state of nature, has been most falsely, calumniously so denominated that the nature of man is neither that of a savage, a hermit, nor a slave ; but that of a member of a well ordered family, that of a good neighbour, a free citizen, a well informed, good man, acting with others like him. This is the lesson which

is taught in the charter of our independence; this is the lesson which our example is to teach the world.

The epic poet of Rome—the faithful subject of an absolute prince—in unfolding the duties and destinies of his countrymen, bids them look down with disdain on the polished and intellectual arts of Greece, and deem their arts to be

To rule the nations with imperial sway;
To spare the tribes that yield; fight down the proud;
And force the mood of peace upon the world.

A nobler counsel breathes from the charter of our independence; a happier province belongs to our republic. Peace we would extend, but by persuasion and example,—the moral force, by which alone it can prevail among the nations. Wars we may encounter, but it is in the sacred character of the injured and the wronged; to raise the trampled rights of humanity from the dust; to rescue the mild form of liberty from her abode among the prisons and the scaffolds of the elder world, and to seat her in the chair of state among her adoring children; to give her beauty for ashes; a healthful action for her cruel agony; to put at last a period to her warfare on earth; to tear her star-spangled banner from the perilous ridges of battle, and plant it on the rock of ages. There be it fixed for ever,—the power of a free people slumbering in its folds, their peace reposing in its shade!

E. EVERETT.

102.—CLOSE OF THE SPEECH OF DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE GREEK QUESTION, IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, JANUARY, 1824.

The house had gone into committee of the whole, Mr. Taylor in the chair, on the resolution offered by Mr. Webster, which is in the words following:

Resolved, That provision ought to be made by law for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of an agent, or commissioner, to Greece, whenever the president shall deem it expedient to make such appointment."

MR. CHAIRMAN,—It may be asked, will this resolution do the Greeks any good? Yes, it will do them much good. It will give them courage and spirit, which is better than money. It will assure them of the public sympathy, and

will inspire them with fresh constancy. It will teach them that they are not forgotten by the civilized world, and to hope one day to occupy, in that world, an honourable station.

A farther question remains. Is this measure pacific? It has no other character. It simply proposes to make a pecuniary provision for a mission, when the president shall deem such mission expedient. It is a mere reciprocation to the sentiments of his message; it imposes upon him no new duty; it gives him no new power; it does not hasten or urge him forward; it simply provides, in an open and avowed manner, the means of doing, what would else be done out of the contingent fund. It leaves him at the most perfect liberty, and it reposes the whole matter in his sole discretion. He might do it without this resolution, as he did in the case of South America,—but it merely answers the query, whether on so great and interesting a question as the condition of the Greeks, this house holds no opinion which is worth expressing? But, suppose a commissioner is sent, the measure is pacific still. Where is the breach of neutrality? Where a just cause of offence? And besides, Mr. Chairman, is all the danger in this matter on one side? may we not inquire, whose fleets cover the Archipelago? may we not ask, what would be the result to our trade should Smyrna be blockaded? A commissioner could at least procure for us what we do not now possess—that is, authentic information of the true state of things. The document on your table exhibits a meagre appearance on this point—what does it contain? Letters of Mr. Luriottis and paragraphs from a French paper. My personal opinion is, that an agent ought immediately to be sent; but the resolution I have offered by no means goes so far.

Do gentlemen fear the result of this resolution in embroiling us with the Porte? Why, sir, how much is it ahead of the whole nation, or rather let me ask how much is the nation ahead of it? Is not this whole people already in a state of open and avowed excitement on this subject? Does not the land ring from side to side with one common sentiment of sympathy for Greece, and indignation toward her oppressors? nay, more, sir—are we not giving money to this cause? More still, sir—is not the secretary of state in open correspondence with the president of the Greek com

mittee in London? The nation has gone as far as it can go, short of an official act of hostility. This resolution adds nothing beyond what is already done—nor can any of the European governments take offence at such a measure. But if they would, should we be withheld from an honest expression of liberal feelings in the cause of freedom, for fear of giving umbrage to some member of the holy alliance? We are not, surely, yet prepared to purchase their smiles by a sacrifice of every manly principle. Dare any Christian prince even ask us not to sympathize with a Christian nation struggling against Tartar tyranny? We do not interfere—we break no engagements—we violate no treaties; with the Porte we have none.

Mr. Chairman, there are some things which, to be well done, must be promptly done. If we even determine to do the thing that is now proposed, we may do it too late. Sir, I am not of those who are for withholding aid when it is most urgently needed, and when the stress is past, and the aid no longer necessary, overwhelming the sufferers with caresses. I will not stand by and see my fellow man drowning without stretching out a hand to help him, till he has by his own efforts and presence of mind reached the shore in safety, and then encumber him with aid. With suffering Greece now is the crisis of her fate,—her great, it may be, her last struggle. Sir, while we sit here deliberating, her destiny may be decided. The Greeks, contending with ruthless oppressors, turn their eyes to us, and invoke us by their ancestors, slaughtered wives and children, by their own blood, poured out like water, by the hecatombs of dead they have heaped up as it were to heaven, they invoke, they implore us for some cheering sound, some look of sympathy, some token of compassionate regard. They look to us as the great republic of the earth—and they ask us by our common faith, whether we can forge that they are struggling, as we once struggled, for what we now so happily enjoy? I cannot say, sir, that they will succeed; that rests with heaven. But for myself, sir, if I should to-morrow hear that they have failed—that their last phalanx had sunk beneath the Turkish cimeter, that the flames of their last city had sunk in its ashes, and that naught remained but the wide melancholy waste where Greece once was, I should still reflect, with the most heart

felt satisfaction, that I have asked you in the name of seven millions of freemen, that you would give them at least the cheering of one friendly voice.

WEBSTER.

103.—MR. POINSETT'S SPEECH ON THE SAME QUESTION.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—To view this question calmly and dispassionately as a statesman ought to do, requires us to exercise the utmost control over our feelings.

It is impossible to contemplate the contest between the Greeks and the Turks, so eloquently described by the gentleman from Massachusetts, without feeling the strongest indignation at the barbarous atrocities committed by the infidel oppressor, and the deepest interest in the cause of a brave people struggling alone, against fearful odds, to shake off the yoke of despotism.

Our sympathies are always with the oppressed—our feelings are always engaged in the cause of liberty. In favour of Greece, they are still more strongly excited by recollections, which the scholar cherishes with delight, and which are associated in our minds with every pure and exalted sentiment.

The descendants of that illustrious people, to whom we owe our arts, our sciences, and, except our religion, every thing which gives a charm to life, must command our warmest interest: but the Greeks have other claims to our sympathies. They are not only heirs of the immortal fame of their ancestors—they are the rivals of their virtues. In their heroic struggle for freedom, they have exhibited a persevering courage, a spirit of enterprise, and a contempt of danger and of suffering worthy the best days of ancient Greece. The enthusiasm and liberality manifested in their cause, by our fellow citizens throughout the union, are, in the highest degree, honourable to their feelings. As men, we must applaud their generosity, and may imitate their example. But the duty of a statesman is a stern duty. As representatives of the people, we have no right to indulge our sympathies, however noble, or to give way to our feeling, however generous. We are to regard only the policy of a measure submitted to our consideration. Our first and most important duty is, to maintain peace, whenever that

an be done consistently with the honour and safety of the nation ; and we ought to be slow to adopt any measure which might involve us in a war, except where those great interests are concerned. The gentleman disclaims any such intention. He does not believe that we run the slightest risk, by adopting the resolution on our table. He considers it as a pacific measure, and relies entirely upon the discretion of the president, to accept or reject our recommendation, as the interests of the country may require. The object of passing such a resolution can only be to give an impulse to the executive, and to induce him, by an expression of the opinion of this house, to send a commission to Greece. I have as great a reliance upon the discretion of the executive as the gentleman from Massachusetts. I believe that he would resist the suggestion of this house in favour of any measure if he thought the public interest required him to do so. But, unless we wish and expect him to act upon our recommendation, we ought not to throw upon him, alone, the responsibility of resisting the strong public feeling, which has been excited on this subject. The question for us to consider appears to me to be, whether, if the power rested with us, we would exercise it to this extent. I think we could not do so, without incurring some risk of involving the country in a war foreign to its interests. Let us suppose that these commissioners were to fall into the hands of the Turks ; an event by no means impossible, in the present state of Greece—what would be their fate ? The Porte has not been remarkable for its strict observance of the laws of nations, in its intercourse with the powers of Europe ; and it is not probable, that such a court would be very scrupulous in its conduct toward a nation whose flag it has never acknowledged. Or, let us imagine, what is much more probable, that on the rumour of our having taken any measure in favour of Greece, the barbarous and infuriated Janissaries at Smyrna were to assassinate our consul and fellow citizens residing there ; might not a war grow out of such acts ? The gentleman from Massachusetts said, yesterday, that we had already taken steps, which would offend the Ottoman Porte as much as the one he proposed. Money has been freely and publicly contributed in aid of the Greeks. What we have done in that respect is common to all Christian Europe. Large sums have been contributed for that

purpose in England, in Germany, and even in Russia. He said, too, that the executive, in the secretary's letter to the agent of the Greek government, and subsequently in his message to congress, has used expressions calculated to irritate that court as much as if we were to send a commission to Greece. These expressions of ardent wishes for the success of the Greeks are honourable to the executive, and will be echoed back by the nation. They may be so by this house with safety, and that expression of our interest in their welfare and success would have all the cheering influence the gentleman anticipates from the measure he proposes.

It appears to me, that in the consideration of this question, we have been misled by comparing this revolution with that of Spanish America. And I have heard it argued, that, as we sent commissioners to Buenos Ayres, without rousing the jealousy of any nation, and recognised the independence of those governments without exciting the hostility of Spain, we may do the same in relation to Greece, without offending any nation in Europe.

Independently of the different attitude it becomes us to assume toward America, there is no similarity in the two cases. When we adopted the first measure, Buenos Ayres had been independent, *de facto*, for more than eight years, and Spain had not, during the whole of that period, made the slightest effort to recover possession of that country. When we recognised the independence of the American governments south of us, they were all free, from the Sabine to the La Plata. The tide could not be rolled back; but, in whatever light Spain may have regarded our conduct on those occasions, the situation of the internal concerns of that country prevented any manifestation of its resentment. No, sir! It is to Europe that we must look for a case parallel to that of Greece. Let us suppose, that the Italian states had made an attempt to shake off the iron yoke of Austria, would there be any doubt as to the course of policy this country ought to pursue in that case? Or, if Poland were again to make a desperate effort to recover its liberties, and to re-establish its political existence—that gallant nation would have a claim to our sympathies. Yet, I apprehend, we should hesitate before we took any step which might offend the Emperor of Russia. Is there a country

on earth in whose fate we feel a deeper interest than in that of Ireland? A braver or more generous nation does not exist. Her exiled patriots have taken refuge here, and are among our most useful and distinguished citizens. They are identified with us, and the land which gave them birth must always inspire us with the warmest interest. But, if the Irish were to make a general effort to separate themselves from England, we should pause before we adopted a measure which might be interpreted by Great Britain as an interference of her domestic policy. And yet the Turks are more regardless of the laws of nations, more violent in character, and more reckless of consequences, than any power in Europe. It has been said, that when we exercise an undoubted right, we ought not to regard consequences. This may be magnanimous language to hold, but would such conduct be prudent in this case? We may despise the power of Turkey, and Egypt, and Barbary, united, but can we be certain, that in the event of a war, we should have only to contend with them? The conduct of Great Britain and of the allies, in relation to the contest, which has been so fully dwelt upon, and so ably exposed by the gentleman from Massachusetts, ought to convince us, that they would regard any interference, on our part, with great jealousy. They have repeatedly declared, that they would discourage any change in the present state of possession of the great European powers, among which Turkey holds a station, which might strengthen one, or lessen the security of another: and that they would discountenance any act calculated to call forth a new order of things, the issue of which it would be impossible to predict. The reasons for these declarations are obvious. Every power in Europe balances between its terror of revolutionary principles, and its dread of the augmenting power of Russia. The independence of Greece alarms their fears in both these respects. The first revolutionary movement in that country was supported by, if it did not emanate from, an association in Germany. The succours afforded by the Philhellenic societies in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, have contributed largely to the success of the patriots. The revolution of Greece broke out simultaneously with that of Piedmont; and the agents of the Greek government have, most imprudently, boasted of the effect which the liberties of Greece

would be likely to produce on the neighbouring states. And there is no doubt that the establishment of free institutions in Greece would have a powerful influence on the minds of the enthusiastic Italians and Germans.

For these reasons, among others even more selfish, Austria has been hostile to this revolution from its commencement. France is opposed to any change in the present state of possession of the great European powers, which might grow out of the dismemberment of Turkey. Such an event could not augment her strength, and might lessen her security. For obvious reasons, that power, in common with all others on the continent of Europe, is averse to the establishment of any new republic. Great Britain, throughout this contest, has evinced a desire to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire. The Ionian, islands which are under her dominion, have not only been prohibited from taking a part in the war, and the inhabitants disarmed, but the ports of those islands have been made places of deposit for grain and other supplies for the Turkish fleets. The only act of Great Britain which can be regarded as at all favourable to the Greeks, is the acknowledgment of their blockades; an act of justice which could not be refused to the relative position of the two parties. The prevailing opinion appears to be, that, united by the bond of one common religion, Greece, as the ally, or as the dependant of Russia, would, by means of her formidable marine, render irresistible that already colossal power. Great Britain appears to have regarded the dismemberment and partition of Turkey, as a necessary consequence of rupture between that power and Russia. To prevent this, all her influence has been exerted, and no reasonable doubt exists, that, if negotiation had failed to effect an accommodation between them, Great Britain would have appeared in arms as the ally of the Porte.

The course of policy pursued by Russia, on this occasion, has been so fully developed by the gentleman from Massachusetts, that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it. The sacred obligations of that power to protect the Greeks, and even its long conceived projects of aggrandizement, appear to have yielded to the dread of encouraging revolution. In whatever light we may regard a policy which sacrifices to its selfish views the rights of humanity

and justice, and the claims of a suffering Christian people, in matters relating exclusively to Europe we ought not to interfere. We cannot do so without departing from those principles of sound policy which have hitherto guided our councils, and directed our conduct. Any interference on our part, in favour of a cause which not even remotely affects our interest, could only be regarded in the light of a crusade, and might injure the Greeks by alarming the fears of the allied powers. They already dread the moral influence of our republican institutions ; let us not make it their interest, and give them a pretext, to attack us, by going forth to disturb the integrity of their possessions, or the security of their monarchical governments in Europe. The distinction drawn by the president in his last message, marks the true and only safe course of policy for this country to pursue. [Mr. P. here quoted the message :]

“A strong hope has been entertained, founded on the heroic struggle of the Greeks, that they would succeed in their contest, and resume their equal station among the nations of the earth. It is believed that the whole civilized world takes a deep interest in their welfare. Although no power has declared in their favour, yet none, according to our information, has taken part against them. Their cause and their name have protected them from dangers, which might, ere this, have overwhelmed any other people. The ordinary calculations of interest and of acquisitions, with a view to aggrandizement, which mingle so much in the transactions of nations, seem to have had no effect in regard to them. From the facts which have come to our knowledge, there is good cause to believe that their enemy has lost for ever all dominion over them ; that Greece will become again an independent nation. That she may obtain that rank, is the object of our most ardent wishes.”

[Mr. P. then referred to the letter of the secretary of state, communicated to congress.]

The letter of the secretary of state to the agent of the Greek government corroborates this view of our policy, and, if taken together, clearly shows the views of the executive in relation to our foreign policy.

In this hemisphere we have already taken the station which it becomes us to hold. We have been the first to recognise the free states of North and South America, and

the honour and safety of this country require us to defend them from the attacks of the confederated monarchs of Europe. We are called upon, by every consideration, to resist them, should they attempt to extend their plans of conquest and legitimacy to America; for, if they succeed in that unhallowed enterprise, the independence of nations will be but a name.

That there are indications of such intentions, no one will deny. The King of Spain has proclaimed his determination to employ force to recover his American dominions. Even he is not weak enough to undertake an enterprise of such magnitude with the resources of Spain alone. The envoy of the Emperor of Russia, sent to congratulate Ferdinand on his restoration to the fulness of his legitimate authority, or, in other words, to the right of tyrannizing over his subjects without control, expresses the wishes of his august master that the benefits now enjoyed by his subjects in Europe may be extended to his dominions in America. In reply to our call for information upon that subject, the president indirectly tells us, that some combined movement against America is to be apprehended. Indeed, we may see the storm gathering in all signs of the times.

And at this portentous crisis, when we may be compelled to take up arms to defend our rights and liberties on this side of the Atlantic, shall we extend our operations to the remotest corner of Europe? When, to preserve our political existence, we ought to concentrate our strength, shall we diffuse and weaken it by engaging in a distant war? Shall we, in short, so give way to feelings of mere charity and generosity, as to lose sight of the higher obligations of prudence and self-defence?

The gentleman from Massachusetts has painted in true colours the fearful combination of sovereigns against the liberties of mankind. But, if there is danger, and I agree with him that it is imminent and appalling, it is here that we ought to meet it. A very slight examination of our resources, of the nature and character of our government and institutions, will convince us, that, in a distant war, foreign to our interests, this nation is weak as an infant. For purposes of defence, in a war that would unite all our resources, and rouse the energies of the people, we are strong as Hercules.

I repeat, that if there is danger to be apprehended from the avowed principles of the holy alliance, it is in America that we must resist them. Like the generous animal which is the emblem of this country, let us not go forth to seek enemies. If they threaten us, let our warning be heard over the waves, in the voices of millions of freemen, resolved to maintain their liberties. If they approach our shores with hostile intent, we may arise in the collected strength of a great nation, and hurl destruction on the foes of freedom and of America.

I think, sir, that any resolutions we may pass on this subject ought to be expressive of our policy and of the position we occupy in relation to Europe, and that which we are resolved to assume in relation to America; and, with that view, I propose the following resolution as a substitute for those offered by my friend from Massachusetts:

“Resolved, That this house view with deep interest the heroic struggle of the Greeks to elevate themselves to the rank of a free and independent nation; and unite with the president in the sentiments he has expressed in their favour; in sympathy for their sufferings, in interest in their welfare, and in ardent wishes for their success.” Poinsett.

104.—CONCLUSION OF MR. CLAY'S SPEECH ON THE SAME QUESTION.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—It has been said, that the proposed measure will be a departure from our uniform policy with respect to foreign nations;—that it will provoke the ire of the holy alliance:—and will, in effect, be a repetition of their own offence, by an unwarrantable interference with the domestic concerns of other powers. No, sir; not even if it proposed, which it does not, an immediate recognition of Grecian independence. What has been the uniform policy and practice of this government, from the days of Washington to this moment? In the case of France, president Washington, and his successors, received Genet, Fuchet, and all who followed them, whether sent from king, convention, anarchy, or emperor. Sir, the rule we have followed has ever been this; to look at the state of the fact, and to recognise that government, be it what it might, which was in

actual possession of sovereign power When one of these governments was overthrown, and a new one established on its ruins, without embarrassing ourselves with any principles involved in the contest, we have ever acknowledged the new and actual government as soon as it had positive existence. Our simple inquiry has been, which is the government *de facto*?

An example has recently been furnished in relation to the government of Spain. When the foreign ministers were driven or retired from Madrid, and refused to accompany Ferdinand to Cadiz, our minister sought at that port, to present himself to the constitutional Ferdinand—why? This government held Ferdinand to be the actual king Did this produce any declaration of war? Were any diplomatic notes ever received complaining of this proceeding? Nothing like it, sir. The lines are so plainly marked in which we are to go, that there is no mistaking them. We are to engage in no interference with their disputes, no contests for either party, no entangling alliances, but to maintain our diplomatic intercourse with existing sovereignties. It has been admitted by all, that there is impending over this country a threatening storm, which is likely to call into action all our vigour, courage, and resources. Is it a wise way of preparing for this awful event to talk to this nation of its incompetency to resist European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral force, and do what we can to prepare it for base submission and easy conquest? If, sir, there be any reality in this menacing danger, I would rather adjure the nation to remember that it contains a million of freemen capable of bearing arms, and ready to exhaust their last drop of blood and their last cent, in defending their country, its institutions, and its liberty. Sir, are these to be conquered by all Europe united? But I am quite sure that that danger, so far at least as this resolution is concerned, is perfectly ideal and imaginary. But, if it were otherwise, any danger is best guarded against by invigorating our minds to meet it—by teaching our heads to think, our hearts to conceive, and our arms to execute the high and noble deeds which belong to the character and glory of our country.

Sir, the experience of the world may instruct us, that conquests are achieved when they are boldly and firmly

determined on; and that men become slaves as soon as they have ceased to resolve to live freemen. If we wish to cover ourselves with the best of all armour against perils, let us not discourage our people, let us stimulate their ardour, let us sustain their resolution, let us show them that we feel as they feel, and that we are prepared to live or die like freemen. Surely, sir, we need no long or learned lectures about the influence of property or of rank; let us rather remember that we can bring into the field a million of bayonets; let us remember that we are placed over a nation capable of doing and of suffering all things for its liberty.

I can never forget what was once said to me by a most illustrious female, the first of the age, if not of her sex, on this subject. "Mr. Clay, (said that enlightened lady,) a nation never yet was conquered." No, sir—no united nation can be, that has the spirit to resolve not to be conquered; such a nation is ever invincible. And, sir, has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so despicable, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, lest peradventure we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we draw an humble petition addressed to their majesties, asking them that of their condescension they would allow us to express something on the subject. How, sir, shall it begin? "We, the representatives of the free people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that of your imperial and royal clemency"—I will not go through the disgusting recital; my lips have not yet learnt the sycophantic language of a degraded slave. Are we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth, or shocked high heaven, with the ferocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the breast sickens?

If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us,

at least show, that, in this distant extremity, there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings, that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation, at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

Sir, the house has been attempted to be alarmed by the dangers to our commerce, and a miserable invoice of figs and opium have been presented to us to repress our sensibilities, and to eradicate our humanity. Ah, sir, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" or what shall it profit a nation to save the whole of a wretched commerce, and lose its liberties?

As to the question of American interests, hitherto, it has not been necessary to depart from the rule of our foreign relations laid down in regard to Europe. Whether it shall become us to do so or not, will be discussed when we take up another resolution that lies upon your table. But we may not only pass this resolution; we may go further; we may recognise the government in the Morea, and yet it will not be any cause of war, nor will it be war, nor even aid. Besides, sir, what is Greece to the allies? A part of their own dominions? By no means. Suppose the people in one of the Philippine Isles, or in any other spot still more insulated and remote, in Asia or Africa, were to resist their former rulers, and set up and establish a new government; are we not to recognise *them* for fear of the holy alliance? If they are going to interfere on the principle of example, here is the spot where they must strike. *This* government, you, Mr. Chairman, and the body over which you preside, are the living reproach to allied despotism. If they attack us at all, they will do it *here*. They will assail us in our own happy land. They will attack us because you, sir, sit beneath that canopy, and we sit freely debating upon the great interests of freemen. They will strike because we pass one of those bills on your table. The passing of the least of them by our authority is as galling to despotic powers as will be the passage of this so-much-dreaded resolution.

Pass the resolution, and what, sir, do you do? You exercise an act of indisputable sovereignty, for which you are responsible to none of them. You do the same act as when you pass a bill—no more. If the allies object, let

them forbid us to take a vote in this house—let them disperse us—let them strip us of every attribute of sovereignty.

Do gentlemen attempt to maintain that, on the principles of the laws of nations, these powers have *cause* of war? Sir, if there is any principle settled for ages, any which is founded in the very nature of things, it is, that every sovereign power has a right to judge as to the fact of the existence of other sovereign powers. I admit there may be a state of inchoate, inactive sovereignty, in which a new government is struggling into being, and may not be said yet perfectly to exist; but the premature recognition of such a new government can give offence justly to no other than its ancient sovereign. The right to recognise comprehends the right to be informed; and the means of information must depend upon the sound discretion of the party seeking it. You may send out a commission of inquiry, and charge it with a provident attention to your own interests and your own people. If you adopt it, no act necessarily follows. You merely grant the means by which the executive may act when he thinks proper. What does he tell you in his message? that Greece is struggling for freedom—that all sympathize with her, and that no power has declared against her. You pass this resolution, and what does it say to the president? “You have sent us grateful intelligence: we feel for Greece, and we grant you money, that, when you think it proper, when the interests of this nation shall not be jeopardized, you may depute a commissioner, a public functionary, to Greece.” This is all it says; and the whole responsibility is left with the executive, where the constitution puts it. But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece, that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid, that aid purely of a moral kind.

It is, indeed, soothing and solacing in distress, to hear the accents of a friendly voice, (we know this as a people.) But, sir, it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass: it is for our own unsullied name that I feel. What appearance on the page of history would a record like this make, Mr. Chairman, “In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and

Saviour, 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold unfeeling apathy, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of the Christians in Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom, the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets, while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer for Grecian success, while the whole continent was raising, by one simultaneous emotion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of Heaven to spare Greece and to invigorate her arms, while temples and senate houses were all resounding with one burst of generous feeling—(gentlemen may call it enthusiastic declamation if they please; would to God we could hear such declamation and the utterance of such feeling from them)—in the year of our Lord and Saviour, that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American Congress, to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected.” Go home, if you dare; go home, if you can, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down—meet, if you *dare*, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, (I mean no defiance,) and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments—that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you—that the spectres of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot bring myself to believe, that such will be the feeling of a majority of this house. But, for myself, though every friend of the measure should desert it, and I left to stand alone, with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to the resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

105.—EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF JOHN RANDOLPH ON THE
SAME QUESTION.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—It is with serious concern and alarm, that I have heard doctrines broached in this debate, fraught with consequences more disastrous to the best interests of this people than any that I have ever heard advanced during the five-and-twenty years that I have been honoured with a seat on this floor. They imply, to my apprehension, a total and fundamental change of the policy pursued by this government, *ab urbe condita*—from the foundation of the republic, to the present day. Are we, sir, to go on a crusade, in another hemisphere, for the propagation of two objects—objects as dear and delightful to *my* heart as to that of any gentleman in this, or in any other assembly—liberty and religion—and, in the name of these holy words—by this powerful spell, is this nation to be conjured and persuaded out of the high way of heaven—out of its present comparatively happy state, into all the disastrous conflicts arising from the policy of European powers, with all the consequences which flow from them?

Liberty and religion, sir! I believe that nothing similar to this proposition is to be found in modern history, unless in the famous decree of the French national assembly, which brought combined Europe against them, with its united strength, and, after repeated struggles, finally effected the downfall of the French power. Sir, I am wrong—there is another example of like doctrine; and you find it among that strange and peculiar people—in that mysterious book which is of the highest authority with them; (for it is at once their gospel and their law,) the Koran, which enjoins it to be the duty of all good Moslems to propagate its doctrines at the point of the sword—by the edge of the cimeter. The character of that people is a peculiar one: they differ from every other race. It has been said, here, that it is four hundred years since they encamped in Europe. Sir, they were encamped, on the spot where we now find them, before this country was discovered, and their title to the country which they occupy is at least as good as ours. They hold their possessions there by the same title by which all other countries are held—possession, obtained at first by a successful employment of force,

confirmed by time, usage, prescription—the best of all possible titles. Their policy has been not tortuous, like that of other states of Europe, but straightforward: they had invariably appealed to the sword, and they held by the sword. The Russ had, indeed, made great encroachments on their empire, but the ground had been contested inch by inch; and the acquisitions of Russia on the side of Christian Europe—Livonia, Ingria, Courland—Finland, to the gulf of Bothnia—Poland!—had been greater than that of the Mahometans. And, in consequence of this straightforward policy to which I before referred, this peculiar people could boast of being the only one of the continental Europe, whose capital had never been insulted by the presence of a foreign military force. It was a curious fact, well worthy of attention, that Constantinople was the only capital in continental Europe—for Moscow was the true capital of Russia—that had never been in possession of an enemy. It is, indeed, true, that the Empress Catharine did inscribe over the gate of one of the cities that she had won in the Crimea, (Cherson, I think,) “the road to Byzantium;” but, sir, it has proved—perhaps too low a word for the subject—but a *stumpy road* for Russia. Who, at that day, would have been believed, had he foretold to that august (for so she was) and illustrious woman that her Cossacks of the Ukraine, and of the Don, would have encamped in Paris before they reached Constantinople? Who would have been believed, if he had foretold that a French invading force—such as the world never saw before, and, I trust, will never again see—would lay Moscow itself in ashes? These are considerations worthy of attention, before we embark in the project proposed by this resolution, the consequences of which no human eye can divine.

I would respectfully ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether in his very able and masterly argument—and he has said all that could be said upon the subject, and more than I supposed could be said by any man in favour of his resolution—whether he himself has not furnished an answer to his speech—I had not the happiness myself to hear his speech, but a friend has read it to me. In one of the arguments in that speech, toward the conclusion, I think, of his speech, the gentleman lays down, from

Puffendorf, in reference to the honeyed words and pious professions of the holy alliance, that these are all surplusage, because nations are always supposed to be ready to do what justice and national law require. Well, sir, if this be so, why may not the Greeks presume—why are they not, on this principle, bound to presume, that this government is disposed to do all, in reference to them, that they ought to do, without any formal resolutions to that effect? I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts, whether the doctrine of Puffendorf does not apply as strongly to the resolution as to the declaration of the allies—that is, if the resolution of the gentleman be indeed that almost nothing he would have us suppose, if there be not something *behind* this nothing which divides this house (not *horizontally*, as the gentleman has ludicrously said—but *vertically*) into two unequal parties, one the advocate of a splendid system of crusades, the other the friends of peace and harmony; the advocates of a *fireside policy*—for, as had been truly said, as long as all is right at the fireside, there cannot be much wrong elsewhere—whether, I repeat, does not the doctrine of Puffendorf apply as well to the words of the resolution as to the words of the holy alliance?

But, sir, we have already done more than this. The president of the United States, the only organ of communication which the people have seen fit to establish between us and foreign powers, has already expressed all, in reference to Greece, that the resolution goes to express *actum est*—it is done—it is finished—there is an end. Not, that would have the house to infer, that I mean to express any opinion as to the policy of such a declaration—the practice of responding to presidential addresses and messages had gone out for, now, these two or three-and-twenty years.

106.—SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE SAME SPEECH.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—Permit me, sir, to ask why, in the action of an enemy to the doctrines of our government, a party to those advanced by the holy alliance, we would fix on Turkey? She, at least, forms no part of the alliance; and I venture to say, that, for the last century,

her conduct, in reference to her neighbours, has been much more *Christian* than that of all the "most Christian," "most Catholic," or "most faithful" majesties of Europe—for she has not interfered, as we propose to do, in the internal affairs of other nations."

But, sir, we have not done. Not satisfied with attempting to support the Greeks, our world, like that of Pyrrhus or Alexander, is not sufficient for us. We have yet another world for exploits: we are to operate in a country distant from us eighty degrees of latitude, and only accessible by a circumnavigation of the globe, and to subdue which, we must cover the Pacific with our ships, and the tops of the Andes with our soldiers. Do gentlemen seriously reflect on the work they have cut out for us? Why, sir, these projects of ambition surpass those of Bonaparte himself.

It has once been said of the dominions of the King of Spain—thank God! it can no longer be said—that the sun never set upon them. Sir, the sun never sets on ambition like this: they who have once felt its scorpion sting, are never satisfied with a limit less than the circle of our planet. I have heard, sir, the late coruscation in the heavens attempted to be accounted for by the return of the lunar cycle, the moon having got back into the same relative position in which she was nineteen years ago. However this may be, I am afraid, sir, that she exerts too potent an influence over our legislation, or will have done so, if we agree to adopt the resolution on your table. I think about once in seven or eight years, for that seems to be the term of our political cycle, we may calculate upon beholding some redoubted champion, like him who prances into Westminster Hall, armed cap-a-pie, like Sir Somebody Dimock, at the coronation of the British king; challenging all who dispute the title of the sovereign to the crown—coming into this house, mounted on some magnificent project, such as this. But, sir, I never expected, that, of all places in the world, (except Salem,) a proposition like this should have come from Boston!

Sir, I am afraid, that, along with some most excellent attributes and qualities—the love of liberty, jury trial, the writ of habeas corpus, and all the blessings of free government, that we have derived from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, we have got not a little of their John Bull, or rather

bull-dog spirit—their readiness to fight for anybody, and on any occasion. Sir, England has been for centuries the game-cock of Europe. It is impossible to specify the wars in which she has been engaged for contrary purposes;—and she will, with great pleasure, see us take off her shoulders the labour of preserving the balance of power. We find her fighting, now, for the Queen of Hungary—then, for her inveterate foe, the King of Prussia—now at war for the restoration of the Bourbons—and now on the eve of war with them, for the liberties of Spain. These lines on the subject were never more applicable than they have now become—

“Now Europe’s balanced—neither side prevails—
For nothing’s left in either of the scales.”

If we pursue the same policy, we must travel the same road, and endure the same burdens, under which England now groans. But, glorious as such a design might be, a president of the United States would, in his apprehension, occupy a prouder place in history, who, when he retires from office, can say to the people who elected him, I leave you without a debt, than if he had fought as many pitched battles as Cæsar, or achieved as many naval victories as Nelson. And what is debt? In an individual, it is slavery. It is slavery of the worst sort, surpassing that of the West India islands, for it enslaves the mind as well as it enslaves the body; and the creature who can be abject enough to incur and to submit to it, receives in the condition of his being an adequate punishment. Of course, I speak of debt, with the exception of unavoidable misfortune. I speak of debt caused by mismanagement, by unwarrantable generosity, by being generous before being just. I know that this sentiment was ridiculed by Sheridan, whose lamentable end was the best commentary upon its truth. No, sir: let us abandon these projects. Let us say to those seven millions of Greeks, “We defended ourselves, when we were but three millions, against a power, in comparison to which the Turk is but as a lamb. Go, and do thou likewise.” And so with respect to the governments of South America. If, after having achieved their independence, they have not valour to maintain it, I would not commit the safety and independence of this country in such a cause. I will, in

both these cases, pursue the same line of conduct which I have ever pursued, from the day I took a seat in this house in '99; from which, without boasting, I challenge any gentleman to fix upon me any colourable charge of departure.

RANDOLPH

107.—AN INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS

It is the spot I came to seek,—
 My fathers' ancient burial-place,
 Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
 Withdrew our wasted race.
 It is the spot—I know it well—
 Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out
 A ridge toward the river side;
 I know the shaggy hills about,
 The meadows smooth and wide;
 The plains that, toward the southern sky,
 Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

The sheep are on the slopes around,
 The cattle in the meadows feed,
 And labourers turn the crumbling ground
 Or drop the yellow seed,
 And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
 Whirl the bright chariot on its way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight
 To see these vales in woods array'd,
 Their summits in the golden light,
 Their trunks in grateful shade,
 And herds of deer, that bounding go
 O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,
 The forest hero, train'd to wars,
 Quiver'd, and plumed, and lithe and tall
 And seam'd with glorious scars,
 Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
 The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours ;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the gray chief and gifted seer
Worshipp'd the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scatter'd in the furrows, lie
The weapons of his rest ;
And there, in the loose sand, is thrown
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth ;
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first-born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough

They waste us—ay—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away ;
And fast they follow, as we go
Towards the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,
To which the white men's eyes are blind ;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and till'd,
Full to the brim our rivers flow'd ;
The melody of waters fill'd
The fresh and boundless wood ;
And torrents dash'd, and rivulets play'd,
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more,
The springs are silent in the sun,

The rivers, by the blackening shore,
 With lessening current run;
 The realm our tribes are crush'd to get
 May be a barren desert yet. BRYANT

108.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
 Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain.
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—What wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more!—Thy waves have roll'd
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
 Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play,
 Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—Those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom
 And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,
 —But all is not thine own!

HEMANS.

109.—THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie
dead,

They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread,
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood !

Alas ! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of
flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours :

The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose, and the orchis died, amid the summer's
glow ;

But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty
stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland,
glade, and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day—as still such
days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home ;

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the hazy light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast
the leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of
ours,

So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers,
BRYANT.

110.—THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine
Far down in the green and grassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow :
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their bows where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air ;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter ;
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,

And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the wave his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on shore :
 Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.
 PERCIVAL.

III.—LORD BYRON'S LAST VERSES.

" Missolonghi, Jan. 23, 1824.

" On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move ;
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
 Is like to some volcanic isle,
 No torch is kindled at its blaze ;—
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 Th' exalted portion of the pain,
 And power of love, I cannot share ;
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul ; nor now—
 Where glory seals the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece around us see ;
 The Spartan borne upon his shield
 Was not more free.

Awake ! not Greece—she is awake !
 Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
 My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
 And then strike home !

I tread reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live ?
 The land of honourable death
 Is here—up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
 A soldier's grave, for thee the best,
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

BYRON.

112.—THE BUGLE.

But still the dingle's hollow throat
 Prolong'd the swelling bugle note,
 The owlets started from their dream,
 The eagles answer'd with their scream ;
 Round and around the sounds were cast,
 Till echo seem'd an answering blast.

Lady of the Lake.

O ! WILD enchanting horn !
 Whose music up the deep and dewy air
 Swells to the clouds, and calls on echo there,
 Till a new melody is born.

Wake, wake again, the night
 Is bending from her throne of beauty down,
 With still stars burning on her azure crown,
 Intense, and eloquently bright.

Night, at its pulseless noon !
 When the far voice of waters mourns in song,
 And some tired watch-dog, lazily and long,
 Barks at the melancholy moon.

Hark ! how it sweeps away,
 Soaring and dying on the silent sky,
 As if some sprite of sound went wandering by,
 With lone halloo and roundelay !

Swell, swell in glory out !
 Thy tones come pouring on my leaping heart,
 And my stirr'd spirit hears thee with a start,
 As boyhood's old remember'd shout.

O ! have ye heard that peal,
 From sleeping city's moon-bathed battlements,
 Or from the guarded field and warrior tents,
 Like some near breath around you steal ?

Or have ye in the roar
 Of sea, or storm, or battle, heard it rise,
 Shriller than eagle's clamour, to the skies,
 Where wings and tempests never soar ?

Go, go—no other sound,
 No music that of air or earth is born,
 Can match the mighty music of that horn,
 On midnight's fathomless profound ! MELLER.

113.—A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
 To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than
 heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
 And something more than melody dwells ever in her words ;
 The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each
 flows

As one may see the burden'd bee forth issue from the rose

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measure of her hours,
Her feelings have the fragrance and the freshness of young
flowers:

And lonely passions changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the
brain,

And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long
remain;

But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's, but
hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of
such a frame,

That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

PINKNEY.

114.—EXTRACT FROM MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH, AT THE DIN-
NER IN HONOUR OF THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON, IN THE
CITY OF WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22, 1832.

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you the name of that
great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in
honour of whose character and services, we have here
assembled.

I am sure that I express a sentiment common to every
one present when I say, that there is something more than
ordinarily solemn and affecting on this occasion.

We are met to testify our regard for him, whose name
is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essen-
tially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions,
and the renown of our country. That name was of power
to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public
disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm
of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's
friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes.
That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attract

ing to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces, that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered round with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become imbodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such

an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the master pieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary out-pouring of public feeling made to-day, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices, to-day, bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the father of his country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision, as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders, with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the proudest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theatre of the western world 't be true that

"The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last;"

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened; how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action, but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from *beneath* governments, to a participation *in* governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

WEBSTER.

115.—EXTRACT FROM MR. HAYNE'S SPEECH ON THE TARIFF BILL, IN CONGRESS, JANUARY, 1832.

MR. PRESIDENT, — The plain and seemingly obvious truth, that in a fair and equal exchange of commodities all parties gained, is a noble discovery of modern-times. The contrary principle naturally led to commercial rivalries, wars, and abuses of all sorts. The benefits of commerce

being regarded as a stake to be won, or an advantage to be wrested from others by fraud or by force, governments naturally strove to secure them to their own subjects ; and when they once set out in this wrong direction, it was quite natural that they should not stop short till they ended in binding, in the bonds of restriction, not only the whole country, but all of its parts. Thus we are told that England first protected by her restrictive policy, her whole empire against all the world, then Great Britain against the colonies, then the British islands against each other, and ended by vainly attempting to protect all the great interests and employment of the state by balancing them against each other. Sir, such a system, carried fully out, is not confined to rival nations, but protects one town against another. considers villages, and even families as rivals ; and cannot stop short of " Robinson Crusoe in his goat skins." It takes but one step further to make every man his own lawyer, doctor, farmer, and shoemaker—and, if I may be allowed an Irishism, his own seamstress and washerwoman. The doctrine of free trade, on the contrary, is founded on the true social system. It looks on all mankind as children of a common parent—and the great family of nations as linked together by mutual interests. Sir, as there is a religion, so I believe there is a *politics of nature*. Cast your eyes over this various earth—see its surface diversified with hills and valleys, rocks, and fertile fields. Notice its different productions—its infinite varieties of soil and climate. See the mighty rivers winding their way to the very mountain's base, and thence guiding man to the vast ocean, dividing, yet connecting nations. Can any man who considers these things with the eye of a philosopher, not read the design of the great Creator (written legibly in his works) that his children should be drawn together in a free commercial intercourse, and mutual exchanges of the various gifts with which a bountiful Providence has blessed them. Commerce, sir, restricted even as she has been, has been the great source of civilization and refinement all over the world. Next to the Christian religion, I consider free trade in its largest sense as the greatest blessing that can be conferred upon any people. Hear, sir, what Patrick Henry, the great orator of Virginia, whose soul was the very temple of freedom, says on this subject:—

“Why should we fetter commerce? If a man is in chains, he droops and bows to the earth, because his spirits are broken, but let him *twist the fetters from his legs*, and he will stand erect. Fetter not commerce! Let her be as free as the air. She will range the whole creation, and return on the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty.”

But, it has been said, that free trade would do very well, if all nations would adopt it; but as it is, every nation must protect itself from the effect of restrictions by countervailing measures. I am persuaded, sir, that it is a great, a most fatal error. If retaliation is resorted to for the honest purpose of producing a redress of the grievance, and while adhered to no longer than there is a hope of success, it may, like war itself, be sometimes just and necessary. But if it have no such object, “it is the unprofitable combat of seeing which can do the other the most harm.” The case can hardly be conceived in which permanent restrictions, as a measure of retaliation, could be profitable. In every possible situation, a trade, whether more or less restricted, is profitable, or it is not. This can only be decided by experience, and if the trade be left to regulate itself, water would not more naturally seek its level, than the intercourse adjust itself to the true interest of the parties. Sir, as to this idea of the regulation by government of the pursuits of men, I consider it as a remnant of barbarism disgraceful to an enlightened age, and inconsistent with the first principles of rational liberty. I hold government to be utterly incapable, from its position, of exercising such a power wisely, prudently, or justly. Are the rulers of the world the depositaries of its collected wisdom? Sir, can we forget the advice of a great statesman to his son—“Go, see the world, my son, that you may learn with how little wisdom mankind is governed.” And is our own government an exception to this rule, or do we not find here, as every where else, that

“Man, proud man,
Robed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.”

The gentleman has appealed to the example of other nations. Sir, they are all against him. They have had

restrictions enough, to be sure; but they are getting heartily sick of them, and in England, particularly, would willingly get rid of them if they could. We have been assured, by the declaration of a minister of the crown, from his place in parliament, "that there is a growing conviction, among all men of sense and reflection in that country, that the true policy of all nations is to be found in unrestricted industry." Sir, in England they are now retracing their steps, and endeavouring to relieve themselves of the system as fast as they can. Within a few years past, upwards of three hundred statutes, imposing restrictions in that country, have been repealed; and a case has recently occurred there, which seems to leave no doubt that, if Great Britain has grown great, it is, as Mr. Huskisson has declared, "not in consequence of, but in spite of their restrictions." The silk manufacture, protected by enormous bounties, was found to be in such a declining condition, that the government was obliged to do something to save it from total ruin. And what did they do? They considerably reduced the duty on foreign silks, both on the raw material and the manufactured article. The consequence was the immediate revival of the silk manufacture, which has since been nearly doubled.

Sir, the experience of France is equally decisive. Bonaparte's effort to introduce cotton and sugar has cost that country millions; and, but the other day, a foolish attempt to protect the iron mines spread devastation through half of France, and nearly ruined the wine trade, on which one fifth of her citizens depend for subsistence. As to Spain unhappy Spain, "fenced round with restrictions," her experience, one would suppose, would convince us, if any thing could, that the protecting system in politics, like bigotry in religion, was utterly at war with sound principles and a liberal and enlightened policy. Sir, I say, in the words of the philosophical statesman of England, "leave a generous nation free to seek their own road to perfection." Thank God, the night is passing away, and we have lived to see the dawn of a glorious day. The cause of free trade must and will prosper, and finally triumph. The political economist is abroad; light has come into the world; and, in this instance at least, men will not "prefer darkness rather than light." Sir, let it not be said, in after times,

the statesmen of America were behind the age in which lived—that they initiated this young and vigorous country into the enervating and corrupting practices of European nations—and that, at the moment when the whole world were looking to us for an example, we arrayed ourselves in the cast-off follies and exploded errors of the old world, and, by the introduction of a vile system of artificial plants and political gambling, impaired the healthful vigor of the body politic, and brought on a decrepitude or premature dissolution.

HAYNE.

116.—THE MOUNTAIN CHURCH.

As one without a friend, one summer eve
 I walk'd among the solemn woods alone.
 The boughs hung lovely, and the gentle winds,
 Whisper'd a song monotonous and low,
 That soothed my mind even while it made me sad.
 The path I follow'd, by a turn abrupt,
 Brought me to stand beside that humble roof,
 Where the few scatter'd families that dwell
 Among these mountains and deep forest shades
 Meet weekly, to uplift the soul in prayer.
 A few rude logs up-piled were all the walls,—
 Our windows and a door, not e'en adorn'd
 With rudest art, were there; and in the midst
 A pulpit,—cushion'd not, nor overhung
 With crimson folds of fringed drapery,
 Or graced with gilded volumes richly bound.
 Amid the mountain pines the low roof stood,
 And mountain hands had reared it; but it wore
 An air of reverence.

Few paces onward,
 Overshadow'd more by the green underwood,
 Some slight raised mounds show'd where the dead were
 Laid.
 No gravestone told who slept beneath the turf.
 (Chance the heart that deeply mourns needs not
 A rich poor remembrancer.) The forest flowers
 Themselves had fondly cluster'd there,—and white
 Anemones with sweet breath stood round about

Like fair young maidens mourning o'er their dead.
In some sweet solitude like this I would
That I might sleep my last long dreamless sleep !
O quiet resting place ! Divine repose !
Let not my voice, I whisper'd, O let not
My heedless step profane thy sanctity !
Still shall sweet summer smiling, linger here,
And wasteful winter lightly o'er thee pass ;
Bright dews of morning jewel thee ! and all
The silent stars watch over thee at night ;
The mountains clasp thee lovingly within
Their giant arms, and ever round thee bow
The everlasting forest ; for thou art
In thy simplicity a holy spot,
And not unmeet for heavenly worshipper.

SOUTHERN ROSE.

117.—THE MOTHER AND HER INFANTS.

A MOTHER was kneeling in the deep hush of evening, at the couch of two infants, whose rosy arms were twined in a mutual embrace. A slumber, soft as the moonlight that fell through the lattice over them like a silvery veil, lay on their delicate lips—the soft bright curls that clustered on their pillow, were slightly stirred by their gentle and healthful breathings ; and that smile, which beams from the pure depths of the fresh, glad spirit, yet rested on their coral lips. The mother looked upon their exceeding beauty with a momentary pride—and then, as she continued to gaze upon the lovely slumberers, her dark eye deepened with an intense and unutterable fondness ; when a cold, shuddering fear came over her, lest those buds of life, so fair, might be touched with sudden decay and go back, in their brightness, to the dust. She lifted her voice in prayer solemnly, passionately, earnestly, that the giver of life would still spare to her those blossoms of love, over whom her soul thus yearned. As the low breathed accents rose on the still air, a deepened thought came over her ; her pure spirit went out with her loved and pure ones into the strange, wild paths of life ; a strong horror chilled her frame as she beheld mildew and blight settling on the fair

lovely of the earth, and high and rich hearts scathed desolating and guilty passion. The prayer she was uttering grew yet more fervent, even to agony, that He, who is the fountain of all purity, would preserve those whom he had given her in their innocence, permitting neither shame, nor crime, nor folly to cast a stain on the brightness with which she had received them invested, from the hands, as with a mantle.

As the prayer died away in the weakness of the spirit, a pale shadowy form stood behind the infant sleeping. "I am death," said the spectre, "and I come for thy babes—I am commissioned to bear them where perils you deprecate are unknown; where neither stain, dust, nor shadow can reach the rejoicing spirit. It is by yielding them to me, you can preserve them from annihilation and decay." A wild conflict—a struggle as the soul parting in strong agony, shook the mother's face; but faith, and the love which hath a purer fountain than that of earth-ward passions, triumphed; and she pressed up her babes to the spectre.

ANONYMOUS.

18.—SCENE IN THE BURNING OF ROME BY NERO.

ALL we spurred on, but our jaded horses at length sank under us; and leaving them to find their way into the fields, we struggled forward on foot. The air had hitherto been calm, but now, gusts began to rise, thunder growled, and signs of tempest thickened on. We gained an unexplored quarter of the city, and had explored our weary way up to the gates of a large patrician palace, when we were startled by a broad sheet of flame rushing through the sky. The storm was come in its rage. The range of public magazines of wood, cordage, tar, and oil, in the valley between the Cœlian and Palatine hills, had at length become involved in the conflagration. All that we had seen was darkness to the fierce splendour of this burning. The tempest tore off the roofs, and swept them like float-lands of fire through the sky. The most distant towers on which they fell were instantly wrapped in flames. One broad mass, whirling from an immense height, fell upon the palace before us. A cry of terror was

heard within; the gates were flung open, and a crowd of domestics and persons of both sexes, attired for a banquet poured out into the streets. The palace was wrapped in flames. My guide then for the first time lost his self-possession. He staggered toward me with the appearance of a man who had received a spear-head in his bosom. I caught him before he fell; but his head sank, his knees bent under him, and his white lips quivered with unintelligible sounds. I could distinguish only the words—"gone, gone for ever!"

The flame had already seized upon the principal floors of the palace; and the volumes of smoke that poured through every window and entrance, rendered the attempt to save those still within, a work of extreme hazard. But ladders were rapidly placed, ropes were flung, and the activity of the attendants and retainers was boldly exerted, till all were presumed to have been saved, and the building was left to burn.

My overwhelmed guide was lying on the ground, when a sudden scream was heard, and a figure, in the robes and with the rosy crown of the banquet—strange contrast to her fearful situation—was seen flying from window to window in the upper part of the mansion. It was supposed that she had fainted in the first terror, and been forgotten. The height, the fierceness of the flame which now completely mastered resistance, the volumes of smoke that suffocated every man who approached, made the chance of saving this unfortunate being utterly desperate in the opinion of the multitude.

My spirits shuddered at the horrors of this desertion. I looked round at my companion: he was kneeling, in helpless agony, with his hands lifted up to heaven. Another scream, wilder than ever, pierced my senses. I seized an axe from one of the domestics, caught a ladder from another, and in a paroxysm of hope, fear, and pity, scaled the burning wall. A shout from below followed me. I entered the first window that I could reach. All before me was cloud. I rushed on, struggled, stumbled over furniture and fragments of all kinds, fell, rose again, found myself trampling upon precious things, plate and crystal, and still, axe in hand, forced my way. I at length reached the banqueting-room. The figure had vanished. A strange

stitution of childhood, a thought that I might have been
by some spirit of evil into the place of ruin, suddenly
over me. I stopped to gather my faculties. I leaned
ast one of the pillars; it was hot; the floor shook and
dled under my tread, the walls heaved, the flame hissed
w, and overhead roared the whirlwind, and burst the
der-peal.

y brain was fevered. The immense golden lamps still
ing; the long tables disordered, yet glittering with the
y ornaments of patrician luxury; the scattered Tyrian
hes; the scarlet canopy that covered the whole range
ne tables, and gave the hall the aspect of an imperial
lion partially torn down in the confusion of the flight,
assumed to me a horrid and bewildered splendour.

smokes were already rising through the crevices of
floor; the smell of flame was on my robes; a huge
me of yellow vapour slowly wreathed and arched
d the chair at the head of the banquet. I could have
gined a fearful lord of the feast under that cloudy veil
ry thing round me was marked with preternatural fear,
nificence, and ruin.

low groan broke my reverie. I heard the voice of
in despair. I heard the broken words, "O, bitter fruit
isobedience!—O, my mother, shall I never see your
again?—For one crime I am doomed. Eternal mercy,
my crime be washed away—let my spirit ascend pure.
well, mother, sister, father, husband." With the last
I heard a fall, as if the spirit had left the body.

sprung toward the sound: I met but the solid wall,
horrible illusion," I cried—"am I mad, or the victim
he powers of darkness?" I tore away the hangings—
or was before me. I burst it through with a blow of
axe, and saw stretched on the floor, and insensible—
me!

caught my child in my arms; I bathed her forehead
my tears; I besought her to look up, to give some
of life, to hear the full forgiveness of my breaking
t. She looked not, answered not, breathed not. To
e a last effort for her life, I carried her into the banquet-
n. But the fire had forced its way there; the wind
sting in, had carried the flame through the long galle-
; and flashes and spires of lurid light, already darting

through the doors, gave fearful evidence that the last stone of the palace must soon go down.

I bore my unhappy daughter toward the window ; but the height was deadly ; no gesture could be seen through the piles of smoke ; the help of man was in vain. To my increased misery, the current of air revived Salome at the instant when I hoped that, by insensibility, she would escape the final pang. She breathed, stood, and, opening her eyes, fixed on me the vacant stare of one scarcely aroused from sleep. Still clasped in my arms, she gazed again ; but my wild face covered with dust, my half-burnt hair, the axe gleaming in my hand, terrified her ; she uttered a scream, and darted away from me headlong into the centre of the burning.

I rushed after her, calling on her name. A column of fire shot up between us ; I felt the floor sink ; all was then suffocation—I struggled, and fell.—

CROLY.

119.—EXTRACT FROM MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON THE TRIAL
OF J. F. KNAPP.

AGAINST the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery, and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how much soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice. Gentlemen, it is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent any where ; certainly none in our New England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation upon their virtue, overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder. It was all "hire and salary, not revenge." It was the

ghing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of butcherly murder for mere pay. Truly, here is a new lesson for historians and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the trait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to be looked for, in the very bosom of our New England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled rage, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice; let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in repose, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in paroxysms of crime, as an infernal nature,—a fiend in ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence, read out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. The healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet—the first and slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window ready prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by a light and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given!—and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death!—It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He then raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart; and replaces it again over the wounds of

the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendour of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.” True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Mean time the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labours under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses, soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his pru-

ice. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal net struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, there is no refuge in confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

WEBSTER.

120.—THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

ON casting a survey over the different orders into which society is distributed, I am at an utter loss to fix on any description of persons who are likely to be injured by the most extensive perusal of the word of God. The poor, we may be certain, will sustain no injury from their attention to a book which while it inculcates, under the most awful sanctions, the practice of honesty, industry, frugality, subordination to lawful authority, contentment, and resignation to the allotments of providence, elevates them to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" a book, which at once secures the observation of duties which attach to an inferior condition, and almost annihilates its evils, by opening their prospects into a state where all the inequalities of fortune will vanish, and the poorest and most neglected piety shall be crowned with eternal glory. "The poor man rejoices that he is exalted;" while he views himself as a member of Christ, and heir of a blessed immortality, he can look with undiminished pity on the frivolous distinctions, the fruitless distinctions, and the fugitive enjoyments of the most eminent and most prosperous of those who have their portion in this world. The poor man will sustain no injury by exchanging the vexations of envy for the quiet of a good conscience and fruitless repining for the consolations of religious hope. The less is his portion in this life, the more ardently will he cherish and embrace the promise of better, while the hope of that better exerts a reciprocal influence, in prompting him to discharge the duties, and reconciling him to the evils, which are inseparable from the present. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst

of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach ; while guilt, despair, and death, vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration. There is something in the spirit and diction of the Bible which is found peculiarly adapted to arrest the attention of the plainest and most uncultivated minds. The simple structure of its sentences, combined with a lofty spirit of poetry,—its familiar allusions to the scenes of nature, and the transactions of common life,—the delightful intermixture of narration with the doctrinal and preceptive parts,—and the profusion of miraculous facts, which convert it into a sort of enchanted ground,—its constant advertence to the Deity, whose perfections it renders almost visible and palpable,—unite in bestowing upon it an interest which attaches to no other performance, and which, after assiduous and repeated perusal, invests it with much of the charm of novelty ; like the great orb of day, at which we are wont to gaze with unabated astonishment from infancy to old age. What other book, beside the Bible, could be heard in public assemblies from year to year, with an attention that never tires, and an interest that never cloy ? With few exceptions, let a portion of the sacred volume be recited in a mixed multitude, and though it has been heard a thousand times, a universal stillness ensues ; every eye is fixed, and every ear is awake and attentive. Select, if you can, any other composition, and let it be rendered equally familiar to the mind, and see whether it will produce this effect.

ROBERT HALL.

121.—THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE STUDENT.

WHEN envious time, with unrelenting hand,
Dissolves the union of some little band,
A band, connected by those hallow'd ties,
That from the growth of letter'd friendship rise,
Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,
One moment waits, to view the years gone by.
Memory still loves to hover round the place,
And all our pleasures and our pains retrace.

The student is the subject of my song ;—
 w are his pleasures ; yet those few are strong.
 t the gay transient moment of delight ;
 t hurried transports, felt but in their flight.
 like all else, the student's joys *endure*,
 ense, expansive, energetic, pure.
 hether o'er classic plains he loves to rove,
 dst Attic bowers, and through the Mantuan grove,
 hether with scientific eye, to trace
 e various modes of number, time and space ;
 hether on wings of heavenly truth to rise,
 d penetrate the secrets of the skies,
 downward tending, with an humbler eye,
 rough nature's laws explore a deity ;
 are the joys no stranger breast can feel,
 wit define, no utterance reveal.

Nor yet, alas, unmix'd the joys we boast ;
 r pleasures still proportion'd labour cost.
 anxious tear oft fills the student's eye ;
 d his breast heaves with many a struggling sigh ;
 is the task, the long, long task t' explore
 every age the lumber and the lore.
 ed I describe his troubles and his strife ?
 e thousand minor miseries of his life ?
 w application, ever pouring maid,
 mourns an aching, oft a dizzy head ?
 w the hard toil but slowly works its way,
 e word explain'd,—the labour of a day ;—
 re forced to thread some labyrinth without end,
 d there some paradox to comprehend ;
 re ten hard words, fraught with some meaning small,
 d there, ten folios, fraught—with none at all !
 view him, meting out with points and lines,
 e land of diagrams, and mystic signs,
 ere forms of spheres “ being given ” on a plane,
 must transform, and bend,—within his brain.
 as an author, lost in gloom profound,
 en some bright thought demands a period round
 idering and polishing ;—ah, what avail
 e room oft paced, the anguish bitten nail ?
 see, produced mid many a labouring groan,
 entence, much like an inverted cone.

Or should he try his talent at a rhyme,
That waste of patience, and that waste of time,
Perchance, like me, he flounders through one line
Begins the next—there stops.—

Enough ; no more unveil the cloister's grief ;
Disclose those sources whence it finds relief.
Say how the student, pausing from his toil,
Forgets his pain mid recreation's smile.
Have you not seen (forgive th' ignoble theme)
The winged tenants of some haunted stream,
Feed, eager, busy, all the wave beside,
Then wanton in the cool luxurious tide ?
So the wise student ends his busy day,
Unbends his mind and throws his cares away.
To books where science urges toil severe,
Succeeds th' alluring tale, or drama dear ;
Or haply in that hour, his taste might choose
The easy warblings of the modern muse.
Let me but paint him ;—void of every care,
Flung in free attitudes along his chair,
From page to page his eye rapid along
Glances, and revels through the magic song.
Alternate swells his breast with hope and fear,
Now bursts th' unconscious laugh ;—now falls the pity-
ing tear.

Yet more ;—though lonely joys the bosom warm,
Participation heightens every charm.
And should the happy student chance to know
The warmth of friendship,—or, some kinder glow,
What wonder, should he eager run to share
Some favourite author with some favourite fair ?
There, as he cites those treasures of the page
That raise her fancy, or her heart engage,
And listens while her frequent, keen remark
Discerns the brilliant, or illumines the dark ;
And doubting much, scarce knows which most to admire
The critic's judgment, or the writer's fire ;
While, reading, oft he glances at that face,
Where gently beams intelligence and grace,
And sees each passion in its turn prevail,
Her looks the very echo of the tale ;

Sees the descending tear, the swelling breast
 When vice exults, or virtue is distrest ;
 Or when the plot assumes an aspect new,
 And virtue shares her retribution due,
 Sees the gay, grateful smile, th' uplifted eye,
 Thread, needle, kerchief ! dropt in ecstasy—
 Say, can one social pleasure equal this ?
 Yet still e'en here, imperfect is the bliss.
 For ah, how oft must awkward learning yield
 To graceful dulness the unequal field
 Of gallantry ; what lady can endure
 The shrug scholastic and the bow demure ?
 Can the poor student hope that heart to gain,
 Which melts before the flutter of a cane ?
 Or, of two candidates, pray which can pass,
 Where one consults his books, and one his glass ?

Ye fair, if aught these censures may apply,
 'Tis yours alone to effect the remedy.
 Ne'er let the fop the sacred bond remove
 That links the Paphian with th' Aonian grove.
 'Tis yours to polish, strengthen and secure
 The lustre of the mind's rich garniture.
 Such is the robe that lends you heavenly charms,
 And envy of its fiercest sting disarms ;
 A robe, whose grace and brightness will outvie
 The woof of Ormus, and the Tyrian dye

To count one pleasure more indulge my muse ;
 'Tis friendship's self ; what cynic will refuse ?
 O, I could tell how oft her joys we've shared,
 When mutual cares those mutual joys endear'd.
 How oft relaxing from one common toil,
 We found repose amid one common smile.
 How arm in arm we've linger'd through the vale,
 Listening to many a time beguiling tale ;
 Yes, I *could* tell,—but O ! the task how vain !
 'Twould but increase our fast approaching pain,—
 The pain, so thrilling to a student's heart,
 Couch'd in that talisman of wo,—“*We part.*”

SOUTHERN ROSE.

22.—MARY ANNA GIBBES; THE YOUNG HEROINE OF STONO

STONO, on thy still banks

The roar of war is heard ; its thunders swell
And shake yon mansion where domestic love
Till now breathed simple kindness to the heart ;
Where white-arm'd childhood twined the neck of age,
Where hospitable cares lit up the hearth,
Cheering the lonely traveller on his way.

A foe inhabits there, and they depart,
Th' infirm old man, and his fair household too,
Seeking another home.—Home ! Who can tell
The touching power of that most sacred word,
Save he who feels and weeps that he has none ?

Among that group of midnight exiles fled
Young Mary Anna, on whose youthful cheek
But thirteen years had kindled up the rose.
A laughing creature, breathing heart and love,
Yet timid as the fawn in southern wilds.
E'en the night reptile on the dewy grass
Startled the maiden, and the silent stars
Looking so still from out their cloudy home
Troubled her mind. No time was there for gauds
And toilet art, in this quick flight of fear ;
Her glossy hair, damp'd by the midnight winds,
Lay on her neck dishevell'd ; gather'd round
Her form in hurried folds clung her few garments ;
Now a quick thrilling sob, half grief, half dread,
Came bursting from her heart,—and now her eyes
Glared forth, as peal'd the cannon ; then beneath
Their drooping lids, sad tears redundant flow'd.

But sudden mid the group a cry arose,
“Fenwick ! where is he ?” None return'd reply,
But a sharp, piercing glance went out, around,
Keen as a mother's toward her infant child
When sudden danger lowers, and then a shriek
From one, from all burst forth—“He is not here !”

Poor boy, he slept, nor crash of hurrying guns,
Nor impious curses, nor the warrior's shout

Awoke his balmy rest ! He dreamt such dreams
 As float round childhood's couch, of angel faces
 Peering through clouds ;—of sunny rivulets,
 Where the fresh stream flows rippling on, to waft
 A tiny sail ;—and of his rabbits white,
 With eyes of ruby, and his tender fawn's
 Long delicate limbs, light tread, and graceful neck.
 He slept unconscious.—Who shall wake that sleep ?
 All shrink, for now th' artillery louder roars ;—
 The frighten'd slaves crouch at their master's side,
 And he, infirm and feeble, scarce sustains
 His sinking weight.

There was a pause, a hush
 So deep, that one could hear the forest leaves
 Flutter and drop between the war-gun's peal.
 Then forward stood that girl, young Mary Anna,
 The tear dried up upon her cheek, the sob
 Crush'd down, and in that high and lofty tone
 Which sometimes breathes of woman in the child,
 She said "He shall not die"—and turn'd *alone*.

Alone ? O gentle girlhood, not alone
 Art thou if One watching above will guard
 Thee on thy way.

Clouds shrouded up the stars ;—
 On—on she sped, the gun's broad glare her beacon !
 The wolf growl sounded near,—on—onward still ;
 The forest trees like warning spirits moan'd,—
 She press'd her hands against her throbbing heart,
 But falter'd not. The whizzing shot went by,
 Scarce heeded went.—Pass'd is a weary mile
 With the light step a master spirit gives
 On duty's road, and she has reach'd her home.
Her home—is this her home at whose fair gate
 Stern foes in silence stand to bar her way ?
 That gate, which from her infant childhood leap'd
 On its wide hinges glad at her return ?
 Before the sentinels she trembling stood,
 And with a voice, whose low and tender tones
 Rose like the ring-dove's in midsummer storms,
 She said,

"Please let me pass, and seek a child,

Who, in my father's mansion has been left
Sleeping, unconscious of the danger near."

While thus she spake a smile incredulous
Stole o'er the face of one,—the other cursed
And barr'd her from the way.

"O, sirs," she cried,
While from her upraised eyes the tears stream'd down,
And her small hands were clasp'd in agony,
"Drive me not hence, I pray. Until to-night
I dared not stray beyond my nurse's side
In the dim twilight; yet I now have come
Alone, unguarded, this far dreary mile,
By darkness unappall'd;—a simple worm
Would often fright my heart, and bid it flutter,
But now I've heard the wild wolf's hungry howl
With soul undaunted—till to-night, I've shrunk
From men;—and soldiers! scarcely dared I look
Upon their glittering arms;—but here I come
And sue to *you*, men, warriors;—drive me not
Away. He whom I seek is yet a child,
A prattling boy, and must he, must he die?
O, if you love *your* children, let me pass.—
You will not? Then my strength and hope are gone,
And I shall perish, e'er I reach my friends."

And then she press'd her brow, as if those hands
So soft and small, could still its throbbing pulse.
The sentinels look'd calmly on, like men
Whose blades had toy'd with sorrow and made sport
Of wo. One step the maiden backward took,
Lingering in thought, then hope like a soft flush
Of struggling twilight kindled in her eyes.
She knelt before them and reurged her plea.

"Perchance you have a sister, sir, or you,
A poor young thing like me; if she were here
Kneeling like me before *my* countrymen,
They would not spurn her thus!"

"Go, girl—pass on"—
The soften'd voice of one replied, nor was
She check'd, nor waited she to hear repulse,
But darted through the avenue, attain'd
The hall, and springing up the well known stairs

With such a flight as the young eagle takes
 'To gain its nest, she reach'd the quiet couch,
 Where in bright dreams th' unconscious sleeper lay.
 Slight covering o'er the rescued boy she threw,
 And caught him in her arms. He knew that cheek,
 Kiss'd it half-waking, then around her neck
 His hands entwined, and dropp'd to sleep again.

She bore him onward, dreading now for him
 The shot that whizz'd along, and tore the earth
 In fragments by her side. She reach'd the guards,
 Who silent oped the gate,—then hurried on,
 But as she pass'd them, from her heart burst forth—
 “God bless you, gentlemen!” then urged her way;
 Those arms, whose heaviest load and task had been
 To poise her doll, and wield her childhood's toys,
 Bearing the boy along the dangerous road.
 Voices at length she hears—her friends are near,
 They meet, and yielding up her precious charge,
 She sinks upon her father's breast, in doubt
 'Twixt smiles and tears.

GILMAN

123.—THE FIRST CRUSADERS BEFORE JERUSALEM.

“JERUSALEM!—Jerusalem?” The blessed goal was won,
 On Siloe's brook and Sion's mount as stream'd the setting
 sun,
 Uplighted in his mellow'd glow, far o'er Judea's plain,
 Slow winding toward the holy walls, appear'd a banner'd
 train.

Forgot were want, disease and death, by that impassion'd
 throng,
 The weary leapt, the sad rejoiced, the wounded knight grew
 strong;
 One glance at holy Calvary outguerdon'd every pang,
 And loud from thrice ten thousand tongues the glad hosanna
 rang.

But yet—and at that galling thought each brow was bent in
 gloom—
 The cursed badge of Mahomet sway'd o'er the Saviour's
 tomb:

Then from unnumber'd sheaths at once, the beaming blades
upstream'd,
Vowed scabbardless till waved the cross above that tomb
redeem'd.

But suddenly a holy awe the vengeful clamour still'd,
As sinks the storm before his breath, whose word its rising
will'd ;

For conscience whisper'd, the same soil where they so
proudly stood,
The Son of Man had trod abased, and wash'd with tears
and blood.

Then dropp'd the squire his master's shield, the serf dash'd
down his bow,
And, side by side with priest and peer, bent reverently
and low,
While sunk at once each pennon'd spear, plumed helm and
flashing glaive,
Like some wide waste of reeds bow'd down by Nilus'
swollen wave.

From eyes that never wept till then, the warm tears fell like
rain,—

Proud Tancred's eagle glance was dimm'd, loud sobb'd the
good Lorraine ;

And 'twas a blessed sight to see each warrior fierce and
wild

Become before his God that hour e'en as a little child.

With chasten'd souls and holier thoughts, the legions slowly
rose—

Wrongs were forgot, and feuds were heal'd between the
deadliest foes ;

Priests doff'd their sandals, harness'd knights their mail-
clad feet unshod,

And like unshriven penitents that hallow'd soil they trod.

But where were all that peerless host, the flower of every
land,

That late before Byzantium their giant conquests plann'd ?
The swarms of high soul'd chivalry that throng'd the Nis-
sian plain,

The leagues of spears that quiver'd there, like fields of golden
grain ?

Of that vast bounding human flood, this host was but a
wave :

Where were the burnish'd myriads gone ? Go, ask the
desert grave !

The Arab's creese, the Persian's lance, the Tartar's bow
and sword—

Their edge and point perchance may tell where sleep that
boasting horde !

Around the towers of Antioch, beneath Edessa's wall,
The moving sands, for miles around, form'd one wide
heaving pall :

The spotted pestilence with war, awhile the feast had shared,
And famine clung the drooping wreck that swift destruction
spared.

Yet were those visitations just : licentiousness and shame
Had quench'd with steaming infamy the pure chivalric
flame,

And sin, and all to which it leads, had check'd their proud
career,

Far more than shaft of Tartar bow, or charge of Syrian
spear.

But death hath struck to purify : the stern, unwavering few
Whose virtue pleasure could not tempt, nor avarice subdue.
Escaped the Moslem cimeter, the toils of Grecian fraud,
Spread on Judean winds at last the banner'd cross abroad
What though the haughty Saracen now held each wall and
tower :

Soon to the symbol of their faith, the crescent flag would
lower,—

Soon would the blades of Christendom within the barriers
glance,

And soon the blood of Moslem dogs course down the Latin
lance.

And so it was : the walls were won—then murder bared
his arm ;

From Omar's mosque to Herod's gate, red streams flow'd
thick and warm ;

And o'er a city drench'd in gore, ere massacre could cease,
The holy standard they upraised of HIM the Prince of Peace.

KNICKERBOCKER.

124.—JAMES OGLETHORPE.

JAMES OGLETHORPE, the founder of Georgia, was born in England, about the year 1688. Entering the army at an early age, he served under Prince Eugene, to whom he became secretary and aid-de-camp. On the restoration of peace, he was returned a member of parliament, and distinguished himself as a useful legislator, by proposing several regulations for the benefit of trade, and a reform in the prisons. His philanthropy is commemorated in Thomson's Seasons.

In 1732, he became one of the trustees of Georgia. In the prosecution of this trust, Mr. Oglethorpe embarked in November, with a number of emigrants, and, arriving at Charleston, in the middle of January, 1733, proceeded immediately to Savannah river, and laid the foundation of the town of Savannah. He made treaties with the Indians, and crossed the Atlantic several times, to promote the interests of the colony.

Being appointed general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces, in South Carolina and Georgia, he brought from England in 1738, a regiment of six hundred men, to protect the southern frontier from the Spaniards. After the commencement of the war between Great Britain and Spain, in 1739, he visited the Indians, to secure their friendship; and, in 1740, conducted an unsuccessful expedition against St. Augustine.

As the Spaniards laid claim to Georgia, three thousand men, a part of whom were from Havanna, were sent, in 1742, to drive Oglethorpe from the frontiers. When this force proceeded up the Altamaha, he was obliged to retreat to Frederica. He had but about seven hundred men, besides Indians: yet, with a part of these, he approached within two miles of the enemy's camp, with the design of attacking them by surprise, when a French soldier, of his party, fired his musket, and ran into the Spanish lines.

His situation was now very critical; for he knew that the deserter would make known his weakness. Returning, however, to Frederica, he had recourse to the following expedient. He wrote a letter to the deserter, desiring him to acquaint the Spaniards with the defenceless state of Frederica, and to urge them to the attack. If he could not

effect this object, Oglethorpe directed him to use all his art to persuade them to stay three days at fort Simon's; as, within that time, he should have a reinforcement of two thousand land forces, with six ships of war; cautioning him, at the same time, not to drop a hint of Admiral Vernon's meditated attack upon St. Augustine.

A Spanish prisoner was intrusted with this letter, under promise of delivering it to the deserter: but he gave it, as was expected and intended, to the commander in chief, who instantly put the deserter in irons. In the perplexity occasioned by this letter, while the enemy was deliberating what measures to adopt, three ships of force, which the governor of South Carolina had sent to Oglethorpe's aid, appeared on the coast.

The Spanish commander was now convinced, beyond all question, that the letter, instead of being a stratagem, contained serious instructions to a spy; and, in this moment of consternation, set fire to the fort, and embarked so precipitately, as to leave behind him a number of cannon, with a quantity of military stores. Thus by an event beyond human foresight or control, by the correspondence between the artful suggestions of a military genius, and the blowing of the winds, was the infant colony saved from destruction and Oglethorpe gained the character of an able general.

He now returned to England, and never again revisited Georgia. In 1745, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and was sent against the rebels, but did not overtake them; for which he was tried by a court martial, and honourably acquitted.

After the return of Gage to England, in 1775, the command of the British army, in America, was offered to General Oglethorpe. He professed his readiness to accept the appointment, if the ministry would authorize him to assure the colonies that justice would be done them: but the command was given to Sir William Howe.

He died in August, 1785, at the age of ninety-seven; being the oldest general in the service. Nine years before his death, the province of Georgia, of which he was the father, was raised to the rank of a sovereign, independent state, and had been for two years acknowledged as such by the mother country, under whose auspices it had been planted.

RAMSAY.

**125.—ADDRESS OF DANIEL WEBSTER TO THE SURVIVORS OF
THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, DELIVERED AT THE LAYING
OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.**

VENERABLE MEN ! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbours, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave for ever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils ; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty to thank you !

But, alas ! you are not all here ! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge ! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers,

and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

‘another morn,
Risen on midnight ;’—

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

But—ah!—him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit; him! cut off by Providence, in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!—Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall no fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

But the scene amid which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits, who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army.

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well fought field. You bring with you marks of honour from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reason-

ably have expected to arrive ; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them ! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces ; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succour in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory ; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valour defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled ; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

WEBSTER.

126.—THE PATRONAGE OF SOVEREIGNS.

ABOUT half a league from the little sea port of Palos, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, stands a convent dedicated to St. Mary. Some time in the year 1486, a poor way-faring stranger, accompanied by a small boy, makes his appearance, on foot, at the gate of this convent, and begs of the porter a little bread and water for his child. This friendless stranger is Columbus. Brought up in the hardy pursuit of a mariner, with no other relaxation from its toils but that of an occasional service in the fleets of his native country, with the burden of fifty years upon his frame, the unprotected foreigner makes his suit to the haughty sovereigns of Portugal and Spain. He tells them, that the broad flat earth on which we tread, is round ;—he proposes, with what seems a sacrilegious hand, to lift the veil which had hung, from the creation of the world, over the floods of the ocean ;—he promises, by a western course

to reach the eastern shores of Asia,—the region of gold, and diamonds, and spices ; to extend the sovereignty of Christian kings over realms and nations hitherto unapproached and unknown ;—and ultimately to perform a new crusade to the holy land, and ransom the sepulchre of our Saviour with the new found gold of the east.

Who shall believe the chimerical pretension ? The learned men examine it, and pronounce it futile. The royal pilots have ascertained by their own experience that it is groundless. The priesthood have considered it, and have pronounced that sentence so terrific where the inquisition reigns, that it is a wicked heresy ;—the common sense, and popular feeling of men, have been roused first into disdainful and then into indignant exercise, toward a project, which, by a strange new chimera, represented one half of mankind walking with their feet toward the other half.

Such is the reception which his proposal meets. For a long time, the great cause of humanity, depending on the discovery of these fair continents, is involved in the fortitude, perseverance, and spirit of the solitary stranger, already past the time of life, when the pulse of adventure beats full and high. If he sink beneath the indifference of the great, the sneers of the wise, the enmity of the mass, and the persecution of a host of adversaries, high and low, and give up the fruitless and thankless pursuit of his noble vision, what a hope for mankind is blasted ! But he does not sink. He shakes off his paltry enemies, as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane. That consciousness of motive and of strength, which always supports the man who is worthy to be supported, sustains him in his hour of trial ; and at length, after years of expectation, impotency, and hope deferred, he launches forth upon the unknown deep, to discover a new world, under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella !—Let us dwell for a moment on the auspices under which our country was brought to light. The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella ! Yes, doubtless, they have fitted out a convoy, worthy the noble temper of the man, and the gallantry of his project. Convinced at length, that it is no daydream of a heated visionary, the fortunate sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, returning from their triumph over the last of the Moors,

and putting a victorious close to a war of seven centuries duration, have no doubt prepared an expedition of well appointed magnificence, to go out upon this splendid search for other worlds. They have made ready, no doubt, their proudest galleon, to waft the heroic adventurer upon his path of glory, with a whole armada of kindred spirits, to share his toils and honours.

Alas, from his ancient resort of Palos, which he first approached as a mendicant,—in three frail barks, of which two were without decks,—the great discoverer of America sails forth on the first voyage across the unexplored waters. Such is the patronage of kings. A few years pass by; he discovers a new hemisphere; the wildest of his visions fade into insignificance before the reality of their fulfilment; he finds a new world for Castile and Leon, and comes back to Spain loaded with iron fetters. Republics, it is said, are ungrateful;—such are the rewards of monarchs.

E. EVERETT.

127.—THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

A SPIRIT so resolute, yet so adventurous—so unambitious, yet so exalted—a spirit so highly calculated to awaken a love of the pure and the noble, yet so uncommon—never before actuated the ancestral matrons of any land or clime.

The mothers of our forest land !

Stout hearted dames were they ;

With nerve to wield the battle brand,

And join the border fray.

Our rough land had no braver,

In its days of blood and strife—

Aye ready for severest toil,

Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest land !

On Old Kan tuc kee's soil,

How shared they, with each dauntless band,

War's tempest, and life's toil !

They shrank not from the foeman—

They quail'd not in the fight—

But cheer'd their husbands through the day,

And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest land !
 Their bosoms pillow'd *men* !
 And proud were they by such to stand,
 In hammock, fort or glen.
 To load the sure old rifle—
 To run the leaden ball—
 To stand beside a husband's place,
 And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our forest land !
Such were their daily deeds.
 Their monument !—where does it stand ?
 Their epitaph !—who reads ?
 No braver dames had Sparta,
 No nobler matrons Rome—
 Yet who lauds, or honours them,
 E'en in their own green home ?

The mothers of our forest land !
 They sleep in unknown graves :
 And had they borne and nursed a band
 Of ingrates or of slaves,
 They'd not been more neglected !
 But their graves shall yet be found,
 And their monuments dot here and there
 "The dark and bloody ground."

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128.—EXTRACT FROM THE PARTISAN.

THESE old woods about Dorchester are famous. There is not a wagon track—not a defile—not a clearing—not a traverse of these plains, which has not been consecrated by the strife for liberty ; the close strife—the desperate struggle ; the contest, unrelaxing, unyielding to the last, save only with death or conquest. These old trees have looked down upon blood and battles ; the thick array and the solitary combat between single foes, needing no other witnesses. What tales might they not tell us ! The sands have drunk deeply of holy and hallowed blood—blood that gave them value and a name, and made for them a place in all human recollection. The grass here has been beaten down, in

successive seasons, by heavy feet—by conflicting horsemen—by driving and recoiling artillery. Its deep green has been dyed with a yet deeper and a darker stain—the outpourings of the invader's veins, mingling with the generous streams flowing from bosoms that had but one hope—but one purpose—the unpolluted freedom and security of home ; the purity of the threshold, the sweet repose of the domestic hearth from the intrusion of hostile feet—the only objects, for which men may brave the stormy and the brutal strife, and still keep the “whiteness of their souls.”

The Carolinian well knows these old time places ; for every acre has its tradition in this neighbourhood. He rides beneath the thick oaks, whose branches have covered regiments, and looks up to them with regardful veneration. Well he remembers the old defile at the entrance just above Dorchester village, where a red clay hill rises abruptly, breaking pleasantly the dead level of country all around it. The rugged limbs and trunk of a huge oak, which hung above its brow, and has been but recently overthrown, was of itself his historian. It was notorious in tradition as the gallows oak ; its limbs being employed by both parties, as they severally obtained the ascendancy, for the purposes of summary execution. Famous, indeed, was all the partisan warfare in this neighbourhood, from the time of its commencement, with our story, in 1780, to the day, when, hopeless of their object, the troops of the invader withdrew to their crowded vessels, flying from the laud they had vainly struggled to subdue. You should hear the old housewives dilate upon these transactions. You should hear them paint the disasters, the depression of the Carolinians ! how their chief city was besieged and taken ; their little army dispersed or cut to pieces ; and how the invader marched over the country, and called it his. Anon, they would show you the little gathering in the swamp—the small scouting squad timidly stealing forth into the plain, and contenting itself with cutting off a foraging party or a baggage wagon, or rescuing a disconsolate group of captives on their way to the city and the prison ships. Soon, emboldened by success, the little squad is increased by numbers, and aims at larger game. Under some such leader as Colonel Washington, you should see them, anon, well mounted, streaking along the Ashley river road, by the peep of day,

well skilled in the management of their steeds, whose high necks beautifully arch under the curb, while, in obedience to their riders' will, they plunge fearlessly through brake and through brier, over the fallen tree, and into the suspicious water. Heedless of all things but the proper achievement of their bold adventure, the warriors go onward, while the broadswords flash in the sunlight, and the trumpet cheers them with a tone of victory. And goodlier still is the sight, when, turning the narrow lane, thick fringed with the scrubby oak and the pleasant myrtle, you behold them come suddenly to the encounter with the hostile invaders. How they hurra, and rush to the charge with a mad emotion that the steed partakes—his ears erect, and his nostrils distended, while his eyeballs start forward, and grow red with the straining effort; then, how the riders bear down all before them, and, with swords shooting out from their cheeks, make nothing of the upraised bayonet and pointed spear, but, striking in, flank and front, carry confusion wherever they go—while the hot sands drink in the life blood of friend and foe, streaming through a thousand wounds. Hear them tell of these, and of the "game cock," Sumter; how, always ready for fight, with a valour which was frequently rashness, he would rush into the hostile ranks, and, with his powerful frame and sweeping sabre, would single out for inveterate strife his own particular enemy. Then, of the subtle "swamp fox," Marion, who, slender of form, and having but little confidence in his own physical prowess, was never seen to use his sword in battle; gaining by stratagem and unexpected enterprise those advantages which his usual inferiority of force would never have permitted him to gain otherwise. They will tell you of his conduct and his coolness; of his ability, with small means, to consummate leading objects—the best proof of military talent; and of his wonderful command of his men; how they would do his will, though it led to the most perilous adventure, with as much alacrity as if they were going to a banquet. Of the men themselves, though in rags, almost starving, and exposed to all changes of the weather, how cheerfully, in the fastnesses of the swamp, they would sing their rude song about the capacity of their leader and their devotion to his person, in some such strain as that which follows:—

THE SWAMP FOX.

I.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides
 His friends and merry men are we ;
 And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
 We burrow in the cypress tree.
 The turfy tussock is our bed,
 Our home is in the red deer's den,
 Our roof, the tree top overhead,
 For we are wild and hunted men.

II.

We fly by day, and shun its light ;
 But, prompt to strike the sudden blow
 We mount, and start with early night,
 And through the forest track our foe.
 And soon he hears our chargers leap,
 The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
 And ere he drives away his sleep,
 And rushes from his camp, he dies.

III.

Free bridle-bit, good gallant steed,
 That will not ask a kind caress,
 To swim the Santee at our need,
 When on his heels the foemen press—
 The true heart and the ready hand,
 The spirit stubborn to be free—
 The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
 And we are Marion's men you see.

IV.

Now light the fire, and cook the meal,
 The last, perhaps, that we shall taste ;
 I hear the swamp fox round us steal,
 And that's a sign we move in haste.
 He whistles to the scouts, and hark !
 You hear his order calm and low—
 Come, wave your torch across the dark
 And let us see the boys that go.

V.

We may not see their forms again,
 God help 'em should they find the strife
 For they are strong and fearless men,
 And make no coward terms for life :

They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
 And when he speaks the word to shy,
 Then—not till then—they turn their steeds,
 Through thickening shade and swamp to fly

VI.

Now stir the fire, and lie at ease,
 The scouts are gone, and on the brush
 I see the colonel bend his knees,
 To take his slumbers too—but hush !
 He's praying, comrades : 'tis not strange ;
 The man that's fighting day by day,
 May well, when night comes, take a change,
 And down upon his knees to pray.

VII.

Break up that hœcake, boys, and hand
 The sly and silent jug that's there ;
 I love not it should idle stand,
 When Marion's men have need of cheer.
 'Tis seldom that our luck affords
 A stuff like this we just have quaff'd,
 And dry potatoes on our boards
 May always call for such a draught.

VIII.

Now pile the brush and roll the log :
 Hard pillow, but a soldier's head,
 That's half the time in brake and bog
 Must never think of softer bed.
 The owl is hooting to the night,
 The cooter crawling e'er the bank,
 And in that pond the plashing light,
 Tells where the alligator sank.

IX.

What—'tis the signal ! start so soon,
 And through the Santee swamp so deep,
 Without the aid of friendly moon,
 And we, heaven help us, half asleep !
 But courage, comrades, Marion leads,
 The swamp fox takes us out to-night ;
 So clear your swords, and coax your steeds,
 There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

X.

We follow where the swamp fox guides,
 We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
 Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
 And ready for the strife are we—

The tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den—
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

And gallant men they were—taught by his precept and example, their own peculiar deeds grow famous in our story. Each forester became in time an adroit partisan ; learned to practise a thousand stratagems, and most generally with a perfect success. Imbedding himself in the covering leaves and branches of the thick limbed tree, he would lie in wait till the fall of evening ; then, dropping suddenly upon the shoulders of the sentry as he paced beneath, would drive the keen knife into his heart, before he could yet recover from his panic. Again, he would burrow in the hollow of the miry ditch, and crawling, Indian fashion, into the trench, wait patiently until the soldier came into the moonlight, when the silver drop at his rifle's muzzle fell with fatal accuracy upon his button, or his breastplate, and the sharp sudden crack which followed almost invariably announced the victim's long sleep of death. And numerous besides were the practices, of which tradition and history alike agree to tell us, adopted in the war of our revolution by the Carolina partisan, to neutralize the superiority of European force and tactics. Often and again have they lain close to the gushing spring, and silent in the bush, like the tiger in his jungle, awaiting until the foragers had squatted around it for the enjoyment of their midday meal ; then, rushing forth with a fierce halloo, seize upon the stacked arms, and beat down the surprised but daring soldiers who might rise up to defend them. And this sort of warfare, small though it may appear, was at last triumphant. The successes of the whigs, during the whole period of the revolutionary contest in the South, were almost entirely the result of the rapid, unexpected movement—the sudden stroke made by the little troop, familiar with its ground, knowing its object, and melting away at the approach of a superior enemy, like so many dusky shadows, secure in the thousand swamp recesses which surrounded them. Nor did they rely always on stratagem in the prosecution of their enterprises. There were gleams of chivalry thrown athwart this sombre waste of strife and bloodshed, worthy of the middle ages. Bold and graceful ride

with fine horses, ready in all cases, fierce in onset, and reckless in valour, the southern cavalry had an early renown. The audacity with which they drove through the forest, through broad rivers, such as the Santee, by day and by night, in the face of the enemy, whether in flight or in assault the same, makes their achievements as worthy of romance as those of a Bayard or Bernardo. Thousands of instances are recorded of that individual gallantry—that gallantry, stimulated by courage, warmed by enthusiasm, and refined by courtesy—which gives the only credentials of true chivalry. Such, among the many, was the rescue of the prisoners, by Jasper and Newton; the restoration of the flagstaff to Fort Moultrie, in the hottest fire by the former; and the manner in which he got his death wound at Savannah, in carrying off the colours which had been intrusted to him. Such were many of the rash achievements of Sumter and Laurens, and such was the daring of the brave Conyers, who daily challenged his enemy in the face of the hostile army. These were all partisan warriors, and such were their characteristics.

SIMMS

129.—EXTENT OF COUNTRY NOT DANGEROUS TO THE UNION

I SUBMIT to you, my fellow citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for discussion would conduct you.

Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow citizens of one great respectable and flourishing empire.

Hearken not to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it never yet has had

a place in the theories of the wildest projectors ; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen ; shut your ears against this unhallowed language.

Shut your heart against the poison which it conveys : the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defence of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected merely because it may comprise what is new ? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that while they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience ? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favour of private rights and public happiness.

Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils : must, at best, have been labouring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind.

Happily for America, happily we trust for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabric of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate.

If their works betray imperfections, no wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the most difficult to be executed ; this is the work which has been new modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

MADISON.

130.—EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT JEFFERSON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

DURING the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers, unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think ; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good.

All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that, though the will of the majority is, in all cases, to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable ; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us then, fellow citizens, unite with one heart and one mind.

Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things ; and let us reflect, that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world ; during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long lost liberty ; it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore ; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others ; and should divide opinions, as to measures of safety.

But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans ; we are all

Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it.

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong ; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not ; I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.

I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said, that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles ; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated, by nature and a wide ocean, from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe ; too high minded to endure the degradations of the others ; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation ; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties ; to the acquisitions of our own industry ; to honour and confidence from our fellow citizens.

Resulting not from birth, but from our actions, and their sense of them ; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man ; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter ; with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people.

Still one thing more, fellow citizens ; a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another ; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement ; and shall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government ; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities. JEFFERSON.

131.—NATURE.

WHAT is there that will not be included in the history of nature ? The earth on which we tread, the air we breathe, the waters around the earth, the material forms that inhabit its surface, the mind of man, with all its magical illusions and all its inherent energy, the planets that move around our system, the firmament of heaven, the smallest of the invisible atoms which float around our globe, and the most majestic of the orbs that roll through the immeasurable fields of peace ; all are parts of one system, productions of one power, creations of one intellect, the offspring of Him by whom all that is inert and inorganic in creation was formed, and from whom all that have life derive their being.

Of this immense system, all that we can examine, this little globe that we inherit is full of animation and crowded with forms organized, glowing with life, and generally sentient. No space is unoccupied ; the exposed surface of the rock is incrustated with living substances ; plants occupy the bark and decaying limbs of other plants ; animals live on the surface and in the bodies of other animals ; inhabitants are fashioned and adapted to equatorial heats and polar ice ; air, earth, and ocean teem with life ; and if to other worlds the same proportion of life and of enjoyment has been distributed which has been allotted to ours ; if creative benevolence has equally filled every other planet of every other system, nay, even the suns themselves, with beings organized, animated, and intelligent, how countless must be the generations of the living ! what voices which we cannot hear, what languages that we cannot understand, what multitudes that we cannot see, may, as they roll along

the stream of time, be employed hourly, daily, and for ever, in choral songs of praise, hymning their great Creator.

And when in this almost prodigal waste of life we perceive that every being, from the puny insect which flutters in the evening ray, from the lichen which the eye can scarcely distinguish on the mouldering rock; from the fungus that springs up and reanimates the mass of dead and decomposing substances, that every living form possesses a structure as perfect in its sphere, an organization sometimes as complex, always as truly and completely adapted to its purposes and modes of existence, as that of the most perfect animal; when we discover them all to be governed by laws as definite, as immutable, as those which regulate the planetary movements, great must be our admiration of the wisdom which has arranged, and the power which has perfected this stupendous fabric.

Nor does creation here cease. There are beyond the limits of our system, beyond the visible forms of matter, other principles, other powers, higher orders of beings, an immaterial world which we cannot yet know; other modes of existence which we cannot comprehend; yet, however inscrutable to us, this spiritual world must be guided by its own unerring laws, and the harmonious order which reigns in all that we can see and understand, ascending through the series of immortal and invisible existence, must govern even the powers and dominions, the seraphim and cherubim that surround the throne of God himself. ELLIOTT.

132.—EXTRACT FROM MR. M'DUFFIE'S SPEECH ON CORRUPTION.

SIR,—We are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity, What! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances.

Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches. Of all the forms

in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, Where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it?

Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the imbodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amid it and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue.

The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form; had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of Paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels."

Such, sir, was the process; and in this simple but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of Paradise.

We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any further. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, "with the blessings of Heaven on her head and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels; she returned, covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of Heaven's everlasting curse.

Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was

overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honourable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of Paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the president addresses himself in the most irresistible manner, to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions.

All that the 'imagination can desire, honour, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptations. It is impossible to conceive, Satan himself could not devise a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.

M'DUFFIE.

133.—ON THE MEASURE OF THE IRISH UNION.

SIR,—I in the most express terms deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you—do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution. I tell you, that if circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately; I repeat it, and call on any man who hears me, to take down my words. You have not been elected for this purpose; you are appointed to make laws, not legislatures; you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them; and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government; you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Sir, I state doctrines which are not merely founded in the immutable laws of justice and of truth; I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government; but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution; I

state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the king a right to transfer his throne? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain, or of any other country? No, but he may abdicate it; and every man who knows the constitution, knows the consequence, the right reverts to the next in succession; if they all abdicate, it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath must arraign the sovereign on the throne as a usurper. Are you competent to transfer your legislative rights to the French council of five hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British parliament? I answer, No. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourself you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish: it is enthroned in the hearts of the people; it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution; it is immortal as the island which it protects; as well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body, should extinguish his eternal soul.

Again I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power. Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises, it must be decided on its own merits: but that is not this case. If government considers this a season peculiarly fitted for experiments on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, Are you ready to do so? Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must in that event submit to the people? Not this particular project, for if you dissolve the present form of government, they become free to choose any other; you fling them to the fury of the tempest; you must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution, and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, is this the time for an experiment of that nature?

Thank God, the people have manifested no such wish; so far as they have spoken, their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favour, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some

parts of the kingdom; if you know how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition; you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder!

But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure! I am called on to surrender my birth-right and my honour, and I am told I should be calm, composed! National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this. They are trinkets and gewgaws, fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it.

Gracious God! we see a Perry reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man, are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet, to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

PLUNKETT

134.—SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMETT, AT THE CLOSE OF HIS TRIAL FOR HIGH TREASON.

MY LORDS,—You ask me what I have to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your predetermination, or that it will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged, that I wished to sell the independence of my country!

And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition No; I am no emissary—my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement! Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters? No; but for ambition! O, my country, was it personal ambition that influenced me—had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol—to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. No, my lord, I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction.

Connexion with France was indeed intended—but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal of their destruction. Were they to come as invaders, or enemies uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave.

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honour overmuch—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior; there are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who

would think themselves dishonoured to be called **your** friends—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.—[*Here he was interrupted.*]

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it?

My lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives, dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and *other men* can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—I have done! EMMETT.

135.—RIGHT OF DISCOVERY.

THE first source of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is *discovery*. For as all mankind have an equal right to any thing which has never before been

appropriated, so any nation that discovers an uninhabited country, and takes possession thereof, is considered as enjoying full property, and absolute, unquestionable empire therein.

This proposition being admitted, it follows clearly, that the Europeans who first visited America were the real discoverers of the same; nothing being necessary to the establishment of this fact, but simply to prove that it was totally uninhabited by man. This would at first appear to be a point of some difficulty: for it is well known, that this quarter of the world abounded with certain animals, that walked erect on two feet, had something of the human countenance, uttered certain unintelligible sounds, very much like language; in short, had a marvellous resemblance to human beings.

But the zealous and enlightened fathers, who accompanied the discoverers, for the purpose of promoting the kingdom of heaven by establishing fat monasteries and bishoprics on earth, soon cleared up this point, greatly to the satisfaction of his holiness the pope, and of all Christian voyagers and discoverers.

They plainly proved, and as there were no Indian writers to take the other side, the fact was considered as fully admitted and established, that the two legged race of animals before mentioned, were mere cannibals, detestable monsters, and many of them giants—which last description of vagrants have, since the time of Gog, Magog and Goliath, been considered as outlaws, and have received no quarter in either history, chivalry or song. Indeed, even the philosophic Bacon declared the Americans to be people proscribed by the laws of nature, inasmuch as they had a barbarous custom of sacrificing men, and feeding upon man's flesh. But the benevolent fathers, who had undertaken to turn these unhappy savages into dumb beasts, by dint of argument, advanced still stronger proofs; for, as certain divines of the sixteenth century, and among the rest Lullus, affirm, the Americans go naked, and have no beards!—"They have nothing," says Lullus, "of the reasonable animal, except the mask."—And even that mask was allowed to avail them but little: for it was soon found that they were of a hideous copper complexion, it was all the same as if they were negroes—and negroes are

black ; ‘and black,’ said the pious fathers, devoutly crossing themselves, “is the colour of the devil !” Therefore, so far from being able to own property, they had no right even to personal freedom—for liberty is too radiant a deity to inhabit such gloomy temples. All which circumstances plainly convinced the righteous followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that these miscreants had no title to the soil that they infested—that they were a perverse, illiterate, dumb, beardless, black seed—mere wild beasts of the forest, and like them should either be subdued or exterminated.

IRVING.

136.—RIGHT OF CULTIVATION.

THE right of discovery being fully established, we now come to the next, which is the right acquired by *cultivation*. “The cultivation of the soil,” we are told, “is an obligation imposed by nature on mankind. The whole world is appointed for the nourishment of its inhabitants : but it would be incapable of doing it, was it uncultivated. Every nation is then obliged, by the law of nature, to cultivate the ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like the ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having fertile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose to live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and *deserve to be exterminated, as savages and pernicious beasts*.”

Now it is notorious, that the savages knew nothing of agriculture when first discovered by the Europeans, but lived a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life,—rambling from place to place, and prodigally rioting upon the spontaneous luxuries of nature, without tasking her generosity to yield them any thing more ; whereas it has been most unquestionably shown, that Heaven intended the earth should be ploughed, and sown, and manured, and laid out into cities, and towns, and farms, and country seats, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which the Indians knew nothing about,—therefore, they did not improve the talents Providence had bestowed on them,—therefore, they were careless stewards,—therefore, they had no right to the soil,—therefore, they deserved to be exterminated.

It is true, the savages might plead that they drew all the benefits from the land which their simple wants required—they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together with the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, furnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—and that as Heaven merely designed the earth to form the abode and satisfy the wants of man, so long as those purposes were answered, the will of Heaven was accomplished. But this only proved how undeserving they were of the blessings around them—they were so much the more savages, for not having more wants; for knowledge is in some degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority both in the number and magnitude of his desires, that distinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore, the Indians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable animals: and it was but just, that they should make way for the Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one; and, therefore, would turn the earth to more account, and by cultivating it, more truly fulfil the will of Heaven.

Besides—Grotius, and Lauterbach, and Puffendorff, and Titus, and many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood or drawing water in it.—Nothing but precise demarkation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now, as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly followed that they had no right to the soil, but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires than themselves.

In entering upon a newly discovered, uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property,—therefore, in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of Heaven,—therefore, they were guilty of impiety burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore, they were hardened offenders against God and man,—therefore, they ought to be exterminated.

IRVING.

137.—MR. CLAY'S SPEECH ON OCCASION OF INTRODUCING HIS PUBLIC LANDS BILL.

MR. PRESIDENT,—Although I find myself borne down by the severest affliction with which Providence has ever been pleased to visit me, I have thought that my private griefs ought not longer to prevent me from attempting, ill as I feel qualified, to discharge my public duties. And I now rise, in pursuance of the notice which has been given, to ask leave to introduce a bill to appropriate, for a limited time, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands of the United States, and for granting land to certain states.

I feel it incumbent on me to make a brief explanation of the highly important measure which I have now the honour to propose. The bill which I desire to introduce, provides for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands in the years 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836 and 1837, among the twenty-four states of the union, and conforms substantially to that which passed in 1833. It is therefore of a temporary character; but if it shall be found to have salutary operation, it will be in the power of a future congress to give it an indefinite continuance; and, if otherwise, it will expire by its own terms. In the event of war unfortunately breaking out with any foreign power, the bill is to cease, and the fund which it distributes is to be applied to the prosecution of the war. The bill directs that ten per cent. of the net proceeds of the public lands sold within the limits of the seven new states, shall be first set apart for them, in addition to the five per cent. reserved by their several compacts with the United States; and that the residue of the proceeds, whether from sales made in the states or territories, shall be divided among the twenty-four states in proportion to their respective federal population. In this respect the bill conforms to that which was introduced in 1832. For one, I should have been willing to have allowed the new states twelve and a half instead of ten per cent.; but as that was objected to by the president, in his veto message, and has been opposed in other quarters, I thought it best to restrict the allowance to the more moderate sum. The bill also contains large and liberal grants of land to several of the new states, to place them

upon an equality with others to which the bounty of congress has been heretofore extended, and provides that, when other new states shall be admitted into the union, they shall receive their share of the common fund.

* * * * *

Mr. President, I have ever regarded, with feelings of the profoundest regret, the decision which the president of the United States felt himself induced to make on the bill of 1833. If the bill had passed, about twenty millions of dollars would have been, during the last three years, in the hands of the several states, applicable by them to the beneficent purposes of internal improvement, education or colonization. What immense benefits might not have been diffused throughout the land by the active employment of that large sum? What new channels of commerce and communication might not have been opened? What industry stimulated, what labour rewarded? How many youthful minds might have received the blessings of education and knowledge, and been rescued from ignorance, vice, and ruin? How many descendants of Africa might have been transported from a country where they never can enjoy political or social equality, to the native land of their fathers, where no impediment exists to their attainment of the highest degree of elevation, intellectual, social and political! where they might have been successful instruments, in the hands of God, to spread the religion of his Son, and to lay the foundation of civil liberty.

But, although we have lost three precious years, the secretary of the treasury tells us that the principal of this vast sum is yet safe; and much good may still be achieved with it. The spirit of improvement pervades the land in every variety of form, active, vigorous and enterprising, wanting pecuniary aid as well as intelligent direction. The states are strengthening the union by various lines of communication thrown across and through the mountains. New York has completed one great chain. Pennsylvania another, bolder in conception and more arduous in the execution. Virginia has a similar work in progress, worthy of all her enterprise and energy. A fourth, further south where the parts of the union are too loosely connected, has been projected, and it can certainly be executed with the supplies which this bill affords, and perhaps not without them.

This bill passed, and these and other similar undertakings completed, we may indulge the patriotic hope that our union will be bound by ties and interests that render it indissoluble. As the general government withholds all direct agency from these truly national works, and from all new objects of internal improvement, ought it not to yield to the states, what is their own, the amount received from the public lands? It would thus but execute faithfully a trust expressly created by the original deeds of cession, or resulting from the treaties of acquisition. With this ample resource, every desirable object of improvement, in every part of our extensive country, may in due time be accomplished.—Placing this exhaustless fund in the hands of the several members of the confederacy, their common federal head may address them in the glowing language of the British bard, and,

Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend.
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projecting break the roaring main.
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land.

I confess I feel anxious for the fate of this measure, less on account of any agency I have had in proposing it, as I hope and believe, than from a firm, sincere and thorough conviction, that no one measure ever presented to the councils of the nation, was fraught with so much unmingled good, and could exert such powerful and enduring influence in the preservation of the union itself and upon some of its highest interests. If I can be instrumental, in any degree, in the adoption of it, I shall enjoy, in that retirement into which I hope shortly to enter, a heart-feeling satisfaction and a lasting consolation. I shall carry there no regrets, no complaints, no reproaches on my own account. When I look back upon my humble origin, left an orphan too young to have been conscious of a father's smiles and caresses; with a widowed mother, surrounded by a numerous offspring, in the midst of pecuniary embarrassments; without a regular education, without fortune, without friends, without patrons, I have reason to be satisfied with my public career. I ought to be thankful for the high places and honours to which I have been called by the

favour and partiality of my countrymen, and I am thankful and grateful. And I shall take with me the pleasing consciousness that in whatever station I have been placed, I have earnestly and honestly laboured to justify their confidence by a faithful, fearless and zealous discharge of my public duties. Pardon these personal allusions. CLAY.

138.—EXTRACT FROM SIR JAMES M'INTOSH'S SPEECH ON
THE TRIAL OF M. PELTIER.

GENTLEMEN,—I must entreat you to bear with me for a short time to allow me to suppose a case which might have occurred, in which you will see the horrible consequences of enforcing rigorously principles of law, which I cannot counteract, against political writers. We might have been at peace with France during the whole of that terrible period which elapsed between August 1792 and 1794, which has been usually called the reign of Robespierre! The only series of crimes, perhaps, in history, which, in spite of the common disposition to exaggerate extraordinary facts, has been beyond measure underrated in public opinion. I say this, gentlemen, after an investigation, which I think entitles me to affirm it with confidence. Men's minds were oppressed by atrocity and the multitude of crimes; their humanity and their indolence took refuge in skepticism from such an overwhelming mass of guilt; and the consequence was, that all these unparalleled enormities, though proved not only with the fullest historical, but with the strictest judicial evidence, were at the time only half believed, and are now scarcely half remembered. When these atrocities were daily perpetrating, of which the greatest part are as little known to the public in general as the campaigns of Genghis Khan, but are still protected from the scrutiny of men by the immensity of those voluminous records of guilt in which they are related, and under the mass of which they will be buried, till some historian be found with patience and courage enough to drag them forth into light, for the shame indeed, but for the instruction of mankind. When these crimes were perpetrating, which had the peculiar malignity, from the pretexts with which they were covered, of making the noblest objects of human

pursuit seem odious and detestable; which have almost made the names of liberty, reformation, and humanity synonymous with anarchy, robbery, and murder; which thus threatened not only to extinguish every principle of improvement, to arrest the progress of civilized society and to disinherit future generations of that rich succession which they were entitled to expect from the knowledge and wisdom of the present, but to destroy the civilization of Europe, which never gave such a proof of its vigor and robustness, as in being able to resist their destructive power; when all these horrors were acting in the greatest empire of the continent, I will ask my learned friend, if we had then been at peace with France, how English writers were to relate them so as to escape the charge of libelling a friendly government?

When Robespierre, in the debates in the national convention on the mode of murdering their blameless sovereign, objected to the formal and tedious mode of murder called a trial, and proposed to put him immediately to death, "on the principles of insurrection," because to doubt the guilt of the king would be to doubt of the innocence of the convention; and if the king were not a traitor, the convention must be rebels; would my learned friend have had an English writer state all this with "*decorum and moderation*?" Would he have had an English writer state, that though this reasoning was not perfectly agreeable to our national laws, or perhaps to our national prejudices, yet it was not for him to make any observations on the judicial proceedings of foreign states?

When Marat, in the same convention, called for two hundred and seventy thousand heads, must our English writers have said, that the remedy did, indeed, seem to their weak judgment rather severe; but that it was not for them to judge the conduct of so illustrious an assembly as the national convention, or the suggestions of so enlightened a statesman as M. Marat?

When that convention resounded with applause at the news of several hundred aged priests being thrown into the Loire, and particularly at the exclamation of Carrier, who communicated the intelligence, "What a revolutionary torrent is the Loire!" when these suggestions and narrations of murder which have hitherto been only hinted and

pered in the most secret cabals, in the darkest caverns and ditches, were triumphantly uttered, patiently endured, even loudly applauded by an assembly of seven hundred men, acting in the sight of all Europe, would my friend have wished that there had been found in the world a single writer so base as to deliberate upon the most safe, decorous, and polite manner of relating all these things to his countrymen?

When Carrier ordered five hundred children under four years of age to be shot, the greater part of whom were taken from their size, when the poor victims ran for protection to the soldiers and were bayoneted clinging to their knees! would my friend—but I cannot pursue this strain of interrogation. It is too much. It would be an offence which I cannot practise on my own feelings. It would be an outrage to my friend. It would be an insult to humanity. No! Better, ten thousand times better, should it be that every press in the world were burnt, that the very use of letters were abolished, that we were returned to the honest ignorance of the rudest times, than that the arts of civilization should be made subservient to the purposes of barbarism, than that literature should be employed to teach a toleration for cruelty, to weaken moral restraints for guilt, to deprave and brutalize the human mind. Now that I speak my friend's feelings as well as my own, when I say, God forbid that the dread of any punishment should ever make an Englishman an accomplice in corrupting his countrymen, a public teacher of depravity and barbarity!

Mortifying and horrible as the idea is, I must remind you, gentlemen, that even at that time, even under the reign of Robespierre, my learned friend, if he had then been attorney-general, might have been compelled by some most plausible necessity, to have come into this court to ask your verdict against the libellers of Barrere and Collot d'Herbois. Mr. Peltier then employed his talents against the enemies of the human race, as he has uniformly and bravely done. I do not believe that any peace, any political considerations, any fear of punishment, would have deterred him. He has shown too much honour, and consistency, and intrepidity, to be shaken by such circumstances as these.

My learned friend might then have been compelled to have filed a criminal information against Mr. Peltier, for "wickedly and maliciously intending to vilify and degrade Maximilian Robespierre, president of the committee of public safety of the French republic!" He might have been reduced to the sad necessity of appearing before you, to bely his own better feelings; to prosecute Mr. Peltier for publishing those sentiments which my friend himself had a thousand times felt, and a thousand times expressed. He might have been obliged even to call for punishment upon Mr. Peltier for language which he and all mankind would for ever despise Mr. Peltier if he were not to employ. Then indeed, gentlemen, we should have seen the last humiliation fall on England; the tribunals, the spotless and venerable tribunals of this free country, reduced to be the ministers of the vengeance of Robespierre! What could have rescued us from this last disgrace? The honesty and courage of a jury. They would have delivered the judges of this country from the dire necessity of inflicting punishment on a brave and virtuous man, because he spoke truth of a monster. They would have despised the threats of a foreign tyrant, as their ancestors braved the power of oppression at home.

In the court where we are now met, Cromwell twice sent a satirist on his tyranny to be convicted and punished as a libeller; and in this court, almost in sight of the scaffold streaming with the blood of his sovereign, within hearing of the clash of his bayonets which drove out parliament with contumely, two successive juries rescued the intrepid satirist from his fangs, and sent out with defeat and disgrace the usurper's attorney-general from what he had the insolence to call *his* court. Even then, gentlemen, when all law and liberty were trampled under the feet of a military banditti; when those great crimes were perpetrated in a high place and with a high hand against those who were the objects of public veneration, which, more than any thing else, break their spirits and confound their moral sentiments, obliterate the distinctions between right and wrong in their understanding, and teach the multitude to feel no longer any reverence for that justice which they thus see triumphantly dragged at the chariot-wheels of a tyrant; even then, when this unhappy country, triumphant

indeed abroad but enslaved at home, had no prospect but that of a long succession of tyrants wading through slaughter to a throne—even then, I say, when all seemed lost, the unconquerable spirit of English liberty survived in the hearts of English jurors. That spirit is, I trust in God, not extinct; and if any modern tyrant were, in the drunkenness of his insolence, to hope to overawe an English jury, I trust and I believe that they would tell him: “Our ancestors brave? the bayonets of Cromwell; we bid defiance to yours. *Contempsi Catalinæ gladios—non pertimescam tuos!*”

What could be such a tyrant's means of overawing a jury? As long as their country exists, they are girt round with impenetrable armour. Till the destruction of their country no danger can fall upon them for the performance of their duty, and I do trust that there is no Englishman so unworthy of life as to desire to outlive England. But if any of us are condemned to the cruel punishment of surviving our country—if, in the inscrutable counsels of Providence, this favoured seat of justice and liberty, this noblest work of human wisdom and virtue, be destined to destruction, which I shall not be charged with national prejudice for saying would be the most dangerous wound ever inflicted on civilization; at least let us carry with us into our sad exile the consolation that we ourselves have not violated the rights of hospitality to exiles—that we have not torn from the altar the suppliant who claimed protection as the voluntary victim of loyalty and conscience!

Gentlemen, I now leave this unfortunate gentleman in your hands. His character and his situation might interest your humanity; but, on his behalf, I only ask justice from you. I only ask a favourable construction of what cannot be said to be more than ambiguous language, and this you will soon be told from the highest authority is a part of justice.

139.—AMERICA.

I APPEAL to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of

this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, that, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant! PHILLIPS.

140.—SPEECH ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

WHERE, I ask, where are those Protestant petitions against the Catholic claims, which we were told would by this time have borne your table? We were told in the confident tone of prophecy, that England would have poured in petitions from all her counties, towns and corporations, against the claims of Ireland. I ask, where are those petitions? Has London, her mighty capital, has the university of Dublin, mocked the calamities of your country, by petitioning in favour of those prejudices that would render us less able to redress them? Have the people of England raised a voice against their Catholic fellow subjects? No; they have the wisdom to see the folly of robbing the empire, at such a time, of one-fourth of its

strength, on account of speculative doctrines of faith. They will not risk a kingdom on account of old men's dreams about the prevalence of the pope. They will not sacrifice an empire because they dislike the sacrifice of the mass.

I say, then, England is not against us. She has put ten thousand signatures upon your table in our favour. And what says the Protestant interest in Ireland! Look at their petition—examine the names—the houses—the families. Look at the list of merchants—of divines. Look, in a word, at Protestant Ireland, calling to you in a warning voice—telling you that if you are resolved to go on, till ruin breaks with a fearful surprise upon your progress, they will go on with you—they must partake your danger, though they will not share your guilt.

Ireland, with her imperial crown, now stands before you. You have taken her parliament from her, and she appears in her own person at your bar. Will you dismiss a kingdom without a hearing? Is this your answer to her zeal, to her faith, to the blood that has so profusely graced your march to victory—to the treasures that have decked your strength in peace. Is her name nothing—her fate indifferent—are her contributions insignificant—her six millions revenue—her ten millions trade—her two millions absentee—her four millions loan? Is such a country not worth a hearing? Will you, can you dismiss her abruptly from your bar? You cannot do it—the instinct of England is against it. We may be outnumbered now and again—but in calculating the amount of the real sentiments of the people—the ciphers that swell the evanescent majorities of an evanescent minister, go for nothing.

Can Ireland forget the memorable era of 1788? Can others forget the munificent hospitality with which she then freely gave to her chosen hope all that she had to give? Can Ireland forget the spontaneous and glowing cordiality with which her favours were then received? Never! Never! Irishmen grew justly proud in the consciousness of being subjects of a gracious predilection—a predilection that required no apology, and called for no renunciation—a predilection that did equal honour to him who felt it, and to those who were the objects of it. It laid the grounds of a great and fervent hope—all a nation's wishes crowding to a point, and looking forward to one event, as the

great coming, at which every wound was to be healed, every tear to be wiped away. The hope of that hour beamed with a cheering warmth and a seductive brilliancy. Ireland followed it with all her heart—a leading light through the wilderness, and brighter in its gloom. She followed it over a wide and barren waste : it has charmed her through the desert, and now, that it has led her to the confines of light and darkness, now, that she is on the borders of the promised land, is the prospect to be suddenly obscured, and the fair vision of *princely faith* to vanish for ever!—I will not believe it—I require an act of parliament to vouch its credibility—nay more, I demand a miracle to convince me that it is possible ! GRATTAN

141.—THE PATRIOT'S HOPE.

SIR,—Our republic has long been a theme of speculation among the savans of Europe. They profess to have cast its horoscope, and fifty years was fixed upon by many as the utmost limit of its duration. But those years passed by, and beheld us a united and happy people ; our political atmosphere, agitated by no storm, and scarce a cloud to obscure the serenity of our horizon ; all of the present was prosperity ; all of the future, hope.—True, upon the day of that anniversary two venerated fathers of our freedom and of our country fell ; but they sunk calmly to rest, in the maturity of years and in the fulness of time ; and their simultaneous departure on that day of jubilee, for another and a better world, was hailed by our nation as a propitious sign, sent to us from heaven. Wandering the other day in the alcoves of the library, I accidentally opened a volume containing the orations delivered by many distinguished men on that solemn occasion, and I noted some expressions of a few who now sit in this hall, which are deep fraught with the then prevailing, I may say universal feeling. It is inquired by one, “Is this the effect of accident or blind chance, or has that God, who holds in his hand the destiny of nations and of men, designed these things as an evidence of the permanence and perpetuity of our institutions ?” Another says, “Is it not stamped with the seal of divinity ?” And a third, descanting on

the prospects, bright and glorious. which opened on our beloved country, says, "Auspicious omens cheer us."

Yet it would have required but a tinge of superstitious gloom, to have drawn from that event darker forebodings of that which was to come. In our primitive wilds, where the order of nature is unbroken by the hand of man; there, where majestic trees arise, spread forth their branches, live out their age, and decline; sometimes will a patriarchal plant, which has stood for centuries the winds and storms, fall when no breeze agitates a leaf of the trees that surround it. And when, in the calm stillness of a summer's noon, the solitary woodsman hears on either hand the heavy crash of huge, branchless trunks, falling by their own weight to the earth whence they sprung, prescient of the future, he foresees the whirlwind at hand, which shall sweep through the forest, break its strongest stems, upturn its deepest roots, and strew in the dust its tallest, proudest heads. But I am none of those who indulge in gloomy anticipation. I do not despair of the republic. My trust is strong, that the gallant ship, in which all our hopes are embarked, will yet outride the storm; saved alike from the breakers and billows of disunion, and the greedy whirlpool—the all-ingulfing maelstrom of executive power, that unbroken, if not unharmed, she may pursue her prosperous voyage far down the stream of time; and that the banner of our country, which now waves over us so proudly, will still float in triumph—borne on the wings of heaven, fanned by the breath of fame, every stripe, bright and unsullied, every star fixed in its sphere, ages after each of us now here shall have ceased to gaze on its majestic folds for ever.

EWING.

142.—CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far

Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence: or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

WEBSTER.

143.—THE BEST OF CLASSICS.

THERE is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honoured and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration, unrivalled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature and of angels, yea, even of “God, manifest in the flesh,” of “God, blessed for ever.” If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover, that it came from heaven, in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him, who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy, as

God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom. If we inquire, who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme—from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea—comes forth the answer—the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, or injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order and peace, faith, hope and charity, are its blessings upon earth. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, marvellous, beautiful and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs, from the footstool of God, to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired, such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

GRIMKE

144.—THE LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
 In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
 Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole :
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While, in his soften'd looks, benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? look around ;
 O ! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

MONTGOMERY

145.—NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOUR.

THE education, gentlemen, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right—*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*—both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies ? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favour of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above

the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and ~~un~~happiness: while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak, from observation, a certain truth: there is no excellence without great labour. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide spreading comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

“ ———Pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honour by the locks—”

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements,
which are to enrol your names among the great men of
the earth.

WIRT

146.—THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, “How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!” How came he to

the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! O! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye, taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion! The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water; and heard groans, instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

KNOWLES.

147.—TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure celestial white,
 With streakings from the morning light !
 Then, from her mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest tramping loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strides the warrior of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven !
 Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given

To guard the banner of the free—
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbinger of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high !
 When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on ;
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimm'd the glistening bayonet—
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn,
 To where thy meteor glories burn,
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance !
 And when the cannon's mouthings loud,
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabres rise and fall,
 Like shoots of flame on midnight pall !
 There shall thy victor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall fall beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death !

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave,
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave.
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack ;
 The dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendours fly,
 In triumph o'er the closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
 By angel hands to valour given !
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome
 And all thy hues were born in heaven ;
 For ever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

DRAKE AND HALLECK

148.—INFLUENCE OF GREAT ACTIONS DEPENDENT ON
 THEIR RESULTS.

GREAT actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought ; of all the fields fertilized with carnage ; of the banners which have been bathed in blood ; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind ! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day ; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen ; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown ; victor and vanished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss, only of so many lives, and so much treasure.

But if this is frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events, give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see

their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armour, the rush of adverse battalions, the sinking and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the victory; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness. When the traveller pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast; what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valour were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment: he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interests for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it was still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.

WEBSTER.

149.—“A POLITICAL PAUSE.”

“BUT we must pause!” says the honourable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilt—her treasures wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, O! that you would put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former

wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict.

But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting,—“Fighting!” would be the answer; “they are not fighting; they are pausing.” “Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?” The answer must be,—“You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself—they are not fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely pausing! This man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only pausing! Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another: they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it, whatever; it is nothing more than a political pause! It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the mean time we have agreed to a pause, in pure friendship!”

And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order—to trample on religion—to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

Fox

150.—PREVALENCE OF WAR.

WAR is the law of violence. Peace the law of love. That law of violence prevailed without mitigation from the murder of Abel to the advent of the Prince of Peace.

We might have imagined, if history had not attested the reverse, that an experiment of four thousand years would have sufficed to prove, that the rational and valuable ends of society can never be attained, by constructing its institutions in conformity with the standard of war. But the sword and the torch had been eloquent in vain. A thousand battle-fields, white with the bones of brothers, were counted

as idle advocates in the cause of justice and humanity. Ten thousand cities, abandoned to the cruelty and licentiousness of the soldiery: and burnt, or dismantled, or razed to the ground, pleaded in vain against the law of violence. The river, the lake, the sea, crimsoned with the blood of fellow citizens, and neighbours, and strangers, had lifted up their voices in vain to denounce the folly and wickedness of war. The shrieks and agonies, the rage and hatred, the wounds and curses of the battle-field, and the storm and the sack, had scattered in vain their terrible warnings throughout all lands. In vain had the insolent Lysander destroyed the walls and burnt the fleets of Athens, to the music of her own female flute-players. In vain had Scipio, amid the ruins of Carthage, in the spirit of a gloomy seer, applied to Rome herself the prophecy of Agamemnon.

“The day shall come, the great avenging day,
Which Troy’s proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam’s power, and Priam’s self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all.”

In vain had Pyrrhus exclaimed, as for all the warrior gamblers of antiquity, “One such victory more and I am undone.” In vain had the disgrace and the sufferings of Miltiades, and Nicias, of Themistocles, Pausanias, and Alcibiades; of Marius and Sylla, of Hannibal, Pompey, and Cæsar, filled the nations with pity and dismay. The lamentations of the widow and the tears of the orphan, the broken hearts of age and the blasted hopes of youth, and beauty, and love, had pleaded in vain against the law of violence. The earth had drunk in the life-blood of the slain, and hidden their mangled bodies in her bosom: and there the garden, the orchard, and the harvest, flourished once more beautiful in the tints of nature, and rich in the melody of fount, and leaf, and breeze. The waters have swallowed into their depths the dying and the dead, and the ruined fleets both of victor, and vanquished; and again the waves danced in their sportiveness, or rushed in their fury, over the battle-plain of hostile navies. The innocence of childhood had forgotten the parent’s violent death, the widow had recovered the lost smile of former years, the miserable old man had been gathered to his fathers, and affection had found new objects for its attachments.

GRIMKE.

151.—IMPRESSIONS DERIVED FROM THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

THE study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity, strike awe to the heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections, of romance, and poetry, and legendary story, come crowding in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labours of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices, and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people.—There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest, the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets, who profaned their heaven-gifted talent to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of fame, which was reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and “the toys of modern state.” Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.

Yes—land of liberty! thy children have no cause to blush for thee. What though the arts have reared no monu-

nients among us, and scarce a trace of the muse's footstep is found in the paths of our forest, or along the banks of our rivers; yet our soil has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, and by great and holy deeds of peace. Its wide extent has become one vast temple and hallowed asylum, sanctified by the prayers and blessings of the persecuted of every sect, and the wretched of all nations.

Land of refuge—land of benedictions! Those prayers still arise, and they still are heard. "May peace be within thy walls and plenteousness within thy palaces." "May there be no decay, no leading into captivity, and no complaining in thy streets." "May truth flourish out of the earth, and righteousness look down from heaven."

VERPLANCE.

152.—NOBLE BURST OF JUDICIAL ELOQUENCE.—DELIVERED
IN THE CELEBRATED CASE OF THE KING AGAINST JOHN
WILKES.

It is fit to take some notice of the various terrors hung out: the numerous crowds which have attended and now attend in and about the hall, out of all reach of hearing what passes in court; and the tumults which, in other places, have shamefully insulted all order and government. Audacious addresses in print dictate to us, from those they call the people, the judgment to be given now, and afterwards upon the conviction. Reasons of policy are urged, from danger to the kingdom, by commotions and general confusion.

Give me leave to take the opportunity of this great and respectable audience to let the whole world know, all such attempts are vain. Unless we have been able to find an error which will bear us out, to reverse the outlawry, it must be affirmed. The constitution does not allow reasons of state to influence our judgments: God forbid it should! We must not regard political consequences, how formidable soever they might be: if rebellion was the certain consequence, we are bound to say "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" The constitution trusts the king with reasons of state and policy: he may stop prosecutions; he may pardon offences; it is his to judge whether the law or the criminal should yield. We have no election: none of us encourage

or approved the commission of either of the crimes of which the defendant is convicted: none of us had any hand in his being prosecuted. It is not in our power to stop it; it was not in our power to bring it on. We cannot pardon. We are to say, what we take the law to be: if we do not speak our real opinions, we prevaricate with God and our own consciences.

I pass over many anonymous letters I have received: those in print are public; and some of them have been brought judicially before the court. Whoever the writers are, they take the wrong way: I will do my duty unawed. What am I to fear? That *mendax infamia* from the press, which daily coins false facts and false motives? The lies of calumny carry no terror to me: I trust that my temper of mind, and the colour and conduct of my life, have given me a suit of armour against these arrows. If, during this king's reign, I have ever supported his government, and assisted his measures, I have done it without any other reward, than the consciousness of doing what I thought right. If I have ever opposed, I have done it upon the points themselves, without mixing in party or faction, and without any collateral views. I honour the king, and respect the people; but, many things acquired by the favour of either, are, in my account, objects not worth ambition. I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, upon this occasion, to gain the huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come from the press: I will not avoid doing what I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels; all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded populace can swallow. I can say, with a great magistrate, upon an occasion and under circumstances not unlike, "*Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, non invidiam, putarem.*"

The threats go further than abuse; personal violence is denounced. I do not believe it: it is not the genius of the worst men of this country, in the worst of times. But I have set my mind at rest. The last end that can happen

to any man, never comes too soon, if he falls in support of the law and liberty of his country, (for liberty is synonymous with law and government.) Such a shock, too, might be productive of public good : it might awake the better part of the kingdom out of that lethargy which seems to have benumbed them, and bring the mad part back to their senses, as men intoxicated are sometimes stunned into sobriety.

Once for all, let it be understood, "that no endeavours of this kind will influence any man who at present sits here." If they had any effect, it would be contrary to their intent : leaning against their impression, might give a bias the other way. But I hope, and I know, that I have fortitude enough to resist even that weakness. No libels no threats, nothing that has happened, nothing that can happen, will weigh a feather against allowing the defendant, upon this and every other question, not only the whole advantage he is entitled to from substantial law and justice, but every benefit from the most critical nicety of form, which any other defendant could claim under the like objection. The only effect I feel, is an anxiety to be able to explain the grounds upon which we proceed ; so as to satisfy all mankind "that a flaw of form given way to in this case, should not have been got over in any other."

MANSFIELD.

153.—SPEECH OF LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, IN REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.*

I AM amazed at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords, [considerably raising his voice,] I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot

* The Duke of Grafton had reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage. "Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor generally addresses the house : then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder, in a level tone of voice, he spoke as above.

"The effect of this speech, both within the walls and out of them was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the house which no chancellor had ever possessed ; it invested him, in public opinion, with a character of independence and honour ; and this though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people."

look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do: but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay more: I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered,—as A MAN, I am at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add,—I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon. THURLOW.

154.—CONDUCT OF LA FAYETTE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE war of American Independence is closed. The people of the North American Confederation are in union, sovereign and independent. La Fayette, at twenty-five years of age, has lived the life of a patriarch, and illustrated the career of a hero. Had his days upon earth been then numbered, and had he then slept with his fathers, illustrious as for centuries their names had been, his name, to the end of time, would have transcended them all. Fortunate youth! fortunate beyond even the measure of his companions in arms with whom he had achieved the glorious consummation of American Independence. His fame was all his own; not cheaply earned; not ignobly won. His fellow soldiers had been the champions and defenders of their country. They reaped for themselves, for their wives, their children, their posterity to the latest time, the rewards of their dangers and their toils. La Fayette had watched, and laboured, and fought, and bled, not for himself, not for his family, not, in the first instance, even for his country. In the legendary tales of chivalry we read

of tournaments at which a foreign and unknown knight suddenly presents himself, armed in complete steel, and, with the vizor down, enters the ring to contend with the assembled flower of knighthood for the prize of honour, to be awarded by the hand of beauty ; bears it in triumph away, and disappears from the astonished multitude of competitors and spectators of the feats of arms. But where, in the rolls of history, where, in the fictions of romance, where, but in the life of La Fayette, has been seen the noble stranger, flying, with the tribute of his name, his rank, his affluence, his ease, his domestic bliss, his treasure, his blood, to the relief of a suffering and distant land, in the hour of her deepest calamity—baring his bosom to her foes ; and not at the transient pageantry of a tournament, but for a succession of five years sharing all the vicissitudes of her fortunes ; always eager to appear at the post of danger—tempering the glow of youthful ardour with the cold caution of a veteran commander ; bold and daring in action ; prompt in execution ; rapid in pursuit ; fertile in expedients ; unattainable in retreat ; often exposed, but never surprised, never disconcerted ; eluding his enemy when within his fancied grasp ; bearing upon him with irresistible sway when of force to cope with him in the conflict of arms ? And what is this but the diary of La Fayette, from the day of his rallying the scattered fugitives of the Brandywine, insensible of the blood flowing from his wound, to the storming of the redoubt at Yorktown ?

J. Q. ADAMS.

155.—THE MOB.

I REMEMBER, (if, on such a subject, I may be pardoned an illustration approaching the ludicrous,) to have seen the two kinds of mob brought into direct collision. I was present at the second great meeting of the populace of London in 1819, in the midst of a crowd of I know not how many thousands, but assuredly a vast multitude, which was gathered together in Smithfield market. The universal distress was extreme ; it was a short time after the scenes at Manchester, at which the public mind was exasperated ;—deaths by starvation were said not to be rare ;—ruin by the stagnation of business was general ;—and some were

already brooding over the dark project of assassinating the ministers, which was not long after matured by Thistlewood and his associates ; some of whom, on the day to which I allude, harangued this excited, desperate, starving assemblage. When I considered the state of feeling prevailing in the multitude around me,—when I looked in their lowering faces,—heard their deep, indignant exclamations,—reflected on the physical force concentrated, probably that of thirty or forty thousand able-bodied men ; and added to all this, that they were assembled to exercise an undoubted privilege of British citizens ; I did suppose that any small number of troops, who should attempt to interrupt them, would be immolated on the spot. While I was musing on these things, and turning in my mind the commonplaces on the terrors of a mob, a trumpet was heard to sound,—an uncertain, but a harsh and clamorous blast. I looked that the surrounding stalls, in the market, should have furnished the unarmed multitude at least with that weapon, with which Virginius sacrificed his daughter to the liberty of Rome ; I looked that the flying pavement should begin to darken the air. Another blast is heard,—a cry of ‘The horse-guards!’ ran through the assembled thousands ; the orators on the platform were struck mute ; and the whole of that mighty host of starving, desperate men incontinently took to their heels ; in which, I must confess,—feeling no call, on that occasion, to be faithful found among the faithless,—I did myself join them. We had run through the Old Bailey and reached Ludgate hill, before we found out that we had been put to flight by a single mischievous tool of power, who had come triumphing down the opposite street on horseback, blowing a stage-coachman’s horn

EVERETT.

156.—NATIONAL RECOLLECTIONS THE FOUNDATION OF
NATIONAL CHARACTER.

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections ! Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, of the exem-

plars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirits and character which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction;—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism, to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the work-shops and door-posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrast they exhibit. But they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know,—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance for conscience and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread ; it beats in our veins ; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause —“ My sons, scorn to be slaves !” —but it cries with a still more moving eloquence —“ My sons, forget not your fathers !”

EVERETT.

157.—EXPOSURE TO THE HORRORS OF INDIAN OUTRAGE

BUT am I reduced to the necessity of proving this point? Certainly the very men who charged the Indian war on the detention of the posts, will call for no other proof than the recital of their own speeches. It is remembered with what emphasis, with what acrimony, they expatiated on the burden of taxes, and the drain of blood and treasure into the western country, in consequence of Britain's holding the posts. Until the posts are restored, they exclaimed, the treasury and the frontiers must bleed.

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask, whether it is not already planted there? I resort, especially, to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword: it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-fields: you are a mother—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject, you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, it will speak a language, compared with which, all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable, and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains. AMES.

158.—ARNOLD WINKELRIED.

“MAKE way for liberty !” he cried ;
Made way for liberty, and died !—

It must not be : this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor’s power !
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall ; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast ;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed ;
 Behold him—Arnold Winkelried !
 There sounds not to the trump of fame
 The echo of a nobler name.
 Unmark'd he stood amid the throng,
 In rumination deep and long,
 Till you might see, with sudden grace,
 The very thought come o'er his face ;
 And, by the motion of his form,
 Anticipate the bursting storm ;
 And, by the uplifting of his brow,
 Tell where the bolt would strike, and how

But 'twas no sooner thought than done
 The field was in a moment won :—
 “ Make way for liberty !” he cried,
 Then ran, with arms extended wide,
 As if his dearest friend to clasp ;
 Ten spears he swept within his grasp :
 “ Make way for liberty !” he cried,
 Their keen points met from side to side ;
 He bow'd amongst them like a tree,
 And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly ;
 “ Make way for liberty !” they cry,
 And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
 As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart ;
 While instantaneous as his fall,
 Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all :
 An earthquake could not overthrow
 A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free ;
 Thus death made way for liberty. MONTGOMERY

159.—THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

“ METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss ;”
 A dull, complaining atheist said,
 As stretch'd he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanced it in this :

“ Behold,” quoth he, “ that mighty thing,
 A pumpkin large and round,
 Is held but by a little string,
 Which upwards cannot make it spring,
 Nor bear it from the ground.

“ While on this oak an acorn small,
 So disproportion’d grows,
 That whosoe’er surveys this all,
 This universal casual ball,
 Its ill contrivance knows.

“ My better judgment would have hung
 The pumpkin on the tree,
 And left the acorn slightly strung,
 ’Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
 And weak and feeble be.”

No more the caviller could say,
 No further faults descry ;
 For upwards gazing, as he lay,
 An acorn, loosen’d from its spray,
 Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o’er,
 As punish’d for that sin ;
 Fool ! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimseys would have work’d no more,
 Nor skull have kept them in. ANONYMOUS

160.—THE INDIAN.

THINK of the country for which the Indians fought !
 Who can blame them ? As Philip looked down from his
 seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, that

——— throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
 Showers on her kings barbaric pomp and gold,—

as he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which
 spread beneath, at a summer sunset,—the distant hill-
 tops blazing with gold, the slanting beams streaming

along the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, majestic the forest,—could he be blamed, if his heart burned within him, as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of the stranger? As the river chieftains—the lords of the waterfalls and the mountains—ranged this lovely valley, can it be wondered at, if they beheld with bitterness the forest disappearing beneath the settler's axe; the fishing place disturbed by his sawmills? Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, the chief of the Pocomtuck Indians, who should have ascended the summit of the sugar-loaf mountain,—(rising as it does before us, at this moment, in all its loveliness and grandeur,)—in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides, with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, 'White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers, but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent, when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant,—few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land, to raise corn for his women and children;—and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, it is mine. Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west;—the fierce Mohawk,—the

man-eater,—is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps, the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety,—but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!

EVERETT.

161.—THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand;
 “Hark ye,” said he, “’tis an odd story this,
 About the crows!”—“I don’t know what it is,”
 Replied his friend.—“No! I’m surprised at that;
 Where I come from it is the common chat:
 But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
 And that it happen’d, they are all agreed:
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from ’Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.”
 “Impossible!”—“Nay, but it’s really true,
 I had it from good hands, and so may you.”
 “From whose, I pray?” So having named the man
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
 “Sir, did you tell?”—relating the affair—
 “Yes, sir, I did; and if it’s worth your care
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
 But, by the way, ’twas two black crows, not three.”

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
 "Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number not exact;
 It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;
 The truth of that you may depend upon.
 The gentleman himself told me the case."
 "Where may I find him?" "Why,—in such a place."
 Away he goes, and having found him out,—
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
 Then to his last informant he referr'd,
 And begg'd to know if true what he had heard.
 "Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
 "Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one
 And here I find at last all comes to none!
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
 "Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"
 "Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
 Something that was as black, sir, as a crow." BYRON

 162.—NEW ENGLAND.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
 Our fondest boast;
 The sepulchre of mighty dead,
 The truest hearts that ever bled,
 Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
 A fearless host:
 No slave is here—our unchain'd feet
 Walk freely, as the waves that beat
 Our coast.

Our fathers cross'd the ocean's wave
 To seek this shore;
 They left behind the coward slave
 To welter in his living grave;—
 With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,

They sternly bore
 Such toils as meaner souls had quell'd ;
 But souls like these, such toils impell'd
 To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
 On Bunker's height,
 And, fearless stemm'd th' invading flood,
 And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
 And mow'd in ranks the hireling brood,
 In desperate fight !
 O ! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
 For even our fall'n fortunes lay
 In light.

There is no other land like thee,
 No dearer shore ;
 Thou art the shelter of the free ;
 The home, the port of liberty
 'Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
 Till time is o'er.
 Ere I forget to think upon
 My land, shall mother curse the son
 She bore

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
 On which we rest ;
 And rising from thy hardy stock,
 'Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
 And slavery's galling chains unlock,
 And free the oppress'd :
 All, who the wreath of freedom twine
 Beneath the shadow of their vine
 Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore, .
 And here we stand—
 Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
 And on our heads their fury pour,
 And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
 And storm our land :
 They still shall find, our lives are given
 To die for home ;—and leant on heaven
 Our hand

PERCIVAL.

163.—LAS CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! gracious Heaven! Against whom?—Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed; a people, who, children of innocence! received you as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you, their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonour. These eyes have witnessed all I speak;—as gods you were received—as fiends you have acted.

Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, All-powerful! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock,—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the riven and quaking earth,—O! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains,—countrymen—Do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities your insatiate avarice has inflicted on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs!—fall not, ye drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance. All I entreat is, send me once more to those you call your enemies. O! let me be the messenger of penitence from you, I shall return with blessings and peace from them. Elvira, you weep!—Alas! does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?—Time flies—words are unavailing—the chieftains declare for instant battle!

O God! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force, were blasphemy against thy goodness. No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood, by which you are united.—May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects, and rebuke your hopes!—On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves—in

forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts, will I commune; and when at length we meet again, before the blessed tribunal of that Deity whose mild doctrines, and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which now tear the bosom of your weak accuser. SHERIDAN.

164.—CHARACTER OF LA FAYETTE.

THERE have been those who have denied to La Fayette the name of *a great man*. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness and make an essential part of it? Is there yet enough of virtue left in the world, to echo the sentiment, that

'Tis phrase absurd, to call a villain great!

If there is, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career, with so little reproach, justly or unjustly, bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? La Fayette was intrusted by Washington with all kinds of service;—the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience, the perilous that demanded nerve;—and we see him keeping up a pursuit, effecting a retreat, out-manœuvring a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet; and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibility a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us, as we have already seen, that there was a moment in 1789, when La Fayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power, a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the revolution, and when, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion,—and he their idol,—we behold

him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the fortitude required to resist the multitude pressing onward their leader to glorious crime, a part of greatness? Behold him the fugitive and the victim, when he might have been the chief of the revolution. Is the solitary and unaided opposition of a good citizen to the pretensions of an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of La Fayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life. Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when in 1815 the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Contemplate La Fayette at the tribune, in Paris, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, and Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. Are dignity, propriety, cheerfulness, unerring discretion in new and conspicuous stations of extraordinary delicacy, a sign of greatness? Watch his progress in this country, in 1824 and 1825, hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, for a twelvemonth, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position. Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution;—to change the dynasty,—to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men;—to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money;—to live, to labour, and suffer for great public ends alone;—to adhere to principle under all circumstances;—to stand before Europe and America conspicuous for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

EVERETT.

165.—THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

I THINK I understand the proposition, that La Fayette was not a great man. It comes from the same school which also denies greatness to Washington, and which accords it to Alexander and Cæsar, to Napoleon and to his conqueror. When I analyze the greatness of these distinguished men, as contrasted with that of La Fayette and Washington, I find either one idea omitted, which is essential to true greatness, or one included as essential, which belongs only to the lowest conception of greatness. The moral, disinterested, and purely patriotic qualities are wholly wanting in the greatness of Cæsar and Napoleon; and on the other hand, it is a certain splendour of success, a brilliancy of result, which, with the majority of mankind, marks them out as the great men of our race. But not only are a high morality and a true patriotism essential to greatness;—but they must first be renounced, before a ruthless career of selfish conquest can begin. I profess to be no judge of military combinations; but, with the best reflection I have been able to give the subject, I perceive, no reason to doubt, that, had La Fayette, like Napoleon, been by principle capable of hovering on the edges of ultra-revolutionism; never halting enough to be denounced; never plunging too far to retreat;—but with a cold and well-balanced selfishness, sustaining himself at the head of affairs, under each new phase of the revolution, by the compliances sufficient to satisfy its demands,—had his principles allowed him to play this game, he might have anticipated the career of Napoleon. At three different periods, he had it in his power, without usurpation, to take the government into his own hands. He was invited, urged to do so. Had he done it, and made use of the military means at his command, to maintain and perpetuate his power,—he would then, at the sacrifice of all his just claims to the name of great and good, have reached that which vulgar admiration alone worships,—the greatness of high station and brilliant success.

But it was of the greatness of La Fayette, that he looked down on greatness of the false kind. He learned his lesson in the school of Washington, and took his first practice in victories over himself. Let it be questioned

by the venal apologists of time-honoured abuses,—let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction; let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest;—by the idolaters of success,—but let it be gratefully acknowledged by good men; by Americans,—by every man, who has sense to distinguish character from events; who has a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm of virtue.

But it is more than time, fellow citizens, that I commit this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago,—when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population poured itself out, as one throng, to salute him,—when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos,—and your acclamations were responded from steeple to steeple, by the voice of festal bells, with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words;—‘I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart, which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city!’ That noble heart,—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice,—of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and motionless, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence,—you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he is departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties, for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honours to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of La Fayette in those distinguished honours, which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson; and could your wishes and mine have prevailed, my lips would this day have been mute, and the same illustrious voice, which gave utterance to your filial emotions over their honoured graves.

would have spoken also, for you, over him who shared their earthly labours,—enjoyed their friendship,—and has now gone to share their last repose, and their imperishable remembrance.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty, who has not dropped his head when he has heard that La Fayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics,—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright,—has lost a benefactor, a patron in La Fayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular loadstar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history of La Fayette,—that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages,—the friend of Washington,—but will start with new vigour on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it, fellow citizens, which gave to our La Fayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness;—to the sanctity of plighted faith, to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life: *The love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these renowned walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love,—on the birth-day of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name, which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom;—Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground;—Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the

voices of other days ;—Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvass ;—Speak, speak, marble lips, teach us THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW !

EVERETT

166.—MISCONCEPTION

ERE night her sable curtains spread ;
Ere Phœbus had retired to bed

In Thetis's lap ;

Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
Their early nap,

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To farmer Fiz Maurice's fold,

Did slyly creep,

Where numerous flocks were quiet laid
In the arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal,
But, hapless, close behind his heel,

Was ploughman Joe,

Who just arrived in time to stop
The murderer's blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait !

The felon must to justice straight

Be dragg'd by force ;

Where persecutors urge his guilt,
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd, the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands

From the elbow chair,

Where justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austere.

“ Rogue ! what excuse hast thou for this !

For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice,

Thou knew'st full well,

The sheep within that fold belong'd—

Come, quickly tell.

“ Confess thy crime ; 'twill naught avail

To say the mark above the tail

Thou didst not heed :
 For G. F. M., in letters large,
 Thou plain mightst read.'"

" 'Tis true, I did," the thief replies,
 " But man is not at all times wise ;
 As I'm a glutton,
 I really thought that G. F. M.
 Meant—Good, Fat Mutton !"

ANONYMOUS

 167.—CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HE is fallen ! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps that in the annals of this world ever rose, or reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity ! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny.—He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no god but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate : in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent ; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross : the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic : and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope ; a pretended

patriot, he impoverished the country ; and, in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars ! Through this pantomime of policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent ; decision flashed upon his councils ; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable ; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.—Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn ; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity ! The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed the air of history ; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation ; kings were his people—nations were his outposts ; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board !—Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

It mattered little whether in the field or in the drawing-room—with the mob on the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsig—he was still the same military despot !

In this wonderful combination, his affectations of litera

ture must not be omitted. The jailer of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning! the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character.—A royalist—a republican and an emperor—a Mohammedan—a Catholic and a patron of the synagogue—a subaltern and a sovereign—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a rival, and without a shadow.

PATRICK

168.—DIALOGUE: ALEXANDER THE GREAT, AND A ROBBER

Alexander. WHAT, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian, and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier! a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Rob. What have I done, of which you can complain?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects?

Rob. Alexander! I am your captive; I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

Rob. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

Alex. Like a hero. Ask fame, and she will tell you.

Among the brave, I have been the bravest : among sovereigns, the noblest : among conquerors, the mightiest.

Rob. And does not fame speak of me too ? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band ? Was there ever,—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alex. Still, what are you but a robber, a base, dishonest robber ?

Rob. And what is a conqueror ? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry ; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion ? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burnt a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is, then, the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I ?

Alex. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

Rob. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of, but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for half the mischief we have done it.

Alex. Leave me. Take off his chains, and use him well. Are we then so much alike ? Alexander like a robber ! Let me reflect.

DR. AIKIN.

169—THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides

Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

When thoughts

Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teaching, while from all around,
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,
Comes a still voice ; yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image.

Earth that nourish'd thee shall claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon.

The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone ; nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth ; the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

The hills,

Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun ; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and pour'd round all
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste ;

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings, yet, the dead are there.
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep; the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou shalt fall
Unheeded by the living; and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee.

As the long train
Of ages glide away the sons of men.
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,
Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

BRYANT.

170.—THE DIAMOND RING.

YE ladies fair, with sunny smiles,
Come listen unto me,
While I rehearse what once befell
A dame of high degree.

A dame of high degree—and fair
As statue carved of old ;
Her eyes were blue as sapphire gleams,
Her ringlets were like gold.

Her every motion breathed of grace,
Yet destitute of art ;
And with her voice of music, spoke
The language of her heart.

Her husband was a gentleman,
From ancient nobles sprung ;
By men esteem'd, by women loved,
Handsome, and brave, and young.

He dwelt upon his own domain,
In his ancestral home ;
Nor felt a wish unsatisfied
In foreign climes to roam.

But with his lady dear he spent
Each blissful day and night ;
And in the car of time they threw
Fresh roses of delight.

Alas ! the fate of happiness
In this uncertain world !
When clouds arise, love's silken sails
Must speedily be furl'd.

The pennon, that so gayly flew,
Hangs idly to the mast ;
And waves grow dark beneath the frown
Of the approaching blast.

The beauteous dame, alas ! fell ill ;
All human aid was vain,
To rend the arrow from her side
Or mitigate the pain.

Death, like a jealous rival, came
To wound such perfect bliss—
And on those lips of glowing red
He stamp'd an icy kiss !

She lay—how pale ! a lily now,
That late surpass'd the rose ;
Where late the summer flush was seen
Were strewn the winter snows.

Alas, for beauty ! it must yield
Its treasures to the tomb,
And, like the hag, deformity,
Bow to the common doom !

From her sad lord's caressing arms
The darling wife was torn ;
And to the cold, cold sepulchre,
By pitying neighbours borne.

It was a noble funeral,
And gorgeous to behold—
The coffin was of scented wood,
Her name was graved on gold.

The body lay, all pure and calm,
In its unbroken rest,
And one thin hand reposed upon
Her chaste and stainless breast.

What flashes there so dazzling bright !
It is an antique gem ;
A diamond on her finger gleam'd,
Meet for a diadem !

They left her in the sepulchre,
Hewn from the marble stone—
And all around with coffins fill'd,
Of many a silent one !

The midnight bell toll'd slowly from
The church-tower dark and high ;
Which, like a rigid sentinel,
Alone stood scowling nigh.

Whose form glides from the old church-door,
Like wizard from his cell ?
It is the sexton with his lamp,
Who went to stop the bell !

What makes he now among the tombs,
With tottering step and slow ?
Ha ! to the lady's sepulchre
The gray beard dares to go.

He springs the lock, he enters in,
He feebly gropes about ;
Though fragile are his shivering limbs,
His harden'd heart is stout.

What makes he now ? the golden plate
From off her coffin lid
He tears, and in his tatter'd robe
With trembling care 'tis hid.

He lifts the lid—arrest, old man !
Thy base, polluting hand—
What to decrepit age avails
The wealth of every land ?

But avarice cleaves unto its prey,
Like lean dog to a bone ;
The sexton takes the passive hand
And eyes the precious stone.

Ha ! by the holy book ! she stirs—
She stirs and sits upright !
The wretched sexton turn'd to flee,
And stumbled in affright,

Across the threshold, o'er the graves,
Till by his own hearthside
He fell, insane with horrid fear,
And, deeply groaning, died !

'Twas one at night—when Edward sat
In his ancestral hall :
Mute was his grief, and not a tear
From his parch'd eyes could fall.

His heart was desolate—but hark !
Who knocks at such an hour ?
Whose voice is that, which, through the gloom
Comes with such startling power

“ Edward, O ! Edward—I am cold,
The night is damp and drear,
Why, in so horrible a bed,
Was I in thy Ellen dear ?

“ My Edward, come, unbar for me
The massive, wide, hall-door,
Come—and I’ll sing thee to sweet sleep,
As I have sung before !”

His mind was stunn’d by grief—he knew
No sentiment of fear,
But went and oped the wide hall-door,
And there, the moonlight clear

Reveal’d the white-robed, tender form
Of his beloved wife !
Not from the tombs a gliding ghost,
But breathing still with life !

She sank into his arms—he bore
Her senseless to her bed :
Her summon’d maidens shriek’d to see
Their lady from the dead.

Three weary days and nights pass’d on,
And then the beauteous dame
Lean’d fondly on her husband’s arm,
In blooming life the same.

To all the tenantry anon
The awful tale was known—
The lady, buried in a trance,
Walk’d homeward, all alone !

The sexton’s body, stiff and cold,
Upon his earthen floor,
Frighted the early passer by
His open, cheerless door.

The beauteous dame lived many years—
And now her daughters tell,
How in their dear remember'd home
This dread mischance befell.

The sparkling jewel, that she wore,
Is deem'd a priceless thing;
For, like a holy amulet,
They keep the diamond ring.

P. B.

171.—THE CHARACTERS OF JEFFERSON AND NAPOLEON
CONTRASTED.

IN the bearings of his personal character, Jefferson can be safely compared with the contemporary rulers of nations, not excepting him—the greatest of them all; nor need our patriotism shrink from the singular contrast between two men, chiefs for nearly an equal period of their respective countries, and models of their different species,—Napoleon, the emperor of a great nation—and Jefferson, the chief magistrate of a free people.

Of that extraordinary being it is fit to speak with the gentleness due to misfortune. Two centuries have scarce sufficed to retrieve the fame of Cromwell from that least expiable of crimes—his success over a feeble and profligate race, more fortunate in their historian than their history: and the memory of Napoleon must long atone equally for his elevation and his reverses. There are already those who disparage his genius, as if this were not to humble the nations who stood dismayed before it. Great talents, varied acquirements, many high qualities, enlightened views of legislation and domestic policy, it were bigotry to deny to Napoleon. The very tide of his conquests over less civilized nations, deposited in receding some benefits even to the vanquished—and all that glory can contribute to public happiness, was profusely lavished on his country. But in the midst of this gaudy infatuation there was that which disenchanting the spell—that which struck its damp chill into the heart of any man who, undazzled by the vulgar decorations of power, looked only at the blessings it might confer, and who weighed, instead of counting, these victories. Such are the delusions which military ambition

heda in turn on its possessor and on the world, that its triumphs begin with the thoughtless applause of its future victims, and end in the maddening intoxication of its own prosperity. We may not wonder then if, when those who should have first resisted his power were foremost in admiration and servility—when the whole continent of Europe was one submissive dependence on his will—when among the crowd of native and stranger suppliants who worshipped before this idol there was only one manly and independent voice to rebuke his excesses in a tone worthy of a free people—that of the representative of Jefferson, we may not wonder if all the brilliant qualities which distinguished the youth of Napoleon were at last concentrated into a spirit of intense selfishness, and that the whole purpose to which his splendid genius was perverted was the poor love of swaying the destinies of other men—not to benefit, not to bless—but simply to command them, to engross every thing, and to be every thing. It was for this that he disturbed the earth with his insane conquests,—for this that the whole freedom of the human mind—the elastic vigour of the intellect—all the natural play of the human feelings—all free agency, were crushed beneath this fierce and immitigable dominion, which, degrading the human race into the mere objects and instruments of slaughter, would soon have left nothing to science but to contrive the means of mutual destruction, and nothing to letters except to flatter the common destroyer. Contrast this feverish restlessness which is called ambition—this expanded love of violence which makes heroes—contrast these, as they shone in the turbulent existence of Napoleon, with the peaceful, disinterested career of Jefferson: and in all the relations of their power—its nature, its employment, and its result—we may assign the superiority to the civil magistrate.

Napoleon owed his elevation to military violence—Jefferson to the voluntary suffrage of his country. The one ruled sternly over reluctant subjects—the other was but the foremost among his equals who respected in his person the image of their own authority. Napoleon sought to enlarge his influence at home by enfeebling all the civil institutions, and abroad by invading the possessions of his neighbours—Jefferson preferred to abridge his power by

strict constructions, and his counsels were uniformly dissuasive against foreign wars. Yet the personal influence of Jefferson was far more enviable, for he enjoyed the unlimited confidence of his country—while Napoleon had no authority not conceded by fear; and the extortions of force are evil substitutes for that most fascinating of all sway—the ascendancy over equals. During the undisputed possession of that power, Napoleon seemed unconscious of its noblest attribute, the capacity to make man freer or happier; and no one great or lofty purpose of benefiting mankind, no generous sympathy for his race, ever disturbed that sepulchral selfishness, or appeased that scorn of humanity, which his successes almost justified.—But the life of Jefferson was a perpetual devotion, not to his own purposes, but to the pure and noble cause of public freedom. From the first dawning of his youth his undivided heart was given to the establishment of free principles—free institutions—freedom in all its varieties of untrammelled thought and independent action. His whole life was consecrated to the improvement and happiness of his fellow men; and his intense enthusiasm for knowledge and freedom was sustained to his dying hour. Their career was as strangely different in its close as in its character. The power of Napoleon was won by the sword—maintained by the sword—lost by the sword. That colossal empire which he had exhausted fortune in rearing broke before the first shock of adversity. The most magnificently gorgeous of all the pageants of our times—when the august ceremonies of religion blessed and crowned that soldier-emperor, when the allegiance of the great captains who stood by his side, the applauses of assembled France in the presence of assenting Europe, the splendid pomp of war softened by the smiles of beauty, and all the decorations of all the arts, blended their enchantments as that imperial train swept up the aisles of Notre Dame—faded into the silent cabin of that lone island in a distant sea. The hundred thousands of soldiers who obeyed his voice—the will which made the destiny of men—the name whose humblest possessor might be a king—all shrunk into the feeble band who followed the captivity of their master. Of all his foreign triumphs not one remained, and in his first military conquest—his own country, which he had adorned with the

monuments of his fame, there is now no place even for the tomb of this desolate exile.—But the glory of Jefferson became even purer as the progress of years mellowed into veneration the love of his countrymen. He died in the midst of the free people whom he had lived to serve ; and his only ceremonial, worthy equally of him and of them, was the simple sublimity of his funeral triumph. His power he retained as long as he desired it, and then voluntarily restored the trust, with a permanent addition—derived from Napoleon himself—far exceeding the widest limits of the French empire—that victory of peace which outweighs all the conquests of Napoleon, as one line of the declaration of independence is worth all his glory.

But he also is now gone. The genius, the various learning, the private virtues, the public honours, which illustrated and endeared his name, are gathered into the tomb, leaving to him only the fame, and to us only the remembrance, of them. Be that memory cherished without regret or sorrow. Our affection could hope nothing better for him than this long career of glorious and happy usefulness, closed before the infirmities of age had impaired its lustre ; and the grief that such a man is dead, may be well assuaged by the proud consolation that such a man has lived.

BIDDLE.

172.—CONDUCT OF LA FAYETTE IN THE REVOLUTION OF 1830.

At an early stage of the revolution of 1789, La Fayette had declared it as a principle that insurrection against tyrants was the most sacred of duties. He had borrowed this sentiment, perhaps, from the motto of Jefferson—“Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.” The principle itself is as sound as its enunciation is daring. Like all general maxims, it is susceptible of very dangerous abuses : the test of its truth is exclusively in the correctness of its application. As forming a part of the political creed of La Fayette, it has been severely criticised ; nor can it be denied that, in the experience of the French Revolutions, the cases in which popular insurrection has been resorted to, for the extinction of existing authority, have been so frequent, so unjustifiable in their causes, so atrocious in

their execution, so destructive to liberty in their consequences, that the friends of freedom, who know that she can exist only under the supremacy of the law, have sometimes felt themselves constrained to shrink from the development of abstract truth, in the dread of the danger with which she is surrounded.

In the revolution of the three days of 1830, it was the steady, calm, but inflexible adherence of La Fayette to this maxim which decided the fate of the Bourbons. After the struggles of the people had commenced, and even while liberty and power were grappling with each other for life or death, the deputies elect to the legislative assembly, then at Paris, held several meetings at the house of their colleague, Lafitte, and elsewhere, at which the question of resistance against the ordinances was warmly debated, and aversion to that resistance by force was the sentiment predominant in the minds of a majority of the members. The hearts of some of the most ardent patriots quailed within them at the thought of another overthrow of the monarchy. All the horrible recollections of the reign of terror, the massacre of the prisons in September, the butcheries of the guillotine from year to year, the headless trunks of Brissot, and Danton, and Robespierre, and last, not least, the iron crown and sceptre of Napoleon himself, rose in hideous succession before them, and haunted their imaginations. They detested the ordinances, but hoped that, by negotiation and remonstrance with the recreant king, it might yet be possible to obtain the revocation of them, and the substitution of a more liberal ministry. This deliberation was not concluded till La Fayette appeared among them. From that moment the die was cast. They had till then no military leader. Louis Philippe, of Orleans, had not then been seen among them.

In all the changes of government in France, from the first assembly of notables, to that day, there never had been an act of authority presenting a case for the fair and just application of the *duty* of resistance against oppression, so clear, so unquestionable, so flagrant as this. The violations of the charter were so gross and palpable, that the most determined royalist could not deny them. The mask had been laid aside. The sword of despotism had been drawn, and the scabbard cast away. A king, openly

forsworn, had forfeited every claim to allegiance; and the only resource of the nation against him was resistance by force. This was the opinion of La Fayette, and he declared himself ready to take the command of the National Guard, should the wish of the people, already declared thus to place him at the head of this spontaneous movement, be confirmed by his colleagues of the legislative assembly. The appointment was accordingly conferred upon him, and the second day afterwards Charles the Tenth and his family were fugitives to a foreign land.

France was without a government. She might then have constituted herself a republic; and such was, undoubtedly, the aspiration of a very large portion of her population. But with another, and yet larger portion of her people, the name of republic was identified with the memory of Robespierre. It was held in execration; there was imminent danger, if not absolute certainty, that the attempt to organize a republic would have been the signal for a new civil war. The name of a republic, too, was hateful to all the neighbours of France; to the confederacy of emperors and kings which had twice replaced the Bourbons upon the throne, and who might be propitiated under the disappointment and mortification of the result, by the retention of the name of king, and the substitution of the semblance of a Bourbon for the reality.

The people of France, like the Cardinal de Retz, more than two centuries before, *wanted* a descendant from Henry the Fourth, who could speak the language of the Parisian populace, and who had known what it was to be a plebeian. They found him in the person of Louis Philippe, of Orleans. La Fayette himself was compelled to compromise with his principles, purely and simply republican, and to accept him, first as lieutenant general of the kingdom, and then as hereditary king. There was, perhaps, in this determination, besides the motives which operated upon others, a consideration of disinterested delicacy, which could be applicable only to himself. If the republic should be proclaimed, he knew that the chief magistracy could be delegated only to himself. It must have been a chief magistracy for life, which, at his age, could only have been for a short term of years. Independent of the extreme dangers and difficulties to him-

self, to his family, and to his country, in which the position which he would have occupied might have involved them, the inquiry could not escape his forecast, who, upon his demise, could be his successor? and what must be the position occupied by him? If, at that moment, he had but spoken the word, he might have closed his career with a crown upon his head, and with a withering blast upon his name to the end of time.

With the Duke of Orleans himself, he used no concealment or disguise. When the crown was offered to that prince, and he looked to La Fayette for consultation, "You know (said he) that I am of *the American school*, and partial to the Constitution of the United States." So, it seems, was Louis Philippe. "I think with you," said he. "It is impossible to pass two years in the United States, without being convinced that their government is the best in the world. But do you think it suited to our present circumstances and condition!" No, replied La Fayette. They require a monarchy surrounded by popular institutions. So thought, also, Louis Philippe; and he accepted the crown under the conditions upon which it was tendered to him.

La Fayette retained the command of the National Guard so long as it was essential to the settlement of the new order of things, on the basis of order and of freedom; so long as it was essential to control the stormy and excited passions of the Parisian people; so long as was necessary to save the ministers of the guilty but fallen monarch from the rash and revengeful resentments of their conquerors. When this was accomplished, and the people had been preserved from the calamity of shedding in peace the blood of war, he once more resigned his command, retired in privacy to La Grange, and resumed his post as a deputy in the legislative assembly, which he continued to hold till the close of life.

J. Q. ADAMS.

173.—A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS
AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But, stop, first let me kiss away that tear,
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)

Thou merry laughing sprite
 With spirits feather light,
 Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
 (Good heavens ! the child is swallowing a pin !)

Thou little tricksy Puck !
 With antic toys so funnily bestruck,
 Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
 (The door ! the door ! he'll tumble down the stair !
 Thou darling of thy sire !
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire !)
 Thou imp of mirth and joy !
 In love's dear chain, so strong and bright a link,
 Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy !
 There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub, but of earth ;
 Fit play-fellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
 In harmless sport and mirth,
 (That dog will bite him, if he pulls his tail !)
 Thou human humming bee, extracting honey
 From every blossom in the world that blows,
 Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
 (Another tumble ! That's his precious nose !)
 Thy father's pride and hope !
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope !)
 With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)
 Thou young domestic dove !
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove !)
 Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest !
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)
 Little epitome of man !
 (He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)
 Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
 (He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
 Play on, play on,
 My elfin John !
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)

With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk.
 With many a lamb-like frisk,
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
 Thou pretty opening rose!
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
 Balmy and breathing music like the south,
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as the star,—
 (I wish that window had an iron bar!)
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
 I'll tell you what, my love,
 I cannot write, unless he's sent above

HOOD.

 174.—TRIAL OF ROARING RALPH.

(From Nick of the Woods.)

THE luck, good and bad together, which had distinguished Roaring Ralph in all his relations with Roland Forrester never, it seems, entirely deserted him. His improvident, harum-scarum habits had very soon deprived him of all the advantages that might have resulted from the soldier's munificent gift, and left him a landless, good-for-nothing, yet contented, vagabond as before. With poverty, returned sundry peculiar propensities, which he had manifested in former days; so that Ralph again lost odour in the nostrils of his acquaintance; and the last time that Forrester heard of him, he had got into a difficulty, in some respects similar to that in the woods of Salt River, from which Roland, at Edith's intercession, had saved him. In a word, he was one day arraigned before a county-court in Kentucky, on a charge of horse-stealing, and matters went hard against him, his many offences in that line having steeled the hearts of all against him, and the proofs of guilt in this particular instance, being both strong and manifold. Many an angry and unpitying eye was bent upon the unfortunate fellow, when his counsel rose to attempt a defence;—which he did in the following terms: "Gentlemen of the Jury," said the man of law,—“here is a man, Captain Ralph Stackpole, indicted before you on the charge of stealing a horse; and the affair is pretty con-

siderably proved on him."—Here there was a murmur heard throughout the court, evincing much approbation of the counsel's frankness. "Gentlemen of the Jury," continued the orator, elevating his voice, "what I have to say in reply, is, first, that that man thar', Captain Ralph Stackpole, did, in the year seventeen seventy-nine, when this good State of Kentucky, and particularly those parts adjacent to Bear's Grass and the mouth thereof, where now stands the town of Louisville, were overrun with yelping Injun-savages,—did, I say, gentlemen, meet two Injun-savages in the woods on Bear's Grass, and take their scalps, single-handed—a feat, gentlemen of the jury, that an't to be performed every day, even in Kentucky!"—Here there was considerable tumult in the court, and several persons began to swear.—"Secondly, gentlemen of the jury," exclaimed the attorney at law, with a still louder voice, "what I have to say *secondly*, gentlemen of the jury, is, that this same identical prisoner at the bar, Captain Ralph Stackpole, did, on another occasion, in the year seventeen eighty-two, meet another Injun-savage in the woods,—a savage armed with rifle, knife, and tomahawk,—and met him with—you suppose, gentlemen, with gun, axe, and scalper, in like manner?—No, gentlemen of the jury!—with his *fists*, and" (with a voice of thunder) "licked him to death in the natural way!—Gentlemen of the jury, pass upon the prisoner,—guilty, or not guilty?" The attorney resumed his seat: his arguments were irresistible. The jurors started up in their box, and roared out, to a man, "*Not guilty!*" From that moment, it may be supposed, Roaring Ralph could steal horses at his pleasure. Nevertheless, it seems, he immediately lost his appetite for horse-flesh; and leaving the land altogether, he betook himself to a more congenial element, launched his broad-horn on the narrow bosom of the Salt, and was soon afterwards transformed into a Mississippi alligator; in which amphibious condition, we presume, he roars on till the day of his death.

DR. BIRD.

DIALOGUES.

175.—THE POOR SCHOLAR AND LITTLE BOY.

The Scholar's Room.—Evening.

Little Boy, reading. "THESE things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Here endeth the 16th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

Poor Schol. Most precious words! Now go your way;

The summer fields are green and bright;

Your tasks are done.—Why do you stay?

Christ give his peace to you! Good night!

Boy. You look so pale, sir! you are worse;

Let me remain, and be your nurse!

Sir, when my mother has been ill,

I've kept her chamber neat and still,

And waited on her all the day!

Schol. Thank you! but yet you must not stay.

Still, still my boy, before we part

Receive my blessing—'tis my last!

I feel death's hand is on my heart,

And my life's sun is sinking fast;

Yet mark me, child, I have no fear,—

'Tis thus the Christian meets his end:

I know my work is finish'd here,

And God—thy God too—is my friend!

Thy joyful course has just began;

Life is in thee a fountain strong;

Yet look upon a dying man,

Receive his words and keep them long!

Hear God, all-wise, omnipotent,

In him we live and have our being;

He hath all love, all blessing sent—

Creator—Father—All-decreeing!

Fear him, and love, and praise, and trust

Yet have of man no slavish fear;

Remember kings, like thee, are dust,
 And at one judgment must appear.
 But virtue, and its holy fruits,
 The poet's soul, the sage's sense,
 These are exalted attributes;
 And these demand thy reverence.
 But, boy, remember this, e'en then
 Revere the gifts, but not the men!
 Obey thy parents; they are given
 To guide our inexperienced youth;
 Types are they of the One in heaven,
 Chastising but in love and truth!
 Keep thyself pure—sin doth deface
 The beauty of our spiritual life;
 Do good to all men—live in peace
 And charity, abhorring strife!
 The mental power which God has given,
 As I have taught thee, cultivate;
 Thou canst not be too wise for heaven,
 If thou dost humbly consecrate
 Thy soul to God! and ever take
 In his good book delight; there lies
 The highest knowledge, which will make
 Thy soul unto salvation wise!
 My little boy, thou canst not know
 How strives my spirit fervently,
 How my heart's fountains overflow
 With yearning tenderness for thee!
 God keep and strengthen thee from sin!
 God crown thy life with peace and joy,
 And give at last to enter in
 The city of his rest!

My boy
 Farewell—I have had joy in thee;
 I go to higher joy—O, follow me;
 But now farewell!

Howitt

176.—THOMAS OF TORRES.

SCENE.—*A foreign city.—A miserable den-like room, surrounded with iron chests, secured with heavy padlocks—the door and windows grated and barred.—Thomas of Torres sitting at a desk, with pen and ink before him.*

Enter a fine gentleman.

Gent. Good morrow, most excellent sir!

Thos. Humph!

Gent. I have the misfortune, sir, to need a thousand gold pieces, and knowing your unimpeachable honour, I have pleasure in asking the loan from you.

Thos. Humph!

Gent. Your rate of interest, sir, is ——?

Thos. Thirty per cent. for spendthrift heirs, and two responsible sureties.

Gent. The terms are hard, sir.

Thos. They are the terms!

Gent. Sir, twenty per cent. is high interest: elsewhere—

Thos. Then go elsewhere!

[*The gentleman turns on his heel, and goes out whistling.*]

Thos. The jackanapes!

Enter a grim-looking man.

Man. He cannot pay, sir; he declares it impossible, and prays you to have patience;—and in the mean time leaves in your hand this casket.

Thos. [*opening it*] Baubles!—Can't pay!—impossible!—I say I *will* be paid!

Man. His ship was lost in the squall—he must sell the furniture of his house to cover your demand, and he prays you to have mercy on his wife and children!

Thos. Wife and children! talk not to me of wives and children!—I'll have my money!

Man. I tell you, sir, it is impossible, without you seize his goods.

Thos. Then take the city bailiff, and get them appraised.

Man. I cannot do it, sir!—You shall see him yourself.

[*Aside.*] The nether millstone is running water compared 'o his heart!

[*He goes out.*]

Thos. Twenty thousand gold pieces, and seven months

interest—and give that up because a man has wife and children.—Ha! ha! ha!

[*He resumes his pen, and calculates interest*

Enter a Gentleman, with a depressed countenance.

Gent. Sir, my misfortunes are unparallel'd—
My ship was stranded in the squall last week,
And now my wife is at the point of death!

Thos. Produce your sureties!

Gent. They have proved false—
Alas! they proved themselves false friends indeed!
They left the city ere I knew my loss,
And are not to be found.

Thos. Thou wast a fool
To put thy trust in friends; all friends are false!

Gent. [*pointing to the casket.*] This casket, sir, I sent
to you in pledge;
It holds the jewels of my dying wife,—
She will not need them more!

Thos. I'll not accept it!
I'll have my money, every doit of it,
Principal and interest, paid down this day!

Gent. Inhuman wretch!—will you profane the chamber
Of my poor dying wife!

Thos. I'll have my money!
[*The gentleman, in great agitation, lays down a
bundle of parchments before him.*

Thos. Well, what of these!

Gent. Give me the further sum
Of twenty thousand pieces on these lands—
These parchments will be surety for the whole!

Thos. [*glancing over them.*] The land of Torres! ha!
ha! ha!—and you're—?

Gent. The lord of Torres.

Thos. How shall I be sure
Of the validity of these same deeds?

Lord of T. I've heard it said that you are of that
country;

If so, the signatures of its late lords,
Father and son, may be well known to you,

Thos. [*carefully examining them.*] I had some know-
ledge of them—these are theirs:

And you give up your right unto this lordship
For the consideration of the sum
Of twenty thousand pieces ?

Lord of T. No, no, sir ;
That doth exceed my meaning.

Thos. Then pay down
The original sum, with interest, or a prison
Shall be your home this night.

Lord of T. 'Twould be unjust
To give away my children's patrimony !

Thos. Sir, take your choice.—Resign this petty lordship,
Or go you to the prison !

[He resumes his pen, and sits down doggedly to his calculations.]

Lord of T. Ah, my wife,—
My little innocent and helpless children !

Thos. Your home shall be a dungeon on the morrow !

Lord of T. Thou cruel bloodsucker ! thou most inhuman,

Most iron-hearted scrivener !

Thos. Spare your tongue
Ill words obtain not men's consideration—
Pay down the principal and interest !

Lord of T. Sir, forty thousand pieces for the lordship
Of Torres were a miserable price—

Too cheap were it at sixty thousand pieces !

Thos. I know these lands of Torres—sore run out :
Woods fell'd—house fallen to decay—I know it ;
A ruin'd, a dilapidated place !

Lord of T. So did the last possessor leave it, sir—
A graceless spendthrift heir, so did he leave it ;
'Tis now a place of beauty—a fair spot,
None fairer under the broad face of heaven ?

Thos. Sir, I am no extortioner, God knows ;
I love fair, upright dealings ! I will make
The twenty thousand pieces you have asked
A thousand pieces more, and drop my claim
To the whole sum of interest which is due !

Lord of T. Forty-one thousand pieces, and five hundred—

'Tis a poor price for the rich lands of Torres !

Thos. You do consent—let's have a notary.

Lord of T. Give me till night to turn it in my thoughts.

Thos. I'll give you not an hour!—not e'en a minute!

[*He stamps on the floor with his foot*

Enter a Boy.

Quick, fetch the notary!

[*Exit Boy.*

[*The lord of Torres covers his face with his hands*

—*Thomas of Torres resumes his calculations*

177.—LAST SCENE OF THOMAS OF TORRES.

A chamber lighted by a small iron lamp, the lord of Torres in his night-cap and dressing-gown—a closet with an iron door is beside his bed; he has a bunch of keys in his hand.

Enter an old Servant.

Servant. Master, there is a woman at the door,
And two small children; they do cry for bread;
Only a little morsel!

Lord of T.

Drive them hence!

A murrain on them!

Serv.

I have warn'd them hence,

But, master, she is dying; and the cry
Of those poor little children wrings my heart!

Lord of T. Liars they are, and thieves! Drive them away!

Serv. Master, good lack! she will be dead ere morning!

Lord of T. Then elsewhere let her die! Bethink, you
fool,

'Twould cost a noble, but to bury her!

Serv. [*going out.*] Good lord! and he such plenty!

Enter Steward.

Steward. The barns are full, my lord, and there is yet
grain to be housed.

Lord of T. The cost were great to build more barns—
let it be housed under this roof.

Stew. My lord!

Lord of T. To be sure! the state-rooms are large and
lofty—and to me they are useless, let them be filled!

Stew. What! with the gilt cornices, and the old lords
and ladies on the walls!

Lord of T. The same! are they not well placed, so that
a wain might approach without impediment?

Stew. It were a mortal sin !

Lord of T. I cannot afford to build new barns—remember the mildew last season, and the cow that died in March—these are great losses !

Stew. Well, my lord, the harvest is ready, it must be done quickly.

Lord of T. A broad door-way making, will not cost much ; send me a builder to-morrow, and let us have an estimate—these people require being tied down to the farthing !

[The steward goes out.]

[The lord of Torres unlocks his iron door, counts his bags, puts his keys under his pillow, and then lies down—after some time, he starts up.]

Fire ! murder ! thieves ! my gold ! my iron chest !

They will break in, and rob my iron chest !

[He rubs his eyes, and looks around him.]

Was it a dream ? thank heaven, it was a dream !

Then all is safe—my iron chest is safe !

[He feels for his keys.]

Ay, they are safe, the keepers of my treasures—

Now let me sleep—I've much to do to-morrow.

I must be wary in this estimate.

One half the sum he asks will be enough !

[He lies down and sleeps.]

[An awful voice passes through the chamber.]

“Thou fool, this night thy soul will be required from thee ; then whose will those things be which thou has provided ?”

HOWITT.

178.—THE BULLY.

Young Kno'well, with Master Matthew, Captain Bobadil, and Stephen

Mat. SIR, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to-day, Mr. Wellbred's half-brother ? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

Young K. We are now speaking of him. Captain Bobadil tells me he is fallen foul o' you, too.

Mat. O ! ay, sir ! he threatened me with the bastinado.

Capt. B. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him, beyond question, if you be so generously minded

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

Capt. B. O! you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O! it must be done like lightning, boy! Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a punto.

Young K. Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O, good sir! yes, I hope he has!

Capt. B. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts o' the town, where I have driven them before me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen; they will be doing with the ant, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all; but I delight not in murder. I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em; yet I hold it good policy not to go disarmed; for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

Young K. Ay, believe me, may you, sir; and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Capt. B. Alas! no. What's a peculiar man to a nation? Not seen.

Young K. O! but your skill, sir!

Capt. B. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

Young K. Nay, I know not; nor can I conceive.

Capt. B. Why, thus, sir: I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be; of a good spirit, and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your

reverso, your stoccata, imbroccata, your passada, your montanto; till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong; we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them, too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty; two hundred days kills them all by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

Young K. Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times.

Capt. B. Tut! never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

Young K. I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Capt. B. Why, sir, you mistake. If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! Let this gentleman do his mind; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him, at my distance.

Enter Downright, walking over the stage.

Young K. God's so! Look ye where he is; yonder he goes.

Down. What peevish luck have I; I cannot meet with these bragging rascals!

Capt. B. It's not he, is it?

Young K. Yes, faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

Young K. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation, it was he.

Capt. B. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so; but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

Young K. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again !

Re-enter Downright.

Down. O ! Pharaoh's foot, have I found you ? Come, draw ; to your tools. Draw, gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Capt. B. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Down. Draw your weapon, then.

Capt. B. Tall man, I never thought on't till now, body of me ! I had a warrant of the peace served on me even now, as I came along, by a water bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Mr. Matthew. (*Downright beats Captain Boddil ; Matthew runs away.*)

Down. 'Sdeath ! you will not draw, then ?

Capt. B. Hold, hold ! under thy favour, forbear.

Down. Prate again, as you like this. You'll control the point, you ? Your consort is gone ; had he stayed, he had shared with you, sir. [*Exit.*]

Young K. Twenty, and kill them ; twenty more, kill them, too—ha, ha !

Capt. B. Well, gentlemen, bear witness ; I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

Young K. No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other ; but say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself ; that will prove but a poor excuse.

Capt. B. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustained the like disgrace, by heaven. Sure, I was struck with a planet.

Step. No, captain, you was struck with a stick.

Young K. Ay, like enough ; I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet. Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid ! and these be your tricks, your passados and your montantos, I'll none of them.

Capt. B. I was planet-struck, certainly. [*Exit.*]

Young K. O, manners ! that this age should bring forth such creatures ! that nature should be at leisure to make em ! Come, coz.

Step. Mass ! I'll have this cloak.

Young K. God's will, 'tis Downright's.

Step. Nay, it's mine now ; another might have ta'en it up as well as I. I'll wear it, so I will.

Young K. How, an' he see it? He'll challenge it, assure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha't; I'll say I bought it

Young K. Take heed you buy it not too dear, coz.

[*Exeunt.*]

BEN JONSON.

179.—THE QUACK.

SCENE.—*The Inn.*

Enter Hostess, followed by Lampedo.

Hostess. NAY, nay; another fortnight.

Lamp. It can't be.

The man's as well as I am: have some mercy!
He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Hostess. Well, then, a week.

Lamp. We may detain him a week.

Enter Balthazar behind, in his nightgown, with a drawn sword.

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,
That sometimes has a reckoning with her conscience.

Hostess. He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lamp. I would to heaven he had! or that he'd slipp'd
His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two,
(Not that I bear his person any malice,)
Or lux'd an arm, or even sprain'd his ankle!

Hostess. Ay, broken any thing except his neck.

Lamp. However, for a week I'll manage him:
Though he has the constitution of a horse—
A farrier should prescribe for him.

Balth. A farrier!

(*Aside.*)

Lamp. To-morrow we phlebotomise again;
Next day, my new invented patent draught;
Then I have some pills prepared;

On Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

Balth. (coming forward.) Well, sir, on Friday—what
on Friday? come,

Proceed.

Lamp. Discovered!

Hostess. Mercy, noble sir!

(*They fall on their knees*)

Lamp. We crave your mercy!

Balth. On your knees ? 'tis well !

Pray, for your time is short.

Hostess. Nay, do not kill us.

Balth. You have been tried, condemn'd, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with ?

Lamp. The lady, by all means, sir.

Balth. Come, prepare. *(To the Hostess.)*

Hostess. Have pity on the weakness of my sex !

Balth. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—

If you attempt it—*(to Lamp. who is endeavouring to make
off)*—you have cook'd up for me ?

Hostess. None, as I hope for mercy !

Balth. Is not thy wine a poison ?

Hostess. No, indeed, sir ;

'Tis not, I own, of the first quality ;

But—

Balth. What ?

Hostess. I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.

Balth. Ease your conscience !

I'll ease your conscience for you.

Hostess. Mercy, sir !

Balth. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Hostess. Your commands, sir ?

Balth. If in five minutes all things are prepared
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Hostess. It shall be done in less.

Balth. Away, thou lump-fish ! *[Exit Hostess.]*

Lamp. So ! now comes my turn ! 'tis all over with me !
There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his looks !

Balth. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man !
'Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun !

'Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of Death on Famine ! thou anatomy
Of a starved pilchard !

Lamp. I do confess my leanness. I am spare
And, therefore, spare me.

Balth. Why ! wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through ?

Lamp. Man, you know, must live.

Balth. Yes : he must die, too.

Lamp. For my patients' sake—

Balth. I'll send you to the major part of them.
The window, sir, is open ; come, prepare.

Lamp. Pray, consider ;
I may hurt some one in the street.

Balth. Why, then,
I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box,
Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder,
For thou must sup with Pluto : so, make ready ;
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starved spirit out, (for blood thou hast none,)
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dried beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

Lamp. Consider my poor wife.

Balth. Thy wife !

Lamp. My wife, sir.

Balth. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too ?
No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife !

Lamp. I took a wife because I wanted flesh
I have a wife, and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are wellnigh fatherless.

Balth. Well, well ! your wife and children shall plead
for you.

Come, come ; the pills ! where are the pills ? produce them.

Lamp. Here is the box.

Balth. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lamp. What, all ?

Balth. Ay, all ; and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin—
that's well ! another.

Lamp. One's a dose.

Balth. Proceed, sir !

Lamp. What will become of me ?

Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency.

Balth. Away ! and thank thy lucky star I have not
Bray'd thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee
For a large specimen of the lizard genus.

Lamp. Would I were one ! for they can feed on air.

Balth. Home, sir, and be more honest. [Exit

Lamp. If I am not,
I'll be more wise, at least. [Exit.

180.—THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

SCENE — *Outside of Scout's House.*

Kate and Sheepface.

Kate. If you wants a lawyer to get you fairly out of a scrape, my master's the man for your money, Sheepface.

Sheep. I remember he stood my friend before, from being hanged at York; and, would you believe it? only for mending the complexion of a bald-faced horse: and, I don't know how it was, I have such a treacherous memory but somehow or other, I forgot to pay him.

Kate. O! never mind, he won't remember that; but be careful not to tell him your master's name. I know he would not be concerned against Mr. Snarl for the world.

Sheep. No, no; I'll only tell him 'tis my master, and he'll think I mean the rich farmer I lived with formerly.

Kate. Well, well; that will do—but here he comes: I'll go in. [Exit

Enter Scout.

Scout. Egad! I think I have made a good morning's work! This cloth will enable me to make a genteel appearance. But who have we got here? sure, I should know that face. Hark ye! sir, didn't I save you and your brother from being hanged, some time ago, at York?

Sheep. Yes.

Scout. And, by the same rule, I think one of you forgot to pay me.

Sheep. That was brother.

Scout. One of you got clear off; and the other died, soon after, in prison.

Sheep. That was not I.

Scout. No, no; I see it was not.

Sheep. For all that, I was sicker than my brother; but I am come to ask your worship to stand my friend against a—his worship, my master.

Scout. What, the rich farmer here, that lives in the neighbourhood?

Sheep. Yes, yes; he lives in the neighbourhood, sure enough; and if you will stand my friend, you shall be paid to your heart's content.

Scout. Ay, now you speak to the purpose : come, you must tell me how it was.

Sheep. Why, you must know, my master gives me but small wages ; very small wages, indeed ; so I thought I might as well do a little business on my own account ; and so make myself amends without any damage to him, with an honest neighbour of mine—a little bit of a butcher by trade.

Scout. Well, but what business can you have to do with him ?

Sheep. Why, saving your worship's presence, I hinders the sheep from dying of the rot.

Scout. Ah ! how do you contrive that ?

Sheep. I cuts their throats before it comes to them.

Scout. What, I suppose, then, your master thinks you kill his sheep for the sake of selling their carcasses ?

Sheep. Yes ; and I cannot beat it out of his head, for the soul of me.

Scout. Well, then, you must tell me all the particulars about it. Relate every circumstance, and don't hide a single item.

Sheep. Why, then, sir, you must know that, last night, as I was going down—must I tell the truth ?

Scout. Yes, yes ; you must tell the truth here, or we shall not be able to lie to the purpose anywhere else.

Sheep. Well, then, last night, after I was married, having a little leisure time upon my hands, I goes down to our pens ; and, as I was musing on I don't know what, out I takes my knife, and happening by mere accident, saving your worship's presence, to put it under the throat of one of the fattest wethers ; I don't know how it came about, but I had not been long there before the wether died, and all of a sudden, as a body may say.

Scout. What, and somebody was looking on all the while ?

Sheep. Yes ; master, from behind the hedge ; and would have it, it died all along with me ; and so, as you see, he laid such a shower of blows on me, that it kept me out of temper all night ; but I hope your worship will stand my friend, and not let me lose the fruits of my honest labours all at once.

Scout. Why, there are two ways of settling this business ; and one is, I think, to be done without putting you to any expense.

Sheep. Let's try that first, by all means.

Scout. You have scraped up something in your master's service.

Sheep. I have been up early and late for it, sir.

Scout. I suppose you have taken care to have your savings all in hard cash ?

Sheep. Yes, sir.

Scout. Well, then, when you go home, take it and hide it in the safest place you can find.

Sheep. Yes, sir, that I'll do.

Scout. I'll take care your master shall pay all costs and charges.

Sheep. Ay, so he ought ; he can afford it.

Scout. It shall be nothing out of your pocket.

Sheep. That's just as I would have it.

Scout. He'll have all the trouble and expense of bringing you to trial, and after that, have the pleasure of seeing you hanged.

Sheep. Let's take the other way.

Scout. Well, let me see : I suppose he'll take out a warrant against you, and have you taken before Justice Mittimus.

Sheep. So I understand.

Scout. I think the justice's credulity is easily imposed on ; so, when you are ordered before him, I'll attend ; and to all the questions that you are asked, answer nothing, but imitate the voice of the lambs, when they bleat after the ewes. You can speak that dialect.

Sheep. It's my mother tongue.

Scout. But, if I bring you clear off, I expect to be very well paid for this.

Sheep. So you shall ; I'll pay you to your heart's content

Scout. Be sure you answer nothing but baa !

Sheep. Baa !

Scout. Ay, that will do very well ; be sure you stick to that.

Sheep. Yes, your worship, never fear I. What trouble a body has to keep one's own in this world ! [Exeunt

Enter Snarl.

Snarl. Ay, ay; that's my neighbour Scout's house: he is just come home, to give orders about the dinner, I warrant. I think I shall make a good day's work; what with the fifty pounds his father owed mine, which, by-the-by, I know nothing at all about, and the money for the cloth, and the goose that is to be dressed by a famous recipe of Alderman Dumpling's. I believe they are dressing it now: I'll in, and see what is going forward. [*Exit.*]

SCENE.—A Room in Scout's House.

Scout and Mrs. Scout discovered.

Scout. Wife, wife, come along; I think I hear Snarl at the door; come to your place, and mind your cue. (*Sits.*)

Mrs. S. Never fear me; I warrant I shall make an excellent nurse.

Enter Snarl.

Snarl. Where is my friend, Mr. Scout? Is the goose a roasting?

Scout. Wife, wife, here comes the doctor; he brings me the cooling mixture—the cooling mixture!

Snarl. The cooling mixture!

Mrs. S. O! sir, I hope you have brought something for my poor husband; he has been confined to his room, and has not been out this fortnight.

Snarl. Not out of his room this fortnight!

Mrs. S. No, sir; this day fortnight, of all the good days in the year, he was seized with a lunacy fit, and has not been out of doors since.

Snarl. Why, woman, what are you talking about? Why, he came to my shop this morning; and, by the same token, he bought four yards of iron-gray cloth, and I am come for my money.

Mrs. S. This morning!

Snarl. This morning; and invited me to dine with him to-day off a goose, and to receive fifty pounds which his father owed mine. I'll speak to him. How do you do good Mr. Scout?

Scout. O! how d'ye do, good Mr. Drench?

Snarl. Good Mr. Drench!

Mrs. S. He takes you for the doctor, Mr. Drench.

Scout. Wife, wife, keep the doctor from me, and a fig for the disease.

Mrs. S. For heaven's sake! sir, if you can't relieve him, don't torment him.

Snarl. Hold your tongue, woman! I want my cloth or my money. Mr. Scout, Mr. Scout!

Scout. See, see, see! there are three nice butterflies! there they fly, there they fly, there they fly! with bats' wings—I've caught them—I have them—I have them! Tally-ho, tally-ho! O, O, O! (*Falls into the chair.*)

Snarl. Butterflies! Hang me if I can see any! I wish to see my cloth.

Scout. (*Jumps on the chair.*) My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, my client, Sir Hugh Witherington, charges the defendant, Mr. Montgomery, that is, moreover, nevertheless, as shall appear as—(*Jumps down and dances.*) Tol de rol, de lol! O, O, O! (*Jumps cross-legged on the chair.*)

Snarl. There now, he's fancying himself a tailor, and at work upon my cloth.

Mrs. S. Do, pray, sir, leave him, and don't torment him.

Snarl. I won't leave him without my money. See, he's getting better: I'll speak to him again. How do you do, neighbour Scout?

Scout. How d'ye do, Mr. Snarl? I am glad to see you; I hope you are very well? My dear, here is Mr. Snarl come to see us.

Snarl. There, there, there! he knows me, he knows me!

Scout. O! Mr Snarl, I beg a thousand pardons; I confess I have been very unkind; but I hope you'll excuse me coming to see you. I have never called on you since I came to live in this part of the country.

Snarl. Never called on me! O, the deuse! I shall never get my cloth again. Why, man, you called on me this morning, and bought four yards of iron-gray cloth, and I am come for my money besides fifty pounds your father owed mine. Ay, you may shake your head, but hang me! if I go out of the house without it.

Scout. Say you so? then I'll try something else (*Aside.*) Wife, wife wife! get up—softly, softly—get up

don't lie snoring there; there are thieves in the house. No, no; second thoughts are best; be still while I fetch my gun and shoot them. Cover yourself up close; I'll shoot them, shoot them, shoot them! *[Exit.]*

Snarl. Thieves in the house, did he say? Egad! who knows but, in his mad tricks, he may shoot me for a thief? I'll get out of his way, and not stay with a madman.

Re-enter Scout, with a broom, and presents it at *Snarl*.

Scout. Boh! *[Exit Snarl.]* Victoria, victoria! Huzza! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE.—*Justice Mittimus's Office.*

Justice Mittimus, Clerks, &c. discovered.

Just. So, the court being assembled, the parties may appear.

Enter *Snarl*, *Scout* and *Sheepface*, with Constables.

Where is your lawyer, neighbour *Snarl*?

Snarl. I am my own lawyer; I shall employ nobody: that would cost more money.

Scout. *(To Sheep.)* Why, how now, you rascal! have you imposed upon me? What's the meaning of all this? Is that the plaintiff?

Sheep. *(To Scout.)* Yes, that's his honour, my good master.

Scout. O, the deuse! What shall I do? I must stay and brazen it out; if I sneak out of court, it will cause suspicion. *(Aside.)*

Just. Come, neighbour *Snarl*, begin.

Snarl. Well, then, that thief, there—

Just. No abuse, no abuse!

Snarl. Well, then, I say, that rascal, my shepherd—No—Do my eyes deceive me? Sure, that is—yes, it must be he: if I had not left him very bad, I could have sworn—yes, yes, 'tis him—and that other rascal came to my shop and bought—No, no, I don't mean so; that rascal there has killed fourteen of my fattest wethers. What answer do you make to that?

Scout. I deny the fact.

Snarl. What is become of them, then?

Scout. They died of the rot.

Snarl. 'Tis him; 'tis his voice, too.

Just. What proof have you got?

Snarl. Why, this morning, he came to my house—No, no; I mean, I went down last night to the pens, having long suspected him—'tis he, 'tis he! and he began a long story about fifty pounds—No, no; I don't mean that—and there I caught him in the very fact.

Scout. That remains to be proved.

Snarl. Yes, I will swear it is the very man.

Just. Why, this is the very man: but is it certain that your wethers died of the rot? What answer do you make to that?

Snarl. Why, I tell you, he came this very morning, and after talking some time, makes no more to do than carries off four yards of it.

Just. Four yards of your wethers?

Snarl. No, no; four yards of my cloth: I mean that other thief—that other, there.

Just. What other? What other, neighbour Snarl?

Scout. Why, he's mad, an' please your worship.

Just. Truly, I think so, too; harkye! neighbour Snarl, not all the justices in the county, no, nor their clerks either, can make any thing of your evidence. Stick to your wethers! stick to your wethers, or I must release the prisoner; but, however, I believe it will be the shortest way to examine him myself. Come here, my good fellow, hold up your head, don't be frightened, tell me your name.

Sheep. Baa!

Snarl. It's a lie, it's a lie! his name is Sheepface.

Just. Well, well; Sheepface or Baa, no matter for the name. Did Mr. Snarl give you in charge fourscore sheep, Sheepface?

Sheep. Baa!

Just. I say, did Mr. Snarl catch you in the night, killing one of his fattest wethers?

Sheep. Baa!

Just. What does he mean by baa?

Scout. Please your worship, the blows he gave this poor fellow on the head have so affected his senses, he can say nothing else; he is to be trepanned as soon as the court break up; and the doctors say it is the whole materia medica against a dose of jalap. he never recovers.

Just. But the act, and in that provided, forbids all blows, particularly on the head.

Snarl. It was dark, and when I strike, I never mind where the blows fall.

Scout. A voluntary confession, a voluntary confession!

Just. A voluntary confession, indeed. Release the prisoner; I find no cause of complaint against him.

[*Exeunt Constable.*

Snarl. No cause of complaint against him! You are a pretty justice, indeed! one kills my sheep, and the other pays me with Sir Hugh Witherington, and then you see no cause of complaint against him.

Just. Not I, truly.

Snarl. A pretty day's work I have made, indeed! a suit of law, and a suit of iron-gray cloth, both carried against me; but as for you, Mr. Lawyer, we shall meet again.

[*Exit.*

Just. O, fie! neighbour Snarl, you are to blame, very much to blame, indeed.

Scout. Come, now it is all over, go and thank his worship.

Sheep. Baa, baa, baa!

Just. Enough, enough, my good fellow; take care you do not catch cold in your head; go and get trepanned, and take care of yourself, Sheepface.

Sheep. Baa!

Just. Poor fellow!

[*Exit.*

Scout. Bravo, my boy! You have acted your part admirably, and I think I did very well to bring you off so cleverly; and now I make no doubt but, as you are a very honest fellow, you'll pay me as generously as you promised.

Sheep. Baa!

Scout. Ay, very well, very well, indeed! you did that very well just now, but there's no occasion to have it over any more. I'm talking about my fee, you know, Sheepface! Yes, yes, I tell you, it was very well done: but at this time, you know, my fee is the question.

Sheep. Baa, baa!

Scout. How's this? am I laughed at? Pay me directly, you rascal, or I'll play the deuse with you! I'll teach you to try to cheat a lawyer, that lives by cheating others. I'll—

Sheep. Baa !

Scout. What, again ! Braved by a mongrel cur, a bleating bell-wether, a—

Sheep. Baa !

Scout. Out of my sight, or I'll break every bone in your dog's skin, you sheep-stealing scoundrel ! would you cheat one that has cheated hundreds ? Get home to your hiding-place.

Sheep. Baa !

Scout. Away, and mind how you and your wife play the rest of your parts ; and, perhaps, I may forgive you, if we succeed ; if not, I will make an example of you, you rascal !

Sheep. Baa, baa !

[*Exit.*

Enter Justice Mittimus, and Kate.

Just. Poor fellow ! like to die, you say ?

Kate. Yes, your worship. O dear ! (*Crying.*)

Just. Well, well ; comfort yourself : remember, you was only married yesterday.

Kate. That's the very thing, sir ; if he had but lived a little longer, I should not have cared so much about it ; but to be cut off just in the honey-moon, is very hard. Oh, oh, oh ! But I am not revengeful, and your worship knows how much I love my master's daughter, Harriet ; and Charles, Mr. Snarl's son, is in love with her ; but his father won't agree to the match.

Just. O ! I understand you. So, you'll hush up matters, provided he'll agree to the marriage ? Well, what say you, neighbour Scout !

Scout. Why—why, I don't know what to say to it. As you all seem willing to settle the business, I don't like to stand out, and so I agree to it. But I think, your worship I had better go in and fill the blanks of a bond, and make him sign it, or, when all is over, he'll retract from his word.

Just. Well, do so. Here he comes. Go, go !

[*Exeunt Scout and Kate*

Enter Snarl and two Constables.

So, neighbour Snarl, I find that the blows you gave the poor fellow on the head have occasioned his death.

Snarl. O, the deuse !

Just. But, harkye ! neighbour, I have got a proposal to make, which, perhaps, may not be disagreeable to you : your son Charles, it seems, is in love with Harriet, lawyer Scout's daughter. Now, I believe Sheepface's wife would hush up matters, provided you'll consent to the match.

Snarl. Consent ! Why, I suppose I must, in order to save myself from further expense. A very pretty day's work I have made on't, truly !

Enter Scout, with the bond.

Scout. Here, your worship, I've filled up a bond, in order that he may sign whatever is agreed to. How d'ye do, neighbour Snarl ? I always cut my coat—

Snarl. According to my cloth.

Just. Come, come ; sign, sign ! (*Snarl signs the bond.*)

Enter Charles and Sheepface.

Snarl. Heyday ! what the plague ! are you not dead ?

Sheep. No ; your worship could never beat such a thing into my head.

Charles. Dear sir, don't be angry ; Sheepface has done nothing but by my directions ; and I hope you will not only forgive him, but enable me, by your future generosity, to provide for ourselves henceforward.

Sheep. Do take back one of your best sheep.

Scout. Well, as we have settled our own affairs thus far, we must now appeal to the tribunal, and humbly ask their permission for the Village Lawyer to continue in practice.

[*Exeunt.*]

ANONYMOUS

181.—SCENE FROM THE HONEY-MOON.

SCENE.—*The Duke's Palace.*

Enter Campillo, the Duke's Steward, and another Servant.

Serv. BUT can no one tell the meaning of this fancy ?

Camp. No : 'tis the duke's pleasure, and that's enough for us. You shall hear his own words :—

For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that Jaquez should, in all things, at present, act as my representative : you will, therefore, command

my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from (Signed) ARANZA.

Serv. Well, we must wait the upshot. But how bears Jaquez his new dignity?

Camp. Like most men in whom sudden fortune combats against long established habit. (*Laughing without.*)

Serv. By their merriment, this should be he.

Camp. Stand aside, and let us note him.

Enter Jaquez, dressed as the Duke, followed by six Attendants, who in vain endeavour to restrain their laughter.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Jaquez. Why, you ragamuffins! what d'ye titter at? Am I the first great man that has been made off-hand by a tailor? Show your grinders again, and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armour, and my sword has a trick of getting between my legs, like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility. And now, villains! don't let me see you tip he wink to each other, as I do the honours of my table. If I tell one of my best stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to show that you have heard it before: take care that you don't call me by my Christian name, and then pretend it was by accident; that shall be transportation at least: and when I drink a health to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are in the number.

Enter a Servant.

Well, sir?

Serv. There is a lady without, presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

Jaquez. A lady?

Serv. Yes, your highness.

Jaquez. Is she young?

Serv. Very, your grace!

Jaquez. Handsome?

Serv. Beautiful, your highness!

Jaquez. Send her in.—[*Exit Servant.*].—You may retire; I'll finish my instructions by-and-by. Young and handsome! I'll attend to her business *in propria personâ*. Your old and ugly ones I shall despatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then soothe her

with my condescension. I must appear important; big as a country pedagogue, when he enters the school-room with—a hem! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple-woman. Bring my chair of state! Hush!

Enter Juliana.

Jul. I come, great duke, for justice!

Jaquez. You shall have it.

What do you complain?

Jul. My husband, sir!

Jaquez. I'll hang him instantly! What's his offence?

Jul. He has deceived me.

Jaquez. A very common case; few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

Jul. He has abused your grace.

Jaquez. Indeed! if he has done that, he swings most loftily. But how, lady, how?

Jul. Shortly thus, sir:

Being no better than a low-born peasant,
He has assumed your character and person

Enter Duke Aranza.

O! you are here, sir? This is he, my lord.

Jaquez. Indeed! (*Aside.*) Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an ale-house, that you enter with such a swagger? Know you where you are, sir?

Duke. The rogue reproves me well! (*Aside.*) I had forgot.

Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon,
For this unusher'd visit; but the fear
Of what this wayward woman might allege
Beyond the truth—

Jul. I have spoke naught but truth.

Duke. Has made me thus unmannerly.

Jaquez. 'Tis well. You might have used more ceremony.

Proceed.

(*To Juliana.*)

Jul. This man, my lord, as I was saying,
Passing himself upon my inexperience

For the rich owner of this sumptuous palace.
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife ;
And cheated, by this shameful perfidy,
Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

Jaquez. Why, this is swindling ; obtaining another man's goods under false pretences ; that is, if a woman be a good ; that will make a very intricate point for the judges. Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence ?

Duke. I do confess I put this trick upon her ;
And for my transient usurpation
Of your most noble person, with contrition
I bow me to the rigour of the law.
But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

Jul. How ! not complain ? To be thus vilely cozen'd,
And not complain !

Jaquez. Peace, woman ! Though Justice be blind, she is not deaf.

Duke. He does it to the life ! (*Aside.*)
Had not her most exceeding pride been doting,
She might have seen the difference, at a glance,
Between your grace and such a man as I am.

Jaquez. She might have seen that certainly. Proceed.

Duke. Nor did I fall so much beneath her sphere,
Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it
Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

Jaquez. Yet, you deceived her.

Jul. Let him answer that.

Duke. I did : most men in something cheat their wives ;
Wives gull their husbands ; 'tis the course of wooing.
Now, bating that my title and my fortune
Were evanescent, in all other things
I acted like a plain and honest suitor.
I told her she was fair, but very proud ;
That she had taste in music, but no voice ;
That she danced well, yet still might borrow grace
From such or such a lady. To be brief ;
I praised her for no quality she had not,
Nor over-prized the talents she possess'd :
Now, save in what I have before confess'd,
And I challenge her worst spite to answer me,
Whether, in all attentions, which a woman,
A gentle and a reasonable woman,

Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd,
If not outgone her expectations?

Jaquez. Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you were married—

Duke. I dare her to the proof on't.

Jaquez. Is it so, woman? *(To Juliana.)*

Jul. I don't complain of what has happen'd since;
The man has made a tolerable husband,
But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me,
I claim to be divorced.

Jaquez. It cannot be.

Jul. Cannot, my lord?

Jaquez. No. You must live with him.

Jul. Never!

Duke. Or, if your grace will give me leave—
We have been wedded yet a few short days—
Let us wear out a month as man and wife;
If, at the end on't, with uplifted hands,
Morning and evening, and sometimes at noon,
And bended knees, she doesn't plead more warmly—

Jul. If I do—

Duke. Then let her will be done, that seeks to part us.

Jul. I do implore your grace to let it stand
Upon that footing.

Jaquez. Humph! Well, it shall be so; with this proviso,
that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in the
mean time. *(Rises.)*

Duke. We thank your providence. Come, Juliana—

Jul. Well, there's my hand: a month's soon past, and
then

I am your humble servant, sir.

Duke. For ever.

Jul. Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

Duke. That may do as well.

Come, you'll think better on't.

Jul. By all—

Duke. No swearing.

Jaquez. No, no; no swearing.

Duke. We humbly take our leaves.

[Exit with Juliana, and Servants.]

Jaquez. I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves,
and the steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly

intended for a great man ; for what more does it require to be a great man, than boldly to put on the appearance of it ? How many sage politicians are there, who can scarce comprehend the mystery of a mousetrap ; valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bulrush, unless the wind were in their favour ; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wigblocks ; and skilful physicians, whose knowledge extends no further than writing death-warrants in Latin ; and are shining examples that a man will never want gold in his pocket, who carries plenty of brass in his face. It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month : but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out ; as a well-bred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations ripe for kicking him into the street.

TOBIN.

82.—AFFECTED MADNESS.

Saville and Doricourt.

Sav. HEYDAY ! What becomes of poor Miss Hardy ?

Doric. Her name has given me an ague ! Dear Saville, how shall I contrive to make old Hardy cancel the engagements ! The moiety of the estate, which he will forfeit, shall be his the next moment by deed of gift.

Sav. Let me see : can't you get it insinuated that you are a deused wild fellow ; that you are an infidel, and attached to drinking, gaming, and so forth ?

Doric. Ay, such a character might have done some good two centuries back. But who the deuse can it frighten now ? I believe it must be the mad'scheme at last. There, will that do for a grin ? (*Affects madness.*)

Sav. Ridiculous ! but how are you certain that the woman who has so bewildered you belongs to Lord George ?

Doric. Flutter told me so.

Sav. Then fifty to one against the intelligence.

Doric. It must be so. There was a mystery in her manner, for which nothing else can account. (*A violent rap.*) Who can this be ?

Sav. (*Looks out.*) The proverb is your answer ; 'tis

Flutter himself. Tip him a scene of the madman, and see how it takes.

Doric. I will ; a good way to send it about town. Shall it be for the melancholy kind, or the raving ?

Sav. Rant ! rant ! Here he comes.

Doric. Talk not to me, who can pull comets by the beard, and overset an island !

Enter Flutter.

There. This is he ! this is he who hath sent my poor soul, without coat or breeches, to be tossed about in æther like a duck-feather ! Villain, give me my soul again !
(*Seizes him.*)

Flut. Upon my soul ! I hav'n't got it. (*Exceedingly frightened.*)

Sav. O ! Mr. Flutter, what a melancholy sight ! I little thought to have seen my poor friend reduced to this.

Flut. Mercy defend me ! What, is he mad ?

Sav. You see how it is. A cursed Italian lady—jealousy—gave him a drug ; and every full of the moon—

Doric. Moon ! Who dares talk of the moon ? The patroness of genius ; the rectifier of wits ; the—Oh ! here she is ! I feel her ; she tugs at my brain. She has it ! she has it ! Oh !
[*Exit*

Flut. Well, this is dreadful ! exceeding dreadful, I protest. Have you had Monro ?

Sav. Not yet. The worthy Miss Hardy—what a misfortune !

Flut. Ay, very true. Do they know it ?

Sav. O, no ! the paroxysm seized him but this morning.

Flut. Adieu ; I can't stay. (*Going in great haste.*)

Sav. But you must stay, (*holding him.*) and assist me ; perhaps he'll return again in a moment ; and when he is in this way, his strength is prodigious.

Flut. Can't, indeed ; can't, upon my soul. (*Going.*)

Sav. Flutter, don't make a mistake now ; remember, 'tis Doricourt that's mad.

Flut. Yes—you mad.

Sav. No, no ; Doricourt.

Flut. Well ! I'll say you are both mad, and then I can't mistake.

MRS. COWLEY.

183.—SCENE FROM ORALLOOSSA, IN WHICH THE DESTRUCTION OF THE COYA IS PLOTTED BY MANCO AND HER LOVER, ALMAGRO. *By the Bard*

SCENE.—Among the hills near the Peruvian camp.

Enter Manco and Almagro.

Alm. If the gross multitudes see him, thou art lost :
'They claim their Inca, and he claims thy head.

Manc. I fear not that. They have forgotten him,
Believe him dead, and long have look'd on me
As lord and Inca ; and my voice proclaims him
Lunatic and impostor. All the chiefs
Have sworn them mine ; and if the people doubt,
They add their voice to his insanity.
They have denounced him such through all the ranks—
He must be silenced ere we meet the Spaniards.

Alm. I'd have it so ; or else farewell thy greatness,
And that I look for.

Manc. Hark to me, Almagro.
The throne I have, thou know'st, it shall be thine,
Make it but mine.

Alm. I understand thee, and remember
Whereto I did consent. But now think better.
His death scares thee : think no more of her.
Her woman's rights are but a feeble reed,
Which thou mayst brush aside. Why shouldst thou crush ?

Manc. Is she not daughter of the Incas ! Hark !
'There be a thousand here, that know, and call her.
Atahualpa's daughter. She will bid them
Behold their Inca in the man we wrong,
And they will listen and believe.

Alm. 'Tis true.—
Let her be prison'd somewhere in the hills,
Beyond the ear of doubters.

Manc. I did think thee
Wiser than this. There is no place so safe.
But the caged witness of a crime may speak,
And some one catch the echo—none, but one ;—
Dost thou not understand ? No place, but one.
They would demand, too, why I dungeon'd her :

But when I doom her as a blot that shames
 The Inca's purity, 'tis the Inca's law,
 And rightful justice; and all men are silent.—
 —The maid must die—and see thou art prepared. (*Exit.*)

Alm. And why should I not have it as he wills?
 Why weigh the value of a poor maid's life
 Against the golden balance of a crown?
 Ambition startles not at ghastly blood,
 Nor stumbles, conscience-harrow'd, at a corse.
 And should the aspiring man, that makes his gain
 Of other's hurts, not hurt himself for gain?
 Not, when he stabs another for a purse,
 Prick his own bosom for a dearer price,
 And wound his heart, to laurel-crown his head.
 Blossoms of nature, ye should never grow
 In hearts that are ambitious; since the tempter
 Plucks ye, like weeds, away, till naught takes root,
 Save the rough tares of sterile selfishness.
 Love, pity, friendship, gratitude, away
 From such a breast, for ye would make it virtuous;
 And, virtue, hence, for ye would keep it lowly.—
 But yet she shall not die.

184.—SCENE FROM ORALLOOSSA, IN WHICH THE INCA ENDEAVOURS TO BRING BACK HIS SUBJECTS TO THEIR ALLEGIANCE.

SCENE.—*Before the Peruvian camp. Manco throned and surrounded by the Almagrists and Chiefs. Peruvians covering the hills.*

Alm. WHY look ye gloomy, soldiers of Castille,
 Upon this strange and solemn preparation?
 Call it perfidious and dishonourable,
 Call it impiety and ingratitude;
 Yet is this deed, as none but this can be,
 The warrant of your lives, your weal and fortunes.

Orall. (Within.) Way for the Inca!

Manc. Stand all fast and ready,
 Lest in his fury and his desperation,
 His arm be fatal.

Alm. Fear not thou; he comes
 Weaponless to us.

Orall. (Within.) Way for the Inca, way!

Enter Oralloossa, followed by Chiefs who occupy the entrances.

Villain and slave, that sitt'st upon the throne,
Tell me, (for these strange sights, and stranger deeds,
These marvellous, monstrous jugglings of to-day,
Have set me mad,) what insane wretch art thou,
And these about thee? What am I, that creep,
Among Peruvians, hunted and opposed,
Frown'd on, surrounded, met by clubs and spears,
And bade to call thee Inca? What art thou?

Manc. Manco, the Inca.

Orall. Hah! the Inca, Manco?

Manc. And thou,—

Orall. And I?—

Manc. That most unhappy madman.

Orall. Madman!—

Manc. That in the Viceroy's fall and death
Didst well deserve our favour and affection;
But by the form which thy distraction takes,
(At no less aiming than the name and rule
Of perish'd Oralloossa,) now dost force us,
To put restraint upon thee.

Orall. Perish'd Oralloossa!
Am I not Oralloossa?

Manc. Thou poor maniac!

Orall. Look on me, Manco,—brother of my sire.—
I will forgive thee, if thine eyes are dim,
Aged and dim.—Look on me, knave forsworn!
Unnatural uncle! ere I take thy life;
Look on my face, and leave thy stolen throne
And sue for pardon, ere I slay thee.

Manc. Rail on;
Yet art thou safe in thine infirmity.

Orall. Speak him, Almagro, if thou art not false,
Tell thou mine uncle, 'tis the Inca speaks.

Alm. Marry, not I. I know thee very well,—
Pedro, the bondman—my great sire's betrayer;
For which black deed, the heavens have struck thy brain
With this sore madness.

Orall. Talk'st *thou* of betraying?
Now can I think that I indeed am mad,—
To think thee honest to thy love or me.—

Doth no one know me ? none of those, for whom
 I sold my heritage ? What, not thou ? nor thou ?
 Chiefs that have battled at my side, and struck
 For Peru and for Oralloossa ? Death !
 Ye stony traitors, have ye all forsook me ?—
 Hark ! Ye Peruvians thronging on the hills,
 My children, and my people ! look upon me :
 I am your Inca, and will ye forsake me ?
 For ye, I gave my sceptre to my uncle ;
 To win ye wisdom, made myself a slave ;
 To quell your foes, and make ye free and great,
 Wrapp'd the pure lustre of my dignity
 In a foul cloak of treachery and lies,
 In servile, base and currish occupation,—
 And slew for ye your blood-stain'd conquerors.
 Speak forth, Peruvians,—did I do ye this,
 And now no more ye know your Inca ? Hah !
 Are ye all turn'd to stones ? What, not one voice,
 To bid me welcome to my throne again ?
 Nay, then 'tis true ; and I or rave or sleep ;
 And Oralloossa is a dream. Almagro,
 Dost thou remember Ooallie ? Bethink thee,
 And say thou didst not set them on to this ;
 Say, thou hast no part in this treachery.

Alm. Then should I lie more deeply than when first
 I trapp'd thy soul. Thou devilish villain ! thou,
 Steep'd to the liver in my father's blood,—
 His friend and viper, his trust and his destroyer—
 Bane of his fortunes, and the tool of mine,—
 Will it not smite thy cozen'd heart, to know
 I used thee ? I enthrall'd thee ? and did make thee,
 When thou wert wisest, then the most my fool ;
 When thou wert freest, then the most my slave ?
 Thou think'st 'tis Manco and thy people doom thee :
 Be this thy comfort—it is I that do it !

Orall. The thunder sleeps : else should two hot bolts
 strike us—

Me for my madness, thee for thy deceit.
 I was very honest with thee, and did mean thee
 More, for the Coya's sake, than thou didst dream.
 But 'tis no matter now : I am not Inca.—

Perhaps ye will kill me—Pray ye, do it quick :
 All here is wither'd and I should not live :
 I only breathe and dream—no more.—

Ooall. (Within.) Ho, brother !
 Almagro, brother !

Orall. Another victim for ye !

Enter Ooallie pursued. Oralloossa seizes her.

Look, thou infernal and pernicious fiend !
 This was thy gage, and now shall perish for ye !
(They rush towards him.)
 Ha !—ha !—a knife—blood—blood—
(He falls into a swoon.)

Ooall. Alas, my brother !
 Help, help, Almagro ! Do not tear me from him :
 There's none but me to love him.—O Almagro !
 Thou shouldst not do this thing.

Manc. Drag her away.—

Ooall. Wilt thou *(To Alm.)* not look upon me ? Pray
 you, uncle,
 Let not my brother die.

(They raise up Oralloossa.)

Manc. Thy brother, woman !
 Is this the sequel of thy shame ? that thou,
 To be defended in thy wantonness,
 Leaguest with this man, and madly call'st him Inca ?
 Unhappy wretch, mark thou the punishment.
 Chiefs and Peruvians, behold the daughter
 Of Incas, and the conqueror's paramour !
 The doom is spoken by our ancient laws :
 A grave for her dishonour.

Ooall. O mine uncle !
 Almagro, speak ; am I not innocent ?
 God of the sun, thou turn'st away thine eyes !—
 Brother and Inca ! hark, they doom my death :
 Thou art the Inca and canst save me.

Orall. I !
 Save thee—a paramour ?—the laws ?—a grave ?
 Thou root'st out all my father's drooping stock,
 Nor leavest a leaf to wither. Now I know thee !
 Why should I speak with thee ? thou art a fiend !

I'll turn me to the Spaniards. Hark, Almagro :
 Thou hast undone me—I forgive thee that ;
 Cajoled me to the grave—but I forgive thee :
 Thou art not yet so base as my own people .
 I say, I pardon thee—But look to her ;
 It needs not she should die. Art thou still silent ?
 Thou know'st, thou hell-cat, that when I had doorn
 thee,

This young wretch saved ; my knife was at thy throat,
 When she ungedged it ; I did seek thy heart,
 And she did shield thee with her bosom. Look,
 She is very innocent, very pure and sinless :
 Wilt thou not save her ? O then madness seize thee,
 Leper thy brain, and break thy heart by inches !—
 Spaniards, that are my hateful enemies,
 Can ye look on, and see this maiden murder'd ?
 Innocent murder'd ?

Christ. By our lady, no !

Cousin Almagro.—

Alm. Hist ! art thou gone mad ?—

Remember !—

Orall. I did wrong thee. Speak again :
 Thou art his kinsman—Nay, and so am I ;
 That will not move. But speak again, I pray thee.
 Wilt thou be silent, when thy voice can save her ?

Manc. The doom is past—The sin is manifest.

Orall. False churl, thou doom'st her with a lie !

Manc. Away !

(They seize upon Ooallie and Oralloossa.)

Away with both. Our laws cannot be broken.

Orall. Grant she be doom'd then by those laws, base
 uncle,

I am the Inca, and I abrogate them.—

She shall not die.—

Manc. Away with both—the madman

Unto his cell, the Coya to her grave !

*(Oralloossa and Ooallie are forced away on dif-
 ferent sides as the curtain falls.)*

DR. BIRD

185.—COLONEL ARDEN—RISSOLLE.

Colonel Arden was preparing to take a splendid house in London, and had ordered his servant to look out for a first-rate cook for his new establishment. When Rissolle was introduced the colonel was puzzled to find out what could be his particular profession. He saw a remarkably gentlemanly-looking man, his well-tied neckcloth, his well-trimmed whiskers, his white kid gloves, his glossy hat, his massive gold chain, to which was suspended a repeater, all pronouncing the man of ton; and when the servant announced the ring-figured gentleman before him as willing to dress a dinner on trial, for the purpose of displaying his skill, he was thunderstruck.

Col. Do I mistake? I really beg pardon—it is fifty-eight years since I learned French—am I speaking to a—
a—cook?

Ris. Oui, monsieur, I believe I have de first reputation in de profession; I live four years wiz de marquee de Chester, and Je me flatte dat if I had not turn him off last months, I should have supervise his cuisine at dis moment.

Col. O, you have discharged the marquis, sir?

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel, I discharge him because he cast affront upon me, insupportable to an artist of sentiment.

Col. Artist!

Ris. Mon col-o-nel, de marquee had de mauvais gout, one day, when he have large partie to dine, to put salt into de soup, before all de compagnie.

Col. Indeed! and may I ask is that considered a crime, sir, in your code?

Ris. I don't know cod; you mean morue? dat is salt enough widout.

Col. I don't mean that, sir. I ask, is it a crime for a gentleman to put more salt into his soup?

Ris. Not a crime, mon col-o-nel, mais it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to de world. So I told his lordship I must leave him, for de butler had said, dat he saw his lordship put de salt into de soup, which was proclamation to de univairse, dat I did not know de proper quantite of salt for season my soup.

Col. And you left his lordship for that?

Ris. Oui, sare, his lordship gave me excellent caractair. I go afterwards to live wiz my lor Trefoil, very respectable man, my lor, of good family, and very honest man, I believe

—but de king, one day, made him his governor in Ireland, and I found I could not live in dat deveel, Dublin.

Col. No?

Ris. No, mon col-o-nel, it is a fine city, good place—but no opera.

Col. How shocking! and you left his excellency on that account?

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Why, his excellency managed to live there without an opera.

Ris. Yes, mon col-o-nel, c'est vrai, but I tink he did not know dare was none when he took de place. I have de charactair from my lord to state why I leave him.

Col. And pray, sir, what wages do you expect?

Ris. Wages! Je n'entend pas, mon col-o-nel; do you mean de stipend—de salarie?

Col. As you please.

Ris. My lord Trefoil give to me seven hundred pounds a year, my wine, and horse and tilbury, wid small tigre for him.

Col. Small what! sir?

Ris. Tigre—little man-boy to hold de horse.

Col. Ah! seven hundred pounds a year and a tigre!

Ris. Exclusive of de pastry, mon col-o-nel, I never touch dat department; but I have de honour to recommend Jenkin, my sister's husband, for de pastry, at five hundred pounds and his wine. O, Jenkin is dog a sheap at dat, mon col-o-nel.

Col. O, exclusive of pastry!

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Which is to be obtained for five hundred pounds a year additional. Why, sir, the rector of my parish, a clergyman and a gentleman, with an amiable wife and seven children, has but half that sum to live upon.

Ris. Poor clergie! mon col-o-nel. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) I pity your clergie! But den you don't considare de science and experience dat it require to make de soup, de omelette—

Col. The mischief take your omelette, sir. Do you mean seriously and gravely to ask me seven hundred pounds a year for your services.

Ris. Oui, vraiment, mon col-o-nel. (*Taking a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box.*)

Col. Why then, sir. I can't stand this any longer
Seven hundred pounds! Double it, sir, and I'll be your
zook for the rest of my life. Good morning, sir. (*In an
angry manner, advancing towards Rissolle, who retreats
out of the door.*) Seven hundred pounds! Seven hun-
dred—mon col-o-nel—rascal.— ANONYMOUS.

✓ 186.—SCENE FROM THE GLADIATOR. *Dr. Bird*

The Camp of Spartacus. Enter Spartacus and Cœnomæus.

Spart. SEVEN thousand true! A handful, but enough,
Being stanch and prudent, for the enterprise.—
Desert me! Well, well, well.—Among the hills
Are many paths that may be safely trod;
Whereby we'll gain the sea, and so pass o'er
To safer Sicily.—Perhaps I spoke
Too roughly; but no matter.—Did you send
To hire the shipping of those pirates? Well.—
And all prepared to march at night-fall? Cœnomæus,
Do you not think they'll beat him?

Cœnom. I doubt it not;
Phasarius being a soldier but no leader.

Spart. Well, I care not:
We will to Rhegium.—Think you, Cœnomæus,
I might not, while the prætor steals upon him,
Steal on the prætor, and so save the army?

Cœnom. Hang them, no. This brings Lucullus
On our seven thousand. Let the mutineers
Look to themselves,

Spart. Right, very right, right, Cœnomæus;
Let them look to themselves. He did desert me.
My father's son deserted me, and left me
Circled by foes. I say, 'tis very right.

Cœnom. Lo, you; a messenger!

Spart. From Phasarius!
Perhaps he is sorry.—

Enter Jovina.

Cœnom. Chief, an embassy
From Crassus.

Spart. And what would Crassus with the Gladiator,
The poor base slave and fugitive, Spartacus?

Speak, Roman : wherefore does thy master send
Thy gray hairs to the "Cut-throats'" camp ?

Jov. Brave rebel,—

Spart. Why that's a better name than rogue or bondman,
But in this camp I am call'd general.

Jov. Brave general ; for though a rogue and bondman
As you have said, I'll still allow you general,
As he that beats a consul surely is.

Spart. Say two, two consuls ; and to that e'en add
A pro-consul, three prætors, and some generals.

Jov. Why this is no more than true. Are you a
Thracian ?

Spart. Ay.

Jov. There is something in the air of Thrace
Breeds valour up as rank as grass. 'Tis pity
You are a barbarian.

Spart. Wherefore ?

Jov. Had you been born
A Roman, you had won by this a triumph.

Spart. I thank the gods I am barbarian ;
For I can better teach the grace-begot
And heaven-supported masters of the earth,
How a mere dweller of a desert rock
Can bow their crown'd heads to his chariot wheels.
Man is heaven's work, and beggars' brats may 'herit
A soul to mount them up the steeps of fortune,
With regal necks to be their stepping blocks.—
But come, what is thy message !

Jov. Julia, niece
O' the prætor, is thy captive.

Spart. Ay.

Jov. For whom
Is offer'd in exchange thy wife, Senona,
And thy young boy.

Spart. Tell thou the prætor, Roman,
The Thracian's wife is ransom'd.

Jov. How is that ?

Spart. What ho, Senona !

Senona appears with the child at a tent door.

Lo, she stands before you,
Ransom'd, and by the steel, from out the camp
Of slaughter'd Gellius. (Exit Senona.)

Jov. This is sorcery !—

But name a ransom for the general's niece

Spart. Have I not now the prætor on the hip ?

He would, in his extremity, have made

My wife his buckler of defence ; perhaps

Have doom'd her to the scourge ! but this is Roman.

Now the barbarian is instructed. Look,

I hold the prætor by the heart ; and he

Shall feel how tightly grip barbarian fingers.

Jov. Men do not war on women. Name her ransom.

Spart. Men do not war on women ! Look you.

One day I clomb upon the ridgy top

Of the cloud-piercing Hæmus, where, among

The eagles and the thunders, from that height,

I look'd upon the world—as far as where,

Wrestling with storms, the gloomy Euxine chafed

On his recoiling shores ; and where dim Adria

In her blue bosom quench'd the fiery sphere.

Between those surges lay a land, might once

Have match'd Elysium, but Rome had made it

A Tartarus.—In my green youth I look'd

From the same frosty peak, where now I stood,

And then beheld the glory of those lands,

Where peace was tinkling on the shepherd's beil

And singing with the reapers ;

Since that glad day, Rome's conquerers had past

With withering armies there, and all was changed :

• Peace had departed ; howling war was there,

Cheer'd on by Roman hunters. Then, methought,

E'en as I look'd upon the alter'd scene,

Groans echo'd through the valleys, through which ran

Rivers of blood, like smoking Phlegethons ;

Fires flash'd from burning villages, and famine

Shriek'd in the empty cornfields. Women and children

Robb'd of their sires and husbands, left to starve—

These were the dwellers of the land ! Say'st thou

Rome wars not then on women ?

Jov. This is not to the matter.

Spart. Now, by Jove,

It is. These things do Romans. But the earth

Is sick of conquerors. There is not a man,

Not Roman, but is Rome's, extremest foe ;

And such am I, sworn from that hour I saw
 'Those sights of horror, while the gods support me,
 To wreak on Rome such havock as Rome wreaks,
 Carnage and devastation, wo and ruin.

Why should I ransom, when I swear to slay !—

Begone : this is my answer ?

DR. BIRD.

187.—THE MISER.

Lovegold and James.

Lovegold. WHERE have you been ? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir,—your coachman or your cook ? for I am both one and t'other,

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman ; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved ; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great-coat and appears as a cook.*) Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir ! I have not heard the word this half year ; a dinner, indeed, now and then ; but for a supper, I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the mischief in you ? Always money ! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money ? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir ; but how many will there be at table ?

Love. About eight or ten ; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight ; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup ; at the other, a fine Westphalia ham and chickens ; on one side, a fillet of veal ; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea—

Love. Zounds ! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord mayor and the court of aldermen ?

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people, you dog ?

James. Then pray, sir, say what will you have ?

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy their stomachs : let there be two good dishes of soup-maigre ; a large suet-pudding ; some dainty, fat pork-pie, very fat ; a fine, small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There ; that's plenty and variety.

James. O, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No ; I'll have none.

James. Indeed, sir, you should.

Love. Well, then,—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Mercy ! sir, how the folks will talk of it ; indeed, people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh ! why what do the people say, pray ?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all ; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest of you everywhere ; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Poh ! poh !

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie ; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the by-word everywhere ; and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain !

James. Nay, sir, you said you wouldn't be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog ! you—

FIELDING.

188.—SCENE FROM RIENZI.

Rienzi, Colonna, Ursini, Frangipani, Cafarello, Angelo, Savelli, the Nuncio, Ambassador, Nobles.

Ric. WHY, this
Is well, my lords, this full assemblage. Now
The chief of Rome stands fitly girt with names
Strong as their towers around him. Fall not off,
And we shall be impregnable. (*Advancing up the room.*)
Lord Nuncio,
I should have ask'd thy blessing. I have sent
Our missions to the pontiff. Count Savelli—
My lord ambassador—I crave your pardon.
What news from Venice, the sea-queen? Savelli
I have a little maiden who must know
Thy fairest daughter. Angelo, Colonna,
A double welcome! Rome lack'd half her state
Wanting her princely columns.

Col. Sir, I come
A suitor to thee. Martin Ursini—

Ric. When last his name was on thy lips—
Well, sir,
Thy suit, thy suit! If pardon, take at once
My answer— No.

Ang. Yet, mercy—

Ric. Angelo,
Waste not thy pleadings on a desperate cause
And a resolved spirit. She awaits thee.
Haste to that fairer court. (*Exit Angelo.*)
My lord Colonna,
This is a needful justice.

Col. Noble Tribune,
It is a crime which custom—

Ric. Ay, the law
Of the strong against the weak—your law, the law
Of the sword and spear. But, gentles, ye lie now
Under the good estate. (*Crossing to the centre.*)

Sav. He is a noble.

Ric. Therefore,
A thousand times he dies. Ye are noble, sirs,
And need a warning.

Col. Sick, almost to death.

Ric. Ye have less cause to grieve.

Frang. New wedded.

Ric. Ay,

Madonna Laura is a blooming dame,
And will become her weeds.

Caf. Remember, Tribune,
He hath two uncles, cardinals. Wouldst outrage
The sacred college?

Ric. The lord cardinals,
Meek, pious, lowly men, and loving virtue,
Will render thanks to him who wipes a blot
So flagrant from their name.

Col. An Ursini!
Head of the Ursini!

Urs. Mine only brother!

Ric. And darest talk thou to me of brothers? Thou,
Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own just laws
To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten
When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pamper'd minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou—didst never
Hear talk of retribution! This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge! Mark well, my lords—
Pure, equal justice. Martin Ursini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemn'd—
And he shall die!

Col. Yet listen to us!

Ric. Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates and potentates of Christendom—
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, still I should be blind,
As justice.—But this very day a wife,
One infant hanging at her breast, and two
Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasp'd at my bridle-rein,
To beg her husband's life; condemn'd to die

For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi—
 And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and rear'd,
 Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
 There, midst the dangerous coil unmoved, she stood,
 Pleading in broken words and piercing shrieks,
 And hoarse, low shivering sobs, the very cry
 Of nature ! And when I at last said no—
 For I said no to her—she flung herself
 And those poor innocent babes between the stones
 And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all—
 Thank heaven, we saved them all ! but I said no
 To that sad woman, midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
 Ask me for mercy now.

Sav. Yet he is noble !

Let him not die a felon's death.

Ric. Again, .

Ye weary me. No more of this. Colonna,
 Thy son loves my fair daughter. 'Tis a union,
 However my young Claudia might have graced
 A monarch's side, that augurs hopefully—
 Bliss to the wedded pair, and peace to Rome.
 And it shall be accomplish'd.

And now

A fair good-morrow.

(Exit all but Savelli, Colonna, and Ursini.)

Sav. Hath stern destiny

Clothed him in this man's shape, that in a breath
 He deals out death and marriage ? Ursini !
 Colonna ! be ye stunn'd ?

Col. I'll follow him !

Tyrant ! usurper ! base-born churl ! to deem
 That son of mine—

Urs. Submit, as I have done,
 For vengeance. From our grief and shame shall spring
 A second retribution.

The fatal moment

Of our disgrace is nigh. Ere evening close,
 I'll seek thee at thy palace. Seem to yield,
 And victory is sure.

Col. I'll take thy counsel.

MITTFORD

189.—SCENE FROM CATILINE.

Catiline and Aurelius.

Aur. WHAT answer's for this pile of bills, my lord ?*Cat.* Who can have sent them here ?*Aur.* Your creditors !

As if some demon woke them all at once,
 These having been crowding on me since the morn.
 Here, Caius Curtius claims the prompt discharge
 Of his half million sesterces ; besides
 The interest on your bond, ten thousand more.
 Six thousand for your Tyrian canopy ;
 Here, for your Persian horses—your trireme :
 Here, debt on debt. Will you discharge them now ?

Cat. I'll think of it.*Aur.* It must be now ; this day !

Or, by to-morrow, we shall have no home.

Cat. 'Twill soon be all the same.*Aur.* We are undone !*Cat.* Aurelius !

All will be well ; but hear me—stay—a little :
 I had intended to consult with you—
 On—our departure—from—the city.

Aur. (*Indignantly and surprised.*) Rome !*Cat.* Even so, Aurelius ! even so ; we must leave Rome.*Aur.* Let me look on you ; are you Catiline ?*Cat.* I know not what I am,—we must be gone !*Aur.* Madness ! let them take all ?*Cat.* The gods will have it so !*Aur.* Seize on your house ?

Cat. Seize my last sesterce ! Let them have their will.
 We must endure. Ay, ransack—ruin all ;
 Tear up my father's grave, tear out my heart.
 The world is wide—Can we not dig or beg ?
 Can we not find on earth a den and tomb !

Aur. Before I stir, they shall hew off my hands.*Cat.* What's to be done !*Aur.* Now hear me, Catiline :

This day 'tis three years since there was not in Rome,
 An eye, however haughty, but would sink
 When I turn'd on it : when I pass'd the streets

My chariot-wheel was hung on by a host
Of your chief senators ; as if their gaze
Beheld an emperor on its golden round ;
An earthly providence !

Cat. 'Twas so ! 'twas so !
But it is vanish'd—gone.

Aur. That day shall come again ; or, in its place,
One that shall be an era to the world !

Cat. What's in your thoughts !

Aur. Our high and hurried life
Has left us strangers to each other's souls :
But now we think alike. You have a sword !
Have had a famous name in the legions !

Cat. Hush !

Aur. Have the walls ears ? alas ! I wish they had ;
And tongues too, to bear witness to my oath,
And tell it to all Rome.

Cat. Would you destroy ?

Aur. Were I a thunderbolt !—

Rome's ship is rotten :

Has she not cast you out ; and would you sink
With her, when she can give you no gain else
Of her fierce fellowship ? Who'd seek the chain,
That link'd him to his mortal enemy ?
Who'd face the pestilence in his foe's house ?
Who, when the prisoner drinks by chance the cup,
That was to be his death, would squeeze the dregs,
To find a drop to bear him company ?

Cat. It will not come to this.

Aur. (*Haughtily.*) I'll not be dragg'd,
A show to all the city rabble ;—robb'd,—
Down to the very mantle on our backs,—
A pair of branded beggars ! Doubtless Cicero—

Cat. Cursed be the ground he treads ! name him no
more.

Aur. Doubtless, he'll see us to the city gates ;
'Twill be the least respect that he can pay
To his fall'n rival. With all his lictors shouting,
“ Room for the noble vagrants ; all caps off
For Catiline ! for him that would be consul.”

Cat. (*Turning away.*) Thus to be, like the scorpion
ring'd with fire,

Till I sting mine own heart! (*Aside.*) There is no hope!

Aur. One hope there is, worth all the rest—Revenge!
The time is harass'd, poor, and discontent;
Your spirit practised, keen, and desperate,—
The senate full of feuds—the city vex'd
With petty tyranny—the legions wrong'd—

Cat. Yet, who has stirr'd? Aurelius, you paint the air
With passion's pencil.

Aur. Were my will a sword!

Cat. Hear me, bold heart. The whole gross blood of
Rome

Could not atone my wrongs! I'm soul-shrunk, sick,
Weary of man! And now my mind is fix'd
For Libya: there to make companionship
Rather of bear and tiger,—of the snake,—
The lion in his hunger,—than of man!

Aur. I had a father once, who would have plunged
Rome in the Tiber for an angry look!
You saw our entrance from the Gaulish war,
When Sylla fled?

Cat. My legion was in Spain.

Aur. Rome was all eyes; the ancient totter'd forth
The cripple propp'd his limbs beside the wall;
The dying left his bed to look—and die.
The way before us was a sea of heads;
The way behind a torrent of brown spears:
So on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,
Through the long, living streets.

Cat. Those triumphs are but gewgaws. All the earth,
What is it? Dust and smoke. I've done with life!

Aur. Before that eve—one hundred senators,
And fifteen hundred knights, had paid—in blood,
The price of taunts, and treachery, and rebellion!
Were my tongue thunder—I would cry, Revenge!

Cat. No more of this! Begone and leave me!
There is a whirling lightness in my brain,
That will not now bear questioning. Away!

(*Aurelius moves slowly towards the door.*)

Where are our veterans now? Look on these walls;
I cannot turn their tissues into life.

Where are our revenues—our chosen friends?

Are we not beggars ! Where have beggars friends ?
 I see no swords and bucklers on these floors !
 I shake the state ! I—What have I on earth
 But these two hands ? Must I not dig or starve ?
 Come back ! I had forgot. My memory dies,
 I think, by the hour. Who sups with us to-night ?
 Let all be of the rarest,—spare no cost.
 If 'tis our last ;—it may be—let us sink
 In sumptuous ruin, with wonderers round us !
 Our funeral pile shall send up amber smokes ;
 We'll burn in myrrh, or—blood !

CROLY.

190.—SCENE FROM WILLIAM TELL.

Verner and Albert.

Ver. AH ! Albert ! What have you there ?

Alb. My bow and arrows, Verner.

Ver. When will you use them like your father, boy ?

Alb. Sometime, I hope.

Ver. You brag ! There's not an archer
 In all Helvetia can compare with him.

Alb. But I'm his son : and when I am a man,
 I may be like him. Verner, do I brag,
 To think I sometime may be like my father ?
 If so, then is it he that teaches me ;
 For, ever as I wonder at his skill,
 He calls me boy, and says I must do more
 Ere I become a man.

Ver. May you be such
 A man as he—if heaven wills, better—I'll
 Not quarrel with its work ; yet 'twill content me
 If you are only such a man.

Alb. I'll show you
 How I can shoot. *(Goes out to fix the mark.)*

Ver. Nestling as he is, he is the making of a bird
 Will own no cowering wing.

Re-enter Albert.

Alb. Now, Verner, look ! *(Shoots.)* There's within
 An inch !

Ver. O fy ! it wants a hand. *(Exit Verner.)*

Alb. A hand's

An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it!

(While Albert continues to shoot, Tell enters and watches him some time, in silence.)

Tell. That's scarce a miss that comes so near the mark!
Well aim'd, young archer! With what ease he bends
The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such strength did lodge in them? That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help, anon,
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty. I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day! What, Albert!

Alb. Ah!

My father!

Tell. You raise the bow

Too fast. *(Albert continues shooting.)*

Bring it slowly to the eye.—You've miss'd.

How often have you hit the mark to-day?

Alb. Not once, yet.

Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You waver'd now. Stand firm. Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue, on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. *(Albert shoots.)* That's better!
See well the mark. Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there. *(Albert shoots.)*

You've miss'd again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said, the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live—
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart! *(Hits the mark.)* Well done
my boy!

Come here. How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.

Tell. Ay, strive with him. He never lies abed
When it is time to rise. Be like the sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labour join'd can make me.

Tell. Well said, my boy! Knelt you when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do so every day.

Tell. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel
To whom you kneel?

Alb. To Him who made me, father.

Tell. And in whose name?

Alb. The name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live.

Tell. 'That's right. Remember that, my son:
Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friends or fortune; clothing, food;
All things on earth; yea, life itself!—It is
To live, when these are gone, where they are naught—
With God! My son, remember that!

Alb. I will.

Tell. I'm glad you value what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all—who misses, nothing.

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Tell. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by. But go, Albert,
Reach thy cap and wallet, and thy mountain staff.
Don't keep me waiting. *(Exit Albert.)*
(Tell paces the stage in thought.)

Re-enter Albert.

Alb. I am ready, father.

Tell. *(Taking Albert by the hand.)* Now mark me
Albert! Dost thou fear the snow,
The ice-field, or the hail flaw? Carest thou for
The mountain-mist that settles on the peak,
When thou art upon it? Dost thou tremble at
The torrent roaring from the deep ravine.
Along whose shaking ledge thy track doth lie?
Or faintest thou at the thunder-clap, when on
The hill thou art o'ertaken by the cloud,

And it doth burst around thee ? Thou must travel
All night.

Alb. I'm ready ; say all night again.

Tell. The mountains are to cross, for thou must reach
Mount Faigel by the dawn.

Alb. Not sooner shall
The dawn be there than I.

Tell. Heaven speeding thee.

Alb. Heaven speeding me.

Tell. Show me thy staff. Art sure
Of the point ? I think 'tis loose. No—stay ! 'Twill do
Caution is speed when danger's to be pass'd.
Examine well the crevice. Do not trust the snow !
'Tis well there is a moon to-night.
You're sure of the track ?

Alb. Quite sure.

Tell. The buskin of
That leg's untied ; stoop down and fasten it.
You know the point where you must round the cliff ?

Alb. I do.

Tell. Thy belt is slack—draw it tight.
Erni is in Mount Faigel : take this dagger
And give it him ; you know its caverns well.
In one of them you will find him. Farewell.

(They embrace. Exit Albert.)

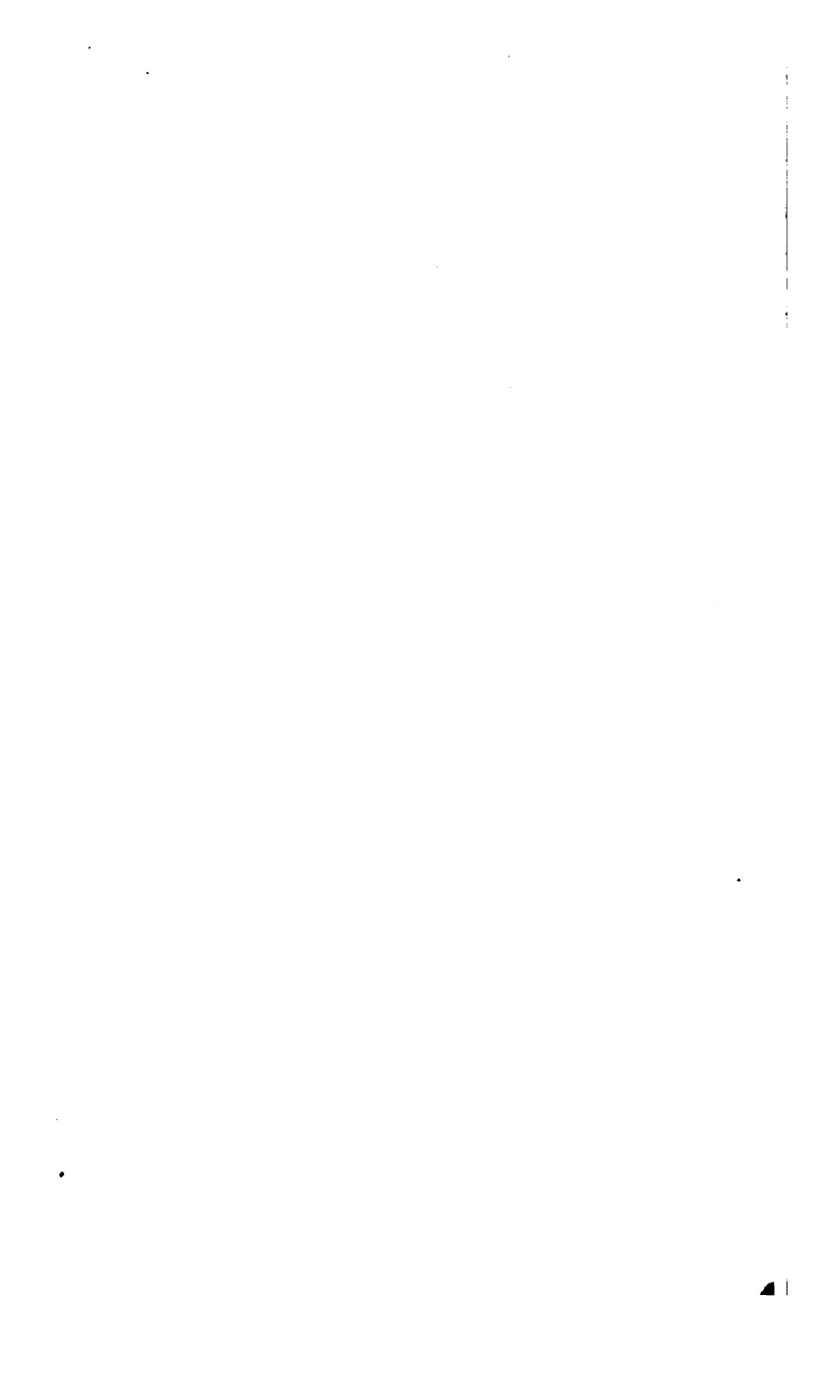
Eaglet of my heart ! When thou wast born,
The land was free ! Heavens ! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that it was so. It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake—'twas free !
Free as the torrents are that leap our rocks.
How happy was it then ! I loved
Its very storms. I have sat at midnight
In my boat, when midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And cried in thralldom to the furious wind,
Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

THE END.









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